

THE  
**SATURDAY REVIEW**  
OF  
**POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.**

No. 1,600, Vol. 61.

June 26, 1886.

[ Registered for  
Transmission abroad. ]

Price 6d.

THE ELEVATION OF PARLIAMENTARY MANNERS.

**L**ORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S Address to his constituents (which has Lord RANDOLPH's not unusual fault of saying perfectly true things in a manner somewhat destitute of urbanity) has shocked Gladstonians frightfully. It has, no doubt, scandalized the meek Christianity of Dr. JOSEPH PARKER, and has apparently stirred up one Mr. PAGE HOPPS, who, we believe, combines the functions of preacher and politician, to oppose Lord RANDOLPH himself. This virtuous indignation is in strict keeping with, and perhaps may have been suggested by, the equally virtuous indignation of Mr. GLADSTONE with Lord SALISBURY in his first Edinburgh speech, wherein he declared that Lord SALISBURY had never contributed to elevate, but rather to lower, the standard of Parliamentary manners—that is to say, we suppose, of the standard of manners among members of Parliament whether in or out of St. Stephen's. The indignations and the virtues of chief and followers tally, as we have said, very well indeed—on paper. It may perhaps be worth while to examine a little narrowly what Mr. GLADSTONE's own recent contributions to the elevation of the standard of Parliamentary manners have been. We do not expect manners from Professor THOROLD ROGERS or from Mr. LEICESTER, or from such speakers as those who, with eminently English names, represented "the English democracy" at St. James's Hall on Wednesday night. We do not expect them from persons like those who interrupted Mr. GOSCHEN at Newcastle the night before, with not much other result except to give the speaker an opportunity of fighting with and vanquishing their unmannerliness in an exceptionally brilliant style. We do not, in short, expect manners from Tag and Rag and Bobtail. But we do expect them from Mr. GLADSTONE, especially in a campaign where he rebukes his opponents in such a dignified fashion for the want of manners. We expect them; let us see whether we have got what we expect.

It will readily be understood that in this place the major sins of Mr. GLADSTONE's Edinburgh and Glasgow addresses and of the cluster of speeches which surrounded them are not in question. We have not even to do with Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's terse and sufficient summing up of what Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL and others have said on that point. We view them only from the interesting standpoint of inquirers into the elevation of Parliamentary manners. And from this point we can afford to neglect even the pathetic frequency of Mr. GLADSTONE's demands to be told what Lord CARNARVON said to Lord SALISBURY and what Lord SALISBURY said to Lord CARNARVON, although, both in frequency and in point, they must have reminded many readers very strongly of the celebrated traveller, the burden of whose song was "Here's yesterday's 'sherry, one and eightpence, and here we are again two 'shillings! and what does sixpence mean?" Mr. GLADSTONE shall be left asking what sixpence means as far as we are concerned. He shall also be left chiefly to Mr. GOSCHEN's tender mercies in regard to the charges against the member for Edinburgh which Mr. GOSCHEN himself has so indignantly and so triumphantly answered. It is scarcely good Parliamentary manners, no doubt, to twist the plain and usual demand for funds which every party has to make, and which some great friends of Mr. GLADSTONE's have been very coolly making on the public purse, finding private ones rather shy of opening, into an occasion for appealing to the worst passions of the vulgar, and trying to stir up the poor

against the rich. Nor can it be thought good Parliamentary manners to insinuate, and something more than insinuate, that Lord SALISBURY is playing ANANIAS to Lord CARNARVON's SAPPHIRA. But unluckily both tricks, bad as they are, are tricks and manners of very old standing in Parliamentary practice. They have not usually been resorted to by statesmen of Mr. GLADSTONE's position, but that is all that can be said. We prefer to confine ourselves to three minor points, in which Mr. GLADSTONE seems to have offended against the standard, not merely of the manners of Parliament, but of the manners of gentlemen, in a fashion which makes Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's liveliest verbal escapades quite tame examples of political deportment.

The first in time, and perhaps in magnitude, was that astonishing action to which a Correspondent of the *Times* has called attention—the attempt in Lord HARTINGTON's own country to play the card of Lord HARTINGTON's dead brother's name against him. Considering the circumstances of the death of Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH, considering the circumstances of the present moment, it may be very sincerely hoped that no public man of eminence in this country, except Mr. GLADSTONE, could have been guilty of such an act. In the first place, as Lord HARTINGTON himself has remarked, it is impossible for Mr. GLADSTONE to speak with any authority on the subject of a dead man's opinions as to things which have happened since his death. We know, indeed, that Mr. GLADSTONE thinks that all good men must agree with him at all times, and as he has (very justly) no doubt that Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH was a good man, the correctness of his assertion is, perhaps, to him, syllogistically proved. And it may be that, as Mr. GLADSTONE is equally well known to think his own presence in the highest office of State the chief end of all conduct, his own and that of others, such a means to that end as quoting the dead brother who died in England's service against the live brother who is fighting in England's service may seem pardonable to him. To others it can only seem a baseness and an outrage so intolerable that the most charitable thing is to suppose that Mr. GLADSTONE did not think of what he was doing, or at least of the consequences of his acts. Very much more innocent, but scarcely less characteristic of the state of Mr. GLADSTONE's mind and manners, are the terms of his reference to an unfortunate person who drew Lord SALISBURY's attention to what the unfortunate person called and what Lord SALISBURY acknowledged to be a "deliberate misstatement" of Mr. GLADSTONE's. It was in reference to this that the words about the elevation of Parliamentary manners were used. And in the very same context we find the bad man who had dared to speak thus, and to procure such an endorsement, described as "a nameless person, who is not indeed 'anonymous, but whose name, if it were mentioned, would 'not make you one bit the wiser.'" Oh! gentlemanlike reference, dignified allusion, magnanimous revenge on the insignificant critic who had ventured to disapprove of Mr. GLADSTONE. It is a little point, it may be said; and so it is, as little as the state of mind which could permit or induce Mr. GLADSTONE himself to illustrate an elevated standard of Parliamentary manners by "taking it out" of his enemy in this way. But the most amusing, and in a way the most interesting, of the three illustrations has to come. The extraordinary onslaught on that luckless Unionist, Mr. FERGUSON, M.P., which Mr. GLADSTONE made out of the carriage window at Carlisle could only be fitly characterized by borrowing from Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

Mr. FERGUSON having, like other Liberals, announced his intention to support Mr. GLADSTONE if Mr. GLADSTONE would adopt the principles of Lord HARTINGTON (that is to say, return to his own principles of last year), Mr. GLADSTONE bursts forth thus:—"I have been reading Mr. FERGUSON's address. He promises me very kindly the honour of his support if I will adopt the principles of Lord HARTINGTON. I think it is one of the kindest offers I ever received. (Laughter.) He asks me to degrade and disgrace myself, to walk into the gutter, to break faith with the people of Ireland for the honour of receiving his support. I value his support very highly, but I cannot purchase it at such a price. I read in the papers that Mr. LEATHAM, of Huddersfield, who strongly opposed our Bill, has retired from the contest for that borough because he does not choose to be returned by Tory votes. (Loud cheers.) It appears that Mr. FERGUSON is not quite so particular (cheers), and that, provided the vote is given right, he does not mind what it smells of. (Laughter and cheers.) What do the Tory votes smell of? They smell of all the occasions on which they have been given heretofore; they smell of opposition to the popular franchise, opposition to religious equality, the maintenance of privilege, resistance to reform, opposition to popular rights. By their votes it is apparent that Mr. FERGUSON hopes to be returned for Carlisle (cheers and hisses); and then, as I have said, having been returned, I have to enjoy the honour and advantage of his support, paying for it no other price than my honour and my character. I can have no dealings, I am afraid, with Mr. FERGUSON on these terms." We need hardly comment on this; it speaks for itself. One might make the obvious retort that "degrading and disgracing himself, walking into the gutter, breaking faith with the people of Ireland for the honour of receiving his support," is, if we substitute "England" for "Ireland" and "Mr. PARNELL's" for "his," exactly what Mr. GLADSTONE has done. But this would be to take an outburst of scarcely sane petulance too seriously. The point to notice is the elevation of Parliamentary manners which it shows. The tone of the whole is elegant, but the elegance of the use of *non olet* surpasses all else. The Irish votes, of course, are not redolent, any more than the most sweet voices of Mr. SEXTON and his fellows which used to pour curses on Mr. GLADSTONE and now pour blessings. But this, again, is argument. We do not here desire to argue, and consistency is not the point. The point is the elevation of Parliamentary manners, and these three instances will not, we think, form an uninteresting text for some chapter of a future treatise *Περὶ ὕψους*.

#### THE DISSOLUTION AND ITS ISSUE.

AT the time of writing the Parliament of 1885-1886 is not dead; but the writ for the election of its successor will, according to official assertion, be scarcely a post or two behind the copies of the present number of this *Review*. The acts of what may therefore be called the dead Parliament will be summed up for posterity in its rejection of Mr. GLADSTONE's Home Rule scheme, and it is likely thus to preserve an odour of sanctity which could scarcely have been anticipated from its composition and from some of its earlier proceedings. The majority, at any rate, were not afraid to incur the somewhat lessened expenses, but the even increased toils and troubles of an appeal to the constituencies, in order to fulfil what they conceived to be their duty, and it is not of all Parliaments that the same can be said. An equal virtue of purpose and a greater grace of nature may be wished to the assembly that is shortly to be born. On the sanguine theory of those who "trust the people," and believe that, if a plain question can be put to a sufficiently large number of millions (the larger the better), the voice of the answer is certain to be the voice of God, there ought to be little doubt about the result. Very seldom have plainer issues been proposed; never have they been proposed, in England, to a larger jury. On one side we have admittedly nothing but the cry "Mr. GLADSTONE right or wrong." Subscriptions are openly invited for the "GLADSTONE Candidates' Election Fund"; a candid but scarcely canny Northumbrian at a meeting at Newcastle summarizes the whole attitude of his party by informing Mr. GOSCHEN that "We don't care whether Mr. GLADSTONE is or is not" in favour of such and such a measure; and Mr. GLADSTONE

himself, in three harangues of immense vehemence and volubility, fails to put before his hearers either any definite scheme or any definite argument in favour of such a scheme. At this moment, at any rate, no one knows what the intentions of the Government are, not merely on the subject of the Land Purchase Bill, but on the subject of its companion. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. MORLEY have been accused by members of their own party, not seceders, of directly contradicting each other; the minor members of the Government evidently know nothing about the intentions of their chiefs, and avail themselves of this ignorance to contradict those chiefs and each other with a serene irresponsibility. "A blank cheque to Mr. GLADSTONE" is the cry and the sole cry of those audiences who, waving "handkerchiefs, by accident or design, chiefly of a red colour," as an admiring reporter has it, cheer the said Mr. GLADSTONE to the echo, and don't care whether or no he is in favour of this, or that, or anything.

As clear in its definiteness is the cry on the other side. There may be differences among the Unionists, but there is no difference between Lord SALISBURY and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, between Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL and Mr. JESSE COLLINGS, between Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. CAINE, on two broad, clear, simple propositions. They all agree that nothing can justify the creation of an authority in any part of the United Kingdom which is independent, whether to a stipulated extent or not, of the authority of the Imperial Parliament. They all agree that to exclude any part of the United Kingdom from regular and constant representation in that Imperial Parliament is to bring about separation, disintegration, and disruption. Here there is nothing ambiguous, no blank cheques, no merely personal adhesion, no dishonest appeal to vote for Mr. GLADSTONE while condemning what is of the essence of Mr. GLADSTONE's presumed schemes. Every man who votes for a Unionist candidate and against a Gladstonian candidate will be affirming these two principles, and these two only. He is asked, in effect, whether he will destroy the Union, and, however little skill he may have in history, he cannot, unless he chooses, be bamboozled by Mr. GLADSTONE's sophistry as to "paper." The Union of the Crowns would, it is said, remain. There was a Union of the Crowns for a hundred years in the case of Scotland, for several hundred years in the case of Ireland, before what is in each case known, and has never till within the last few weeks had its title disputed, as "the Union," the sole Union, in each case. Each elector is asked by Mr. GLADSTONE to let him, Mr. GLADSTONE, if he chooses, establish at the side of Great Britain a practically independent State, with a gendarmerie, if not an army, of its own; with an Executive independent of the English Executive, and checked only by paper limitations, which may, which must, irritate, but which cannot bind. He is asked to give the signal of civil war in Ireland, to assign many hundred thousands of men to a Government which they hate and detest, to kindle afresh the half-extinguished flames of religious discord—if Mr. GLADSTONE chooses. And he is asked to do this without the faintest glimmer of light on the question whether Mr. GLADSTONE will choose or not except such as is derived from the phosphorescent gleamings of what Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE calls the "corruption" of the late Bill.

To such an alternative of questions there can, it might be thought, be but one answer, yet it is in the apparent certainty of this that the main risk lies. It is with very great pleasure that we observe the effectiveness of the remonstrances which have been addressed to those Conservatives who threatened Unionist seats. Mr. MAPLE and Mr. MORRELL are said to have already retired; the opposition to Mr. BRAND at Stroud has been extinguished by his own transference of his candidature to a new constituency in which he has the best wishes of Liberals and Tories alike; and it may be hoped that in Essex (which seems to be the worst case of all), in Shropshire, and elsewhere similar solutions may be arrived at. The Unionist Liberals are also doing their work well, though there is perhaps less activity than there should be in opposing Gladstonians at some points where Conservatives have little, if any, chance. It cannot be too often repeated that no Gladstonian seat should be left unassailed, and that in many cases the duty of attack clearly devolves on Liberals. But it is obvious that there is another danger besides that of splitting Unionist votes, or failing to attack Gladstonian seats. It is the danger of thinking that Conservatives and Unionist Liberals together must be safe, and that there is no extraordinary need of exertion. It was



supineness more than anything else which lost the election of 1880; it was vigorous work which achieved such remarkable triumphs in London and in all the large towns except Birmingham (where there is now good hope as regards the present question) in 1885; and, also in 1885, it was the slackness and the taking things for granted of too many Constitutionalists in the English counties that seated the Gladstonian items. It is no secret that the Gladstonians, while expecting to lose many of these latter seats to Conservatives or Liberals, hope to win the towns by the aid of Irish votes and Irish rowdiness. This has to be prevented, and with proper exertion there should be no difficulty in preventing it. But the exertion is absolutely necessary. Abstention will be as bad as quarrelling—worse perhaps, for quarrelling at least ensures a sharp whip of the quarrellers' partisans. And in this exertion the one point on which attention has to be fixed is the keeping the issue clear. In the country districts and the more populous parts of large towns elaborate argument has very little chance of affecting electors. But the invaluable person at Newcastle has unwittingly furnished Unionists with a short formula, which can be made intelligible to the least experienced politician, and which ought to arrest the attention of the least interested hearer. "Do you care or don't you care whether a single man is to dispose of the whole fortunes of the country, your own included, absolutely at his will and pleasure, and without giving account or pledge of his intentions?" Any one who can answer with him of Newcastle, "We don't care," may vote for Mr. GLADSTONE, though even in his case it would seem more logical not to vote at all. Any one who does care not only may, but must, vote against Mr. GLADSTONE. Any one who wants to establish a dictator in England should vote Aye, for Mr. GLADSTONE; any one who wishes to keep in England and its companion countries the authority of a Parliament elected by the inhabitants of those countries, controlling every part of them and representing every part, should vote No, against Mr. GLADSTONE. The Ayes vote for tyranny, civil war, and separation; the Noes for union, peace, and freedom.

#### SCINDIA AND HOLKAR.

THE two greatest Mahratta princes have by a remarkable coincidence died almost at the same time. Both ought to have been in the full vigour of life, being somewhat more than fifty years old. Neither of them is supposed to have injured his constitution by dissipation. It seems that superstition or prejudice prevented them from profiting by the skill of English physicians or surgeons. The astrologers whose advice they preferred can have done them only negative harm. Like the majority of reigning potentates in India, the Maharajahs of GWALIOR and INDORE had short pedigrees. The English conquest following after a comparatively short interval the decline of the Imperial dynasty at Delhi found that power had in almost all parts of India fallen into the hands of successful usurpers. In some provinces it was thought expedient to restore the dethroned families, as in Mysore, when the kingdom created by HYDER ALI and TIPPOO became extinct at the fall of Seringapatam. Elsewhere the actual rulers were allowed to retain parts of their dominions on the express or implied condition that they were to recognize the sovereignty of the East India Company and the Governor-General. The Legitimist Pretenders and princes were themselves often previous upstarts who had either been Viceroys of the Mogul emperors or adventurers who profited by the general disorder. SIVAJI himself, who first formed the Mahrattas into a nation, founded his dynasty late in the seventeenth century. His heirs after one or two generations were virtually superseded by the Peishwas, who governed their dominion as irremovable Ministers or Mayors of the Palace. The original HOLKAR and SCINDIA recognized to a certain extent the authority of the Peishwa, though as powerful military chiefs they were virtually independent. It is to the credit of their descendants that they have not yet been set aside by more recent adventurers, though it must be remembered that the Supreme Government of India has terminated the Oriental succession of revolutions and civil wars.

The Maharajah of GWALIOR was prudent or fortunate in the course which he followed during the Mutiny. If he had been an ambitious man of military genius, he might possibly have overthrown the English dominion by placing himself at the head of the rebels. It is true that his revolted troops were utterly defeated in the course of Sir HUGH ROSE'S

brilliant campaign in Central India. SCINDIA, if he had shared in their enterprise, could have brought no additional force in aid of the rebellion; but the declaration of a powerful Indian prince in favour of the mutineers would probably have raised a dangerous agitation throughout Northern and Central India. The Ranees of JHANSI, who was Sir HUGH ROSE'S most formidable enemy, was herself a comparatively petty potentate. When she seized and occupied the fort of Gwalior, she hoisted the standard of NANA SAHIB as Peishwa instead of her own. Her troops never acquired the position of regular belligerents, for NANA SAHIB was at the time a fugitive and an outlaw; and it was not even certain that he was alive. If SCINDIA had been at the head of the rebellion he would scarcely have revived the supremacy of the real or pretended Peishwa to the detriment of his own claims. His abstention from disloyal movements probably determined the policy of many other princes. The mutinous Sepoys of the English army and the Gwalior contingent had in consequence neither a strategic basis nor a political position. Their plunder, as far as it was portable, was carried about the persons of the men, with the result of encouraging the English soldiers, who found that every alien enemy was worth searching for money or jewels. The fidelity of SCINDIA was rewarded by the same kind of immunity which is traditionally believed to have been secured by the precautions of the Jacobite Highland chiefs. When the father was on one side and the son on the other, the family estate was supposed to be safe from attainder. SCINDIA, in consideration of his loyalty, retained the whole of his ancestral possessions; and, if the rebellion had thriven, his subjects, if not himself, would have shared largely in the native triumph.

The English victory left behind it an irritating memorial. The fort of Gwalior, which had been the headquarters of the RANEE, remained till lately in the occupation of the English garrison. It was said that promises of restitution had been made and broken; but probably no time was fixed for the restoration, and the undertaking, which had probably been given, was at last carried out within the present year. The MAHARAJAH, who had incessantly fretted over the alien occupation, is believed to have expressed the highest gratification at the recovery of his stronghold. The Viceroy had probably consulted his military advisers on the risks which may arise from the transfer. He probably thought that the political advantage of acquiring the gratitude and confidence of a powerful prince preponderated over the objections which had so long prevailed. The removal of any doubt of English good faith was in itself in the highest degree desirable. It is supposed that HOLKAR also resented the loss of a certain portion of his dominions which had been detached for political reasons. Like his more ostentatious neighbour, he took an active share in the administration of his territory, paying especial attention to fiscal policy. The example and influence of the Supreme Government have in this case, and in many other instances, induced the native rulers to devote themselves to the management of public business.

It is not a little inconvenient that some of them, like SCINDIA, are devoted to the establishment of formidable armaments. The MAHARAJAH seems to have resembled FREDERICK WILLIAM I. of Prussia in his love for military details, and in his anxiety to collect a powerful force which he had afterwards no opportunity of employing. He never proved that he was a general, but he was an excellent drill-sergeant. It is to be hoped that the weapon which he forged may not, as in the Prussian case, be used for ambitious purposes by some dangerous successor. The collective armies of the native princes are more numerous than the English forces in India; and in the contingency of a foreign invasion they would need to be anxiously watched. The risk is well understood by the administrators of the Indian Empire; but the discontent which would be provoked by interference might be more formidable than the armies themselves. The most menacing peculiarity of SCINDIA'S policy was his direct and avowed imitation of SCHARNHORST'S famous contrivance for training the whole population to arms. The Gwalior army is organized on a system of short service, so that the number actually serving in the ranks might immediately be increased three or four fold by recalling the men who have served their time to the ranks. Since SCHARNHORST first succeeded in evading the restrictions imposed on Prussia by NAPOLEON, almost all European States have borrowed some part of his system. It is not altogether satisfactory to know that his device has extended to India. It is not known that the Supreme Government has had

either the will or the legal right to remonstrate against the virtually indefinite expansion of the Gwalior army. Perhaps there may be more facility for interference during the Regency which must now be constituted.

LORD DUFFERIN and his Council and Ministers must feel serious regret at the simultaneous vacancies which have occurred in the Mahratta kingdoms. Another potentate of the same race, the GUICOWAR, has given sufficient trouble; and in spite of doubts and suspicions, the Supreme Government regarded with complacency the administration of the rulers who were capable of maintaining order in their dominions. Their immediate successors will require more troublesome supervision. The heir of Gwalior is a child of five or six years old, who must be educated, if possible, to be competent to the future discharge of his duties; and it will at the same time be necessary to provide for the government during the minority. The Council of Regency, if it is practically nominated by the Viceroy, will probably include the most experienced and most trustworthy of SCINDIA's councillors. The duties of the English Resident will be greatly increased in importance, as he must, while he abstains from meddling with administrative details, regulate the policy of the Court and Government. Similar complications may arise in Indore, though it is not known that there will be a disputed succession. Even if no immediate difficulty occurs, the character and competence of the new prince must for some time remain a matter of doubt. If SCINDIA and HOLKAR had died thirty years earlier, Lord DALHOUSIE would have required their successors both to prove their titles and to satisfy the Viceroy himself that they might be trusted to exercise their powers. It is perhaps fortunate that, since the time of Lord CANNING, the policy of the Indian Government has been less ambitious. The recognition of the right of adoption, by preventing dynasties from dying out, secures the continuity, and almost the perpetuity, of native States. Many Indian statesmen hold that the maintenance of such kingdoms as Indore and Gwalior is advantageous to the Imperial Government. There is no doubt that the revival of an opposite policy would produce much dissatisfaction.

#### LED, OR OTHERWISE.

WE are a law-abiding nation, but it would certainly help us in our paths of virtue if "those who reign in authority over us" would kindly make their laws a little more lucid. What is the existing regulation about dogs and their ways? Sir EDMUND HENDERSON declared that any dog "not under proper control, by being *led, or otherwise,*" should be seized and "disposed of according to law," i.e. the lethal chamber at Battersea. Also that any dog who was not "*led, or otherwise,*" should be muzzled. This, though hazy as to grammar, was to a certain extent clear as to meaning. The world at large knew that, by simply muzzling their dogs, those law-beset animals might safely take their walks abroad under the nose of a policeman. Those who thought to interpret the other alternative of "*led, or otherwise,*" according to their own lights invariably came into collision with the police, and subsequently adorned the police-courts more or less gracefully. The meaning, as we have already said, was plain. All dogs who ran might read that muzzled dogs were safe dogs. But now all this is changed, and we are again plunged in hopeless confusion, though comforted by somewhat better grammar. Sir CHARLES WARREN, in his new Order, dated the 16th of June, says no single word about muzzles. He maintains the stumbling-block of "proper control," which has caused nearly the whole of the list of "dog cases" which have come before the police magistrates since last December; but he leaves out all question of muzzling. Any dog not under "proper control" (whatever that may be) is to be "disposed of in accordance with the law." This is a question which it behoves all dog-lovers to have cleared up at once. The wire muzzles, when of a proper size, are little or no hardship to any right-minded dog; indeed, we are acquainted with some dogs who have grown to look upon them almost with affection as symbolical of a walk. But to oblige every dog-owner to lead his dog, or be led *à la* blind beggar, is a hardship to both biped and quadruped. It is no exercise to a dog of any activity to be taken out to walk in a leash; and as for the unfortunate biped at the other end of the string, it would be hard to imagine a greater *corvée* than to have to walk daily through the London streets attached to a dog. Besides, no leash will prevent a dog from biting

a passer-by or another passing dog, if he feels so inclined; though, if he does so illustrate Dr. WATTS's wisdom, the fact of his being tied on to a live name and address will, no doubt, be a comfort to the policeman who runs both in. If Sir CHARLES WARREN looks upon dog-owning as a crime, he has certainly gone the best way about stamping it out. Not one out of every ten dog-owners would continue to keep their four-footed friends if "to tow or be towed" really became the irrevocable order of the day. We can hardly believe that Sir CHARLES WARREN really means that muzzled dogs are to be considered as dangerous law-breakers and put to death for the safety of the community; but that some foot-note to the last Order is needed on this point is proved only too well by a letter published in the *Standard* a few days ago. In it the writer described the treatment of a poor dog which had strayed from its owner in Upper Baker Street on Whit Monday. Though muzzled, it was "seized by three police-constables under the direction of an inspector, and beaten with their *truncheons until partially senseless, then strapped on to a water-cart, still breathing, and taken away.*" This horrible scene of three men beating a poor defenceless, muzzled animal to death lasted "fully three-quarters of an hour," according to eye-witnesses. And it is to guard against a repetition of such revolting brutality, as well as to ask an explanation of it, that we should be glad to see the question of "*led, or otherwise,*" really cleared up once for all.

#### THE EXPULSION OF THE FRENCH PRINCES.

THE expelled Princes have quitted France with an amount of dignity and self-restraint which would have been sure to earn them some sympathy even if their exile had been deserved. As a matter of fact it is not only regarded by the world at large as wholly undeserved, but is in all probability so considered by a substantial if not an overwhelming majority of the nation which has driven them forth. Whatever amount of indolent acceptance the Expulsion Bill may have met with in its earlier stages must have been completely demolished by the debate in the Senate. M. JULES SIMON may perhaps claim the principal credit for having brought about this result. Both argumentatively and rhetorically considered, his speech against the measure was a very remarkable performance, and as such might surely have been honoured with a somewhat larger space in the *Times* than its Correspondent, remarkable as he is himself, condescended to allot to it. It deserved especial force from the fact that the speaker had been personally a follower of M. THIERS, and had specifically supported that statesman in his opposition to the return of the Princes in 1871. The contrast, as M. SIMON pointed out with convincing force, between the circumstances of that time and of the present is as complete as it well could be. The Monarchists in 1871 had a majority in the National Assembly, and if the Republic held its own it was because there were rival candidates for the throne—an obstacle to the success of the Monarchical party which even the so-called Fusion, for reasons historically familiar, failed to remove. But the Republic of 1886 is not the same Republic, nor are the Princes virtually the same men. Instead of exiles asking to return home, they are men with the full rights of citizens simply asking to remain at home; and they have been made citizens, added M. SIMON, with particularly telling effect, "by the very same Assembly which made you Senators."

No one can have supposed, however, that M. DE FREYCINET's appeal to the proscriptions of the past—measures which merely prove, if they prove anything at all, the impotence of the policy which suggests them—required so elaborate a refutation. The Expulsion Bill differed on the face of it from all the proscriptions if only in being the act of a *régime* which has maintained itself in power for fifteen years against certain Pretenders, or so-called Pretenders, who during all that space of time have not only not overthrown, but have not even seriously shaken it. No great argumentative labour is needed to show that such a step differs radically from those which are commonly taken by newly-established Governments against the representatives of the system which they have displaced. It could be justified, morally or politically, by nothing short of very clear and convincing proof that the Republic, which has so long been able to live without fear of these persons, is in danger from them at last. And nothing throughout the whole business has been more conspicuous



than the total absence of any such proof, nor anything so cynically shocking as the general indifference to the want of it. It is understating the case, indeed, to say that no proof of Monarchical intrigues has been brought home to any of the Princes; no evidence worthy of the name has been so much as adduced in support of the charge. The pretext which it was at one time attempted to found on the "reception" incident in connexion with the Portuguese marriage is too ridiculous for discussion. Even *Æsop's* wolf would have been ashamed of so contemptible a fetch, and would have hung his ears, if not for the moral obliquity implied in it, at any rate for the intellectual sterility which it argues. Yet with this absurdly concocted charge, and some vague talk about an "occult government" existing, two Chambers of the French Legislature have had to content themselves for all justification of the oppressive measure which they have just passed. People will know very well in France and elsewhere where the real "occult government" is to be found. It sits, as M. SIMON bluntly puts the matter, at the Hôtel de Ville. It consists of that minority of the municipal body which defends the acts of the insurrectionary Commune, which quotes its decrees in debate, and which has claimed the red flag in Council as the flag of France. It is to humour this party and to propitiate the anarchical element in France, of which they are the representatives, that the Parliamentary chiefs of the Republican parties have insincerely united to strike this cruel blow at men whom every one but a mere handful of crackbrains well know to be innocent of the conduct laid to their charge. The office-bearers of democracies meet in all countries with plenty of humiliating necessities—as many an English politician is probably feeling at this moment. But we doubt whether in any country they have been put to any task quite so ignoble as that which has just been faithfully executed by M. DE FREYCINET and his colleagues.

The consequences of the expulsion, or at least its inevitable moral consequences, have been pointed out with too much iteration and too little effect to make it worth the while of anybody, least of all of any foreigner, to recapitulate them. The arguments, moreover, by which they are enforced are no doubt liable, like all arguments of the kind, to be pressed too far. When M. DE FREYCINET talks of "the peril of a rival government which makes our rule appear feeble and precarious to the people," it is the minor premiss of his implied syllogism which is the safest to challenge, whereas English writers are too fond of pronouncing an oracular contradiction of the major. It is by no means so assured a maxim of politics as they seem to think that the peril of a rival government is always increased by attacks upon it which may be set down to fear. The toleration of such a government is, to say the least of it, just as likely to be attributed to fear by a considerable portion of the community; and, as we have seen of late years in Ireland, the effect of such toleration may become a much more serious increase of the peril than would have been produced by the opposite course of conduct. The question of action or inaction on the part of a Government in possession turns wholly on the question of the relative prominence of the alleged rival power. Its mere activity, if it is only secretly active, is not to the point, so far at least as concerns the justification of such proceedings as those of M. DE FREYCINET and his colleagues. Secret conspiracy can be secretly dealt with, and French Ministers are the last persons in the world to be at a loss for the means of doing so. Yet the government which they describe at one moment as a rival government, they describe in the next breath as "occult." In so far as it is "occult," it cannot be "rival"—or not so for the purposes of Ministerial argument. How in the world can an occult government "make our rule appear feeble and precarious to the people," who, by the hypothesis of the description, are, as regards the majority of them at any rate, unaware that any such rivalry is in existence? The conclusion, in short, which is represented by the Separation Bill does not follow from the premisses; and is indeed so wide of them as to attach a twofold consequence of mischief to that measure. It not only brings the so-called "occult government" into the light of public notice, and elevates it to the rank of a competitor for rule, which is the same thing as a designated reversioner of power, but it calls attention to another element in the situation which adds to the importance of the position assigned to the competitor in question. To the more or less considerable number of Frenchmen who will be for the first time impressed with the influence of the Princes by observing that the Governments seem to be afraid

of them must be added the probably larger number of Frenchmen who recognize the fears of the Government as feigned, and who draw very desponding inferences as to the future from the fact that such a pretence is necessary. We hardly know whether it is worse for the prospects of the French Republic that the former of these parties should begin to question its security against external enemies, or that the latter should become convinced that it cannot in the long run be protected against itself. Those who are being taught to suspect that France is drifting back towards a constitutional monarchy are perhaps less numerous than those who recognize that at least she is drifting further and further every year from a "Conservative Republic." The Orleanist Princes are not nearly such potent agents in the work of undermining popular confidence in the duration of the existing form of government as are the violent Radicals who are ever seeking to drive the Republic into more and more extreme courses, and without bidding for whose favour in one way or another no French Ministry has yet proved its ability to live.

#### VERGES AT HIGHGATE.

IT is not surprising that Mr. CHARLES SMITH, landlord of the "Red Lion and Sun" public-house, Highgate, has given notice of appeal against a fine of twenty shillings and costs inflicted upon him by the Highgate magistrates. If the case has been correctly reported in the *Daily Telegraph*, as there is no reason to doubt, a more absurd decision has seldom been pronounced. The point raised before the Highgate Bench was certainly no novel one. There is probably not an acting magistrate in England of the slightest experience who has not had to deal with the definition of a "bonâ-fide traveller." That personage is likely to be even more prominent than before in the days that are coming. An American was once asked by an English acquaintance what was the tendency of the Liquor Laws in New England which prohibit the sale of alcohol to any one not a bonâ-fide traveller. He replied, with much promptitude, that they "tended to a considerable deal of bonâ-fide travelling." When the Sunday Closing Bill has been passed, a Saturday Closing Bill will doubtless be introduced, and some advocate of what, by the irony of fate, is called "temperance," will propose at the end of a Session, in the not very small hours of the morning, to leave out the word "Saturday," and make the Bill applicable to the whole week. When that blessed time has arrived, when the beatific vision which no disturbing apparitions of Home Rule can hide from the eyes of the United Kingdom Alliance has become an accomplished fact, we venture to predict that bonâ-fide travelling will be a favourite occupation with the adult male inhabitants of these realms. Sir JOSEPH PEASE, startled by an outrageous amendment introduced by some more logical fanatics into his fidgety measure, has dropped it for the time. But the United Kingdom Alliance neither slumbers nor sleeps, whereas the moderate and reasonable drinker does both. Hence the judgment—what the poverty of the English language compels us to call the judgment—of Mr. BODKIN and his colleagues will be seen to possess a good deal of importance for the public in general, as well as for visitors to Highgate in particular. If it led to the appointment of a stipendiary magistrate at Highgate, we can only say that larger consequences have been known to spring from smaller events. The inclination of the House of Commons, elected under a wide suffrage, is to think that it can regulate with advantage all the affairs of life. A Bill to prevent parents from sending their children to public-houses for beer, which has since been completely reconstructed, was defended in its original form by Mr. BROADHURST, Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, on the remarkable ground that the fathers and mothers of England were determined that their offspring should not frequent taverns. When Parliament is asked to pass Bills forbidding people to do what they are determined not to do, it becomes more than ever desirable that magistrates should not strain the law against personal liberty.

Mr. CHARLES SMITH was summoned for keeping his house open during prohibited hours, or, more particularly, at half-past eleven on Sunday morning, and at half-past twelve on the same day. At half-past eleven there were two men in the house, and at half-past twelve there were three. The first batch of customers said that they came from Gray's Inn Road, and the second gave Tottenham Court Road as their place of residence. The question of distance does not seem

to have been raised, but we presume that the addresses given were beyond the three-mile limit, and that if they were correct, the men were entitled to be served, and the publican, therefore, justified in serving them. It appears that the first address given was a false one, while as to the second there was no evidence. This was the whole of the case against Mr. SMITH. What more could he have done? He asked the men where they lived, and they told him. If he had refused to let them have liquor as travellers, he would have done so at his peril. It was pointed out by his legal representative at the hearing that even to demand the addresses was beyond the requirements of the Licensing Acts. "We shall hold," said Mr. BODKIN, "that taking the 'addresses is not sufficient precaution.'" Mr. SMITH did not, it seems, take the names. But it does not want any argument to prove that if men will give false addresses they will give false names. If the burden of proof is to lie upon the publican, it would be better to repeal the "bonâ-fide 'traveller'" clause altogether. A man who gives a false address may very properly be fined. But to fine the man to whom he gives it is a course more worthy of Hottentots than of Englishmen. The Act under which Mr. SMITH was prosecuted clearly entitled him to an acquittal. For it sets forth that any publican who fails to prove that the person to whom he sold liquor was a bonâ-fide traveller, but says he believed the person to be a traveller, and proves that he took all reasonable precautions to ascertain that he was a traveller, must have any summons against him dismissed. This was pointed out to the Highgate magistrates by their clerk. But unfortunately they do not pay to this functionary the implicit deference which was rendered by Mr. NUPKINS to Mr. JINKS. One justice, Mr. LERMITTE, whose name deserves to be widely known, delivered himself, or was delivered, of the remarkable dictum, "It is not likely 'that two or three persons would live at one place.'" After this there was not much hope for Mr. SMITH, who must seek for justice (and common sense) in the Queen's Bench Division.

#### THE GOVERNMENT CASE.

**E**LECTION addresses and speeches have by this time exhausted the attention of the most pertinacious readers. A week ago they were in a position to gauge the moderation and candour of Mr. GLADSTONE; and the typical cynicism of his most docile colleague was appropriately represented by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. The converts who have, like Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, suddenly "found salvation" are, like their spiritual prototypes, wholly unaffected by argument or reason. In confutation of their lame excuses for tergiversation it is sufficient to answer that they never thought of their present opinions before. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who humorously spoke in the name of his local colleague as well as in his own, seemed to forget in one part of his address on which side he was retained. It might have been supposed that he was denouncing Mr. GLADSTONE's Parliamentary proceedings when he spoke of "intermediate" and "fantastic schemes founded on no principle and referable to no particular policy, plans which satisfy no one and settle nothing. It is not worth while to discuss these 'ephemeral expedients which are from time to time rapidly displayed and summarily withdrawn as they are in turn discovered to be indefensible.'" The only alternative plan which has been proposed in detail is that of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. His scheme is open to serious objections; but it has neither been rapidly displayed nor summarily withdrawn. Sir W. HARCOURT's description exactly applies to Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill and to his policy before and after his Parliamentary defeat. When the Home Rule Bill was introduced, it was inseparably connected with the Land Bill, which has since been tacitly abandoned. The first estimate of the sum to be spent in buying out the landlords was, in the hope of satisfying Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, though it was undoubtedly insufficient, arbitrarily reduced to 50,000,000*l.* At a further stage Mr. GLADSTONE brought against the landowners an absurd charge of ingratitude, for the purpose of warning them that the sands of the hour-glass were rapidly running out. The process was apparently accomplished without further delay, for no mention has since been made of the Land Bill.

The Irish Government Bill has been not less capriciously manipulated. The first "intermediate and fantastic" scheme included the removal of the Irish members from the Parliament at Westminster, on the alleged ground that a distinction between Irish and Imperial affairs "passed the wit

"of man" to determine. The issue which is now presented to the constituency is the establishment of a statutory Parliament for the management of purely Irish affairs, which must apparently be defined by some higher faculty than the wit of man. During the discussion in the House of Commons a plan was "rapidly displayed and summarily withdrawn" for the occasional attendance of Irish members at Westminster, with the certain consequence, if not with the deliberate purpose, of rendering English parties dependent on the support of an intermittent majority. It would be tedious to enumerate the other changes which Mr. GLADSTONE has effected for the sole purposes of endeavouring to buy off Parliamentary opposition. His flatterers unconsciously applauded the constructive genius which had enabled him to produce a working machinery for the future government of Ireland instead of contenting himself with an abstract resolution. As the debate proceeded every spring and cog and wheel was detached in succession, till nothing was left but the vague proposition that there should be an Irish Parliament. It was indeed certain that, if he had obtained a majority, Mr. GLADSTONE would have asserted that Parliament was pledged, not to a theory, but to the substantial provisions of his Bill. He now passionately declares that even the last relic of his measure has disappeared, and that it is useless to discuss a Bill which is dead and gone. All his ephemeral expedients have, in Sir W. HARCOURT's language, "been withdrawn as 'they have in turn been discovered to be indefensible.'"

In the course of historical studies which must have been very recently pursued Sir W. HARCOURT has discovered that "the authors of the Act of Union have been the real 'Separatists between the hearts of the British and Irish 'nations.'" If it were allowable to offer a suggestion to so able a speaker and writer, Sir W. HARCOURT might be delicately advised to leave flourishes about the hearts of nations to a more sentimental disputant. Mr. GLADSTONE can interpret the movements of the great heart of the people as he looks out of a railway-carriage window. Three or four months ago it had not occurred to Sir W. HARCOURT that the hearts of the British and Irish nations had been divided by the Act of Union. At that time he was engaged in cultivating and diffusing a suspicion that the Conservatives were inclining to a wicked policy of Home Rule, or, as he more figuratively expressed it, that they were stewing in Parnellite juice. The precedents or illustrations which he cites are scarcely applicable to present circumstances. It seems that "Home Rule stands where 'Catholic Emancipation stood when Mr. CANNING was 'deserted by his colleagues in 1826 [*sic*].'" When CANNING became Prime Minister in 1827, he had during the whole of his previous life been a prominent advocate of the Catholic claims. Mr. GLADSTONE never pledged himself to Home Rule by any public declaration till after the formation of his present Government. Sir W. HARCOURT was then gradually admitted to the secret, and he immediately adopted with enthusiasm the novel convictions of his leader. "The yearning of the Irish people after the self-government 'which it once possessed has,' it seems, 'never been 'quenched.'" "The supremacy of the Crown and the 'unity of the Empire were unimpaired when Ireland 'had a Parliament of her own far more independent 'of British control than any which is now proposed.'" It has been repeatedly shown during the present controversy that, although GRATTAN's Parliament was nominally independent, the executive power was in the hands of the English Government. The system, which proved to be utterly unmanageable, was established by the menace of an armed rebellion at a time when England was at war or on the verge of war with the civilized world. The Regency dispute in 1788 might have proved fatal to the unity of the Empire. At a later time the Irish Parliament refused to vote supplies for the purposes of the great war. If the Home Rule Bill becomes law, Ireland will be governed by a Ministry which will be absolutely independent of imperial control.

The same papers which contained Sir W. HARCOURT's ingenious address to the electors of Derby allotted a suitable space to two speeches of greater importance. Lord SALISBURY once more contradicted at Leeds the calumny that he or his colleagues had at any time tampered with Home Rule. His denial will be accepted by those of his opponents who are not blinded by party passion, and who are not consequently committed to deliberate mis-statements. Mr. GLADSTONE has the audacity to accuse Lord SALISBURY of discourtesy because he repeats a statement of facts within his own



knowledge which are deliberately denied by his opponent. Mr. GLADSTONE repeats more than once the admission that his own assertions were deliberate; and it follows that he accuses Lord SALISBURY of an inaccuracy which cannot be other than wilful. An equally characteristic passage in the same speech is on other grounds not less offensive. Mr. GLADSTONE, having never doubted his own superior wisdom and virtue, now claims a religious sanction for his latest political aberration. At the end of a long series of quibbles about the interpretation of Lord SALISBURY's plain and explicit declarations, Mr. GLADSTONE passes at one step from the part of the sophist and pettifogger to the inspired interpretation of the heavenly councils. It appears that the Home Rule Bill, which has seemed to many a selfish and dishonest manœuvre, has already received a divine sanction, while the policy which is untruly attributed to Lord SALISBURY falls under a corresponding condemnation. The excited audience is told "to reflect in the name of Almighty 'God in the sanctuary of the chamber, in the sanctuary of 'your heart and your soul—reflect what it is . . .'" to suggest, as Lord SALISBURY has not suggested, the alternative of coercion. Not imitating the language of irreverent cant, Mr. GLADSTONE's opponents may well contend that resolute maintenance of law and order is at least as conformable to the will of the Higher Powers as cowardly truckling to treason and murder. As Mr. FORSTER said, Mr. GLADSTONE can persuade himself of anything, and especially of his own infallibility. Indeed, Lord WOLVERTON, who is said to have backed his opinion by a large contribution to the Ministerial election fund, has publicly declared that Mr. GLADSTONE's excellence is almost superhuman. Sir W. HARCOURT's afterthoughts in the guise of arguments for Home Rule are less revolting than Mr. GLADSTONE's outbursts of fanatical idolatry of himself. Meditating in the solitude of his chamber or in the publicity of a railway-station, Mr. GLADSTONE arrives under superior guidance at the conclusions which best suit his political interests for the moment. If Sir W. HARCOURT at any time engages in a similar operation, he has too much common sense to fancy that he is a prophet. In his case, as in that of other members of the party and the Cabinet, reflections in the solitude of his chamber or elsewhere had, six months ago, no sort of connexion with Home Rule.

#### BOOTH'S DANCING DERVISHES.

WE can fully sympathize with the feelings with which those who conduct what are called the "religious" newspapers of the more respectable class must regard the mixture of blasphemy and buffoonery whereby, in the pages of the *War Cry* and in the performances of public meetings, Mr. BOOTH is accustomed to push the business of the great and lucrative organization of which he is the chief. The disgust which all decent and self-respecting people must feel at this shameless alliance between quackery and hysterics is no doubt considerably complicated in the case of the persons referred to with indignation against the noisy band of mountebanks who are thus disgracing the methods of popular religious appeal. From the defensive, or, so to speak, self-protective antagonism which their extravagances have aroused in this quarter, the public may perhaps expect some useful results. It has already, it seems, inspired an enterprising writer on the staff of the *Record* to achieve, it is said for the first time, the feat of obtaining admission to an All-night meeting of the Salvation Army, and of reporting the same truthfully, it may be hoped, though for this we cannot vouch.

This function began at half-past ten o'clock at night at the Congress Hall, Clapton, and for some three or four hours appears to have been conducted in a comparatively sane fashion. But at a quarter-past two it became evident to the observer of the proceedings that the "crisis" was at hand. The "General" said it was "time for the personal application of what had been set forth." The neighbourhood of the "altar"—as he called some trestled tables in front of the platform—was cleared, and all who felt a need of conversion were invited to come and kneel at the altar, and, with some slight mixture of metaphor, to "jump into the cleansing river." The scene that followed, says the writer, defies description. Words fail to picture the "extraordinary and terrible proceedings" that lasted for about an hour and a half. "The vast throng more resembled a horde of lunatics than a band of professedly Christian people. If the inmates of Bedlam were to be let loose,

"I can hardly imagine their conduct would be more extraordinary than that of the Salvationists." The tables were in a few moments surrounded by kneelers, at least eighty persons flocking to them at the first rush. The "General" and his two sons, BRAMWELL and HERBERT, walked on the top of the tables, calling for prayer, giving out hymns, and generally working up the excitement. In a few minutes the whole of the vast audience was in an inconceivable uproar—singing, shouting, swaying, waving hands and handkerchiefs. "One poor fellow was raving on the floor, others thumped on the table with their fists in a kind of wild frenzy, with various exclamatory denunciations or aspirations, while others hugged each other." One of the mass in the course of his prayer kept bawling:—"Answer by fire! It's coming! Here's another wave rolling this way!" Another besought God over and over again to "rock this place." The revolting scene here described having lasted for some time, one of the BOOTHs called for "the next batch," and the next batch accordingly came to the tables, in, as is usually the case, a more dehumanized condition than the first. The General encouragingly cried "Take hold of God!" and called for more prayer. The hugging and rolling on the floor were continued, and jumping had now commenced in some parts of the hall. "Calling a young officer out to speak to a penitent, the General rumbled the young man's hair, and, affectionately kissing him, sent him about his task." The shrieks of some of those who were praying were "perfectly dreadful to listen to. One man kept shouting 'Here's a great big wave coming over us—a wave! a wave! a wave! Thank God! we shall be in the flood directly.' But whether the wave ever came did not appear, as a short pause was made to enable the Scotch contingent to catch their train." (This little touch of sane and canny human nature—the picture of the Scotch contingent "energumenizing," with one eye on the clock—is a positive refreshment in the narrative of these diseased ravings.) More prayer followed, Mr. H. BOOTH deliberately setting himself to increase the uproar. The jumping which had been going on here and there now became almost universal, "young BOOTH himself jumping to the tune." Some of the dervishes then "began hitting one another, symbolical doubtless of their fight with the Devil." Then, with an appropriate transition from frenzy to folly, three negroes were brought in to sing "I want to hear the flipping of the angels' wings," the people "shaking their hands in an idiotic fashion" at each repetition of the chorus to represent the flipping; and, it then being past four o'clock, "I made haste," the writer says, "to get into the fresh morning air, only too thankful to be released from the most shocking and painful 'religious' meeting that I have ever attended." His feeling of relief is intelligible; but something more than fresh air is required, in our opinion, for the effective treatment of the distressing cases which he had been watching all night. The person who kept shouting "A wave! a wave! thank God we shall be in the flood directly!" appears to us to have unconsciously indicated the proper remedy. In an older and rougher age of medicine these demoralizing revolts of the lower animal instincts against the reason were regarded as fit subjects for the liberal application of the cold water douche; and we are inclined to believe that we have still something to learn in this matter from our forefathers.

#### THE TOWER BRIDGE.

PRINCES and princesses have abounded this week in the East End, and next week they will even more abound. The great ceremonial of Monday took place on ground every foot of which had its own historical association; yet, apart from the background of old grey towers and red-tiled roofs within the fortress, the warehouses of St. Katharine's Dock offered scanty evidence of the remote antiquity of the site. In a sad little street further east, with its neat but shabby two-storied houses, and its teeming population of toilers, it would have been still more difficult for an inhabitant of the Bethnal Green of five hundred years ago to recognize the place. Here, too, some members of the Royal Family, indefatigable in well doing, were to be seen on a hot afternoon at the modest Exhibition of the Home Arts Association. If there is something incongruous between the magnificence of a modern State ceremonial and an ancient relic like the Tower, it is intensified when a handsome carriage, with its liveries and its high-stepping horses, followed perhaps by a dozen more, equally splendid and equally

noisy, comes clattering along the dusty street, disturbing and scattering on all sides the children whose right to make mud-pies in the gutter has never before been even questioned. These are somehow the aspects in which Royal visits to the East-End strike the mind; we forget the advantages to trade which the stir and the bustle of Monday bring in; we overlook the necessity of combating idleness and encouraging good taste and manual skill, and the marvellous effect produced by a little Royal patronage. When strings of banners flutter from house to house; when a long procession of soldiers and gilt coaches rattles over the stones; when a prince in a scarlet uniform lays a foundation-stone, and a princess in gorgeous apparel and diamonds lights up the dinginess of an East-End school-room, the contrast overpowers every other effect, and it is almost a relief to look back and seek, if possible, for something which is not of pressing modern interest, or to look forward to the benefits likely to accrue from the works now set going. When LONGCHAMP laid violent hands on a little cemetery belonging to the Hospital of St. Katharine in order to widen the precinct on the east side of the absent King's great castle, and when the citizens turned out in their thousands to demand its restitution in vain, they can hardly have foreseen the time when the representative of the sovereignty of England should attend on that very spot to lay the first stone of a bridge whose approaches will practically give back to the citizens what was taken from the Hospital seven centuries ago. Everything which the Bishop of Ely, and the Canons of the Holy Trinity, and Queen MATILDA's pensioners in St. Katharine's, and the indignant citizens under their new Mayor, HENRY of Londonstone, fought over, except some portions of the Tower itself, has changed, nay, has utterly disappeared. Even the river is different. The Polar bear which used to fish with a long rope round his neck near the Bulwark and the "Kaia" "Regis" of HENRY III. would find few fish living in the Thames water now. St. Katharine's is not. The very earth has been dug out, and was sent up to Pimlico in barges; the buildings have been destroyed, and the monuments from the church decorate a "neat Gothic chapel" of the time and style of GEORGE IV. in the Regent's Park. Still, the great White Tower itself remains, a building, to quote Mr. CLARK's words, which is the most interesting fortress in Britain; a fortress than which no other "is so deeply associated with the history of its nation, or with the progress of civil and religious liberty." The new bridge and its commencement on Monday last add a material and a moral link to this long chain of association. Even the removal of St. Katharine's Hospital and church, and the erection of the unsightly warehouses of the Iron-gate Wharf, will not have affected the river view as much as this new bridge. From below, coming up to London, it is possible that the two tall turrets with their tapering roofs, and the footway suspended a hundred and thirty feet above the surface of the Thames at high-water, will form a kind of frame for the time-honoured view of the Tower and the City behind it. They may injure the view, and looking down the river they will certainly do so, unless the architect who designs them makes an effort in pursuit of the picturesque that few architects have attempted in the City since the days of WREN. Yet, when all is done, the convenience, the relief of the traffic, and all the other advantages afforded by the new bridge must be taken into the account; and it will be difficult even for an antiquarian grumbler to find fault with an arrangement which he will be able to look upon as redressing a wrong done seven centuries ago, while undoubtedly the gain to the hard-working East-End labourer, and to all concerned in the traffic which now chokes up the passage of London Bridge, must be immense.

#### MR. OSBORNE MORGAN'S LEEK.

UNLESS Mr. GLADSTONE's enthusiastic admirers have succeeded in believing that that gentleman adds immortality to his other divine attributes, they must occasionally experience thrills of anxiety in "the Gadara of their still closets" concerning the person or persons upon whom it may be hoped that his mantle will eventually fall. Many there were who might have aspired to play the part of ELISHA to the right honourable gentleman's ELIJAH, but where is now that merry party? Some have bolted, some are dead—indeed the situation, viewed in the light of recollection, has in it so much of the pathetic that it is almost

impossible to contemplate it without dropping into poetry. As it is, when "the beautiful ghost of the Ideal" successor is evolved "by the wand of the simple pen" of the earnest Gladstonian, he has great difficulty in giving it any form save that of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, whom he hates for his aristocratic descent, or Mr. JOHN MORLEY, whom he distrusts for his literary ability.

It is, therefore, a real pleasure to be able to suggest to him the name of a humble, and hitherto even obscure, politician who is free from both these objections, and is at least doing his best—and angels can do no more—to act in one particular in a manner worthy of the pupil of so great a master. This aspirant to greatness is no more considerable a person than the Right Honourable GEORGE OSBORNE MORGAN, member of the expiring Parliament for East Denbighshire, and Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies on sufferance. His particular glory is the determination with which he has managed, at his great leader's desires and his requests and his petitions, to eat, look you, his own words; because, look you, he does not love them, nor his affections, nor his appetites, nor his digestions, does not agree with it; notwithstanding all which, he has got them down with surprising success. In one way, indeed, the pupil has outrun the teacher, because Mr. GLADSTONE, so to speak, grows his leeks ready boiled. The words the PRIME MINISTER uses are invariably so numerous and so flexible that when the time for swallowing them comes he accomplishes the feat with that apparent ease which is the highest triumph of true dexterity. Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN wholly fails to conceal the art which his high courage and natural talents enable him to employ, and for that reason he makes all the more impression on the beholder.

In the summer and autumn of last year the Union had no more staunch supporter than Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN. He put it in the forefront of the battle, and made, to say the truth, the most unscrupulous use of it. He urged the electors of East Denbighshire to take their share in providing the Liberal party with "a good and rattling majority" (Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN seems to imagine that Welsh electors consider it a compliment to be addressed in bad English), because "if Mr. PARNELL once got the direction of affairs in this country, there was an end of the Union between England and Ireland." He described Mr. PARNELL's party, with perfect accuracy, as one "which would be content with nothing less than the disruption of the Empire and the destruction of everything which true Conservatives have hitherto most venerated and cherished." The Union in danger was the central pivot in Mr. MORGAN's scheme of public affairs, and he expended much flowery rhetoric on the alliance which he pretended to believe existed or was going to exist between the Tories and the Parnellites. This point was the whole substance of the remarkable document issued by Mr. MORGAN's agent, if not by himself, the day before the polling in East Denbighshire, and commented upon at the time in these columns, in which he incidentally implored the voters to save the country from Mr. PARNELL by returning to Parliament "undoubtedly the ablest man who has ever represented a Welsh constituency." (The italics—were they capitals!—were the document's if not Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN's.) Before Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN had been seven months in Parliament he was earnestly supporting the Bill for the laceration of the Union and the disruption of the United Kingdom, and vigorously co-operating with "the hon. member for Cork, whom he hoped some day to congratulate on being the first Prime Minister for Ireland." And now the same Mr. MORGAN boldly presents himself to the same constituents, and however little stomach he may have for those prave 'orts about preventing Mr. PARNELL from being "dictator of England as well as Ireland," he gets them all down, and offers in substitution a meek paragraph occupying one quarter of a short address indicating that he prefers "Mr. GLADSTONE with his message of peace and trust to Ireland" [and Mr. PARNELL with his message of peace to England, and of support to the Gladstonian party] to "Lord SALISBURY, with his twenty years of coercion."

It is really a great feat, and may be said to "break the record" in the matter of leeks. It would be amusing to know—though it is not very difficult to imagine—what Mr. PARNELL thinks of his repentant foe. It would be instructive to ascertain what is Mr. GLADSTONE's opinion of this exhibition of a faithful rendering of his own tactics in slightly less skilful hands. It is mercifully impossible for any one but Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN fully to realize



what Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN thinks of himself. And it is particularly to be hoped that the next fortnight will witness an authoritative declaration of what the electors of East Denbighshire think of Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN.

#### THE PRESIDENT'S HONEYMOON.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD must have arrived in America, as BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON arrived at Charing Cross, just in time. Mr. ARNOLD, as we all know—for he has told us—is a man of delicacy, quite unlike the Philistine BOTTLES. Now the great event in American politics at this present is a very delicate one indeed, and it has been treated with all that reserve and all that self-restraint which notoriously characterize the countrymen of ELIJAH POGRAM. The PRESIDENT of the United States has married a wife, and therefore he cannot come to Washington and the White House just now. He has sought refuge in Deer Park, a place with about as romantic a name as they can manufacture or coin in America. To give Mr. CLEVELAND his due, he seems to have done his best to get married like a Christian or an ordinary man. Trained in democratic institutions, having even been Governor of the State of New York, he still clung to the simple faith that a wedding was nobody's business except the bride's and bridegroom's. He had something yet to learn about the practical working of the American Constitution. The government of the people by the people for the benefit of reporters shows no signs of perishing from the earth. It is true that the PRESIDENT contrived to keep the public out of the room in the White House where the ceremony was actually performed, having, as a compromise, arranged to communicate through a gentleman with a military title everything which, in his opinion, it was right the many-headed beast should know. But the many-headed beast is not easily satiated, and in America it is provided with indefatigable caterers. The PRESIDENT, having been married by stealth, and blushed to find it fame, perhaps thought that he was out of the wood when he started for Deer Park. Little did that great man know the intensity of the regard in which his fellow-citizens hold him, and the peculiar interest which they, or a considerable number of them, took in his going out and his coming in, in his lying down and in his rising up. Reporters were told off to attend upon his movements, to be about his path, and about, if not his bed, at least his bedroom windows, to spy out all his ways. A famous account of the Duke of WELLINGTON's habits, published in the *Examiner* about the time when his Grace's "How do, PENDENNIS?" made the Major happy and his nephew proud, described the DUKE as frequently using the expressions "Pish," "Psha," and "Pooh" while engaged in reading his "matutinal correspondence." This "report," which was probably taken by many readers for a genuine contribution to their biographical knowledge, was not less valuable and much more amusing than the particulars which enterprise has gained concerning Mr. CLEVELAND's honeymoon.

The house of Mr. CLEVELAND has been placed under police protection of the strictest kind. Not even the unfortunate CURTIS in County Kerry have more detectives in their garden. Twelve of them are "scattered about like pickets" on all sides of the house at Deer Park. Every path and "approach to the cottage is guarded by an officer, and no "one is permitted to come within three hundred feet." The *Boston Globe* is in these circumstances reduced to informing its readers that the cottage is "drab" with "gay red trimmings," as if it were a lady's dress or a leg of mutton. Students of the literature of interviews, and even those upon whose reluctant attention such things are forced, will be reminded of a certain attempt to portray Lord BEACONSFIELD at Hughenden, and of the internal evidence which the article afforded that the writer had not succeeded in passing the hall door. That, however, was before the days when Lord RONALD GOWER confessed his inability to miss the "light on MONTY's hair" in ANGELI's portrait of Lord ROWTON. The PRESIDENT of the United States, to whom it is time that we should return, is said to have himself furnished the outer world with some "items" of his domestic bliss—we presume not of the "item two lips—indifferent "red" kind. One gentleman, however, who, no doubt, deems that he bears the grand old name without abuse, observed, or says he observed, the PRESIDENT "leaning "his ample stomach against the railing, and looking dreamily "off on the beautiful hills." "Off on" is a quaint sort

of oxymoron which has its charms. "The PRESIDENT," we read, "was smoking a sentimental morning cigar at the "time"; and, if we were disposed to be pedantic, we might here draw attention to the figure hypallage. "Sentimental" cigars, same as smoked by the PRESIDENT at Deer Park," ought to have a good sale in the hands of an enterprising tradesman. "Mrs. CLEVELAND wore a blue morning wrapper, "and had a white shawl thrown over her neck and shoulders. "The PRESIDENT wore a black frock-coat and darkish "trousers." When Miss FOLSOM married the Chief Magistrate of the American Republic she probably hardened her heart against the appearance in print of descriptions of his nether garments. A flippant inquirer might be tempted to ask whether Mrs. CLEVELAND really calls her husband "GROVER." But more important matters await us. "After "luncheon the PRESIDENT smoked another cigar"; but the reporter, with unpardonable negligence, omits to inform us whether the PRESIDENT cut or bit the end off, and whether he lighted it with a vesuvian or an ordinary match. His dinner "consisted of a spring chicken, roast beef, and "vegetables." The end of the narrative is thrilling indeed:—"Lights were burning in the upper bedroom windows "during all the evening, but the parlour lights went out " (sic) at about ten o'clock, and the upper window lights a "few minutes afterwards. Then all was dark and still save "the plaintive notes of the mountain birds cooing to their "mates, and telling them that the PRESIDENT of the United "States and his bride were sleeping." A very poetical song for the birds to sing. But if the birds all knew the fact, why should they be told? And if only some of the birds knew it, how did they acquire their special information? Perhaps in the same way in which a too imaginative reporter got his. Mr. ARNOLD should deliver a lecture on the whole subject in the style of "Friendship's Garland."

#### LORD HARTINGTON'S "ANCIENT HISTORY."

LORD HARTINGTON'S meeting with his constituents last Thursday night at Rawtenstall passed off, on the whole, in a manner creditable to all parties concerned. It is clear that the element of hostility was fairly represented in the assembly, and equally clear that it was held in check in the very persons of its representatives by feelings of respect and admiration. It may be said, indeed, that Lord HARTINGTON's audience did for itself what Mr. GOSCHEN has to do—and what, indeed, it takes a Mr. GOSCHEN to do—for some of the audience which he addresses. The Rawtenstall interrupters—such as they were—did not need to be tripped up and figuratively "bonnetted" into silence after the admirably effective style which the member for East Edinburgh has introduced into stump controversy. They silenced themselves, or allowed their own good sense and better feelings to silence them, as Lord HARTINGTON unfolded in his plainest and bluntest manner the simple, but disgraceful, story of the birth of the Separation Bill. It is right, however, as some set-off against these compliments to the Rawtenstallers, to bear in mind the extreme probability that the thrice-told tale to which they were listening had for many of them almost the charm of novelty. DEMOS is a well-intentioned and excellent fellow, and endowed, we quite believe, with much more political intelligence than his "natural leaders," to judge from their arguments, appear to credit him with. But there is one gift which neither friend nor foe has ever ascribed to him—a retentive memory. It is never safe to assume that he recollects anything about the politics of six weeks back; as regards the politics of five or six months ago it may be treated as quite certain that his mind is in the condition of that curious instrument once described to the House of Commons by Mr. BIGGAR as a "tabular razor." We may depend upon it that, much as has been said and written on the eventful political history of the months of November and December 1885, and January 1886, Lord HARTINGTON was very usefully employed in recapitulating it carefully and minutely.

The true starting point of this eventful history—the point to which it is essential to carry back the mind of the student—is the PRIME MINISTER's exhortation to the constituencies to put the Liberal party in a position of independence of the Irish vote. The importance of this deliverance of Mr. GLADSTONE's is twofold, although only one side of it is commonly insisted on by his critics. It is usual to make use of it merely for the purpose of proving what really requires no demonstration at all—namely, that

Mr. GLADSTONE presented himself to the country in the distinct character of a defender of the Union, and even begged for more power to his elbow on the express ground that he might be enabled to defend it more effectually. This much-quoted exhortation, however, contains, as Lord HARTINGTON has pointed out, not only an implied pledge of policy on Mr. GLADSTONE's own part, but a distinct repudiation in the name of his party, of official and legislative functions on the terms upon which the present Government have accepted and exercised them. He said, to quote Lord HARTINGTON's perfectly accurate *précis* of his words, that "however trustworthy, however honourable the Liberal party might be—and no one could believe more than he did in its trustworthiness and in its honour—yet he did not think that the demand which would probably be made by a majority of the representatives of Ireland should be dealt with by the Liberal party if they were not placed by the country in such a position that they would be absolutely independent of the Irish vote." The election took place, and the Liberal party were not placed in that position. Mr. GLADSTONE's course of policy was therefore, according to his profession, distinctly marked out for him. It was to use every means in his power to prevent his party from being forced to "deal" themselves "with the demand of the representatives of Ireland," and to induce them, on the other hand, to exercise a vigilant and controlling supervision over the Conservative "dealings" with that demand. Mr. GLADSTONE himself, indeed, is quite sufficiently conscious, we cannot say of his duty in this respect, but of its plainness to the eyes of other people, and has evinced this consciousness by his repeated, though singularly lame, endeavour to show that he did, in fact, attempt to discharge his obligations. He would like it to be believed, and indeed has often said, that the Conservatives forced him against his will into undertaking the duty of "dealing with the demand made by a majority of the representatives of Ireland." Against this pretty and convenient theory of his action there are at least two absolutely destructive arguments—one of them founded on a fact, and the other on a date. The fact is that Mr. GLADSTONE took very good care to let it be known nearly two months before Parliament met that he was fully prepared to strike the Union Jack to Mr. PARNELL. The argument from the date is that the arrangements for the overthrow of the Conservative Government were completed one clear day before they had made that announcement of Irish policy which forced Mr. GLADSTONE, according to his own account, to take the helm himself. The decision to support Mr. JESSE COLLINGS's amendment was arrived at, as Lord HARTINGTON has reminded us and his constituents, "on the day previous to that on which the late Government gave notice of what are called their coercion proposals, and on the morning of that day every member of the Liberal party received a notice requesting him to be in his place to support the motion of Mr. COLLINGS, which was equivalent to a sentence of death on the late Conservative Government." There is an abundance of collateral evidence tending to show that Mr. GLADSTONE grasped eagerly at the power which, in the circumstances of the case, he had by anticipation emphatically declined; but perhaps it cannot be conclusively demonstrated in more than two or three ways that he was in a positive hurry to commit this shameless violation of solemn pledges.

We should be on our guard, no doubt, against attaching too much importance for electioneering purposes to demonstrations of this kind. The average elector, it is to be feared, has got a little "mixed" in his views on the ethical aspect of political tergiversation. Ministerial sophists have dinned the words "consistency" and "inconsistency" into his ears until they have perhaps persuaded him that the ideas conveyed by these words have some relevance to the matter. Still we must not relax our efforts to point out to the average elector that the question for him to consider is not as to the consistency or inconsistency, or even, except incidentally, as to the honesty or dishonesty, of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. GLADSTONE's colleagues. He need not trouble himself as to the limits within which it is right or edifying for a statesman to undertake the realization of a policy to which he has been till a few months ago a declared and pledged opponent. What the elector should ask himself is not whether the action taken on such a conversion in political opinion is decent or otherwise, but whether the conversion itself has ever taken place at all. Many English citizens of the humbler order of intelligence

are preparing to support Mr. GLADSTONE because they put superstitious confidence in the correctness of the opinions which he has formed and in the beliefs which he holds. But how if Mr. GLADSTONE has not really formed these opinions, does not really entertain these beliefs at all? Surely the possibility of that is a serious addition to the high probability that, even if he does hold them, they are altogether mistaken. This view of the case has not been sufficiently impressed upon the electors, who, coming fresh, for instance, from a perusal of Mr. BRIGHT's most damaging election address, should ask themselves seriously whether there is really room for so much honest difference of opinion on a question which has been so many years before both of them as that which now divides Mr. GLADSTONE from his oldest political friend. Let the elector by all means be exhorted to use his own intelligence, and not to become a convert to Separation simply because Mr. GLADSTONE has—if he has—become a convert to it. But let him also apply his intelligence and knowledge of the world to the preliminary question whether the alleged conversion is genuine at all.

#### THE SESSION.

THE history of the one brief Session of the Parliament elected in 1885 has been the history of how Mr. Gladstone tried, like the King of France, to perform the *saut périlleux*, and how, unlike the King, he failed. Both Houses have been employed at intervals in other matters. The Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, Sunday Closing Bills, proposals to disendow and disestablish have not been wanting; but they have been debated and rejected amid the utmost possible indifference. Anxiety to see what Mr. Gladstone was going to do, criticism of his Bills when they did appear, and then strenuous efforts in Parliament and out of it to crush them, have swallowed up everything. The Government of Ireland Bill has occupied public attention completely, for the Land Purchase Bill, though introduced as a necessary part of Mr. Gladstone's policy, fell rapidly into obscurity. When the first was rejected, the House of Commons was felt to have nothing to do beyond winding up necessary business. A dissolution had become inevitable in order that the country might pronounce an opinion on the question raised by Mr. Gladstone after the last general election.

Parliament met for the transaction of formal preliminaries on the 12th of January. The Speaker had to be re-elected, and the oaths had to be taken. These purely routine matters were slightly enlivened by the final victory of Mr. Bradlaugh. The Speaker declined to take cognisance of the decisions of the former House, the Conservative Ministry did not feel called upon to begin fresh proceedings, and so the member for Northampton was at last able to take the oath which he has declared to be both meaningless to him and binding on his conscience, and was at last in a position to repay the patronage of Mr. Gladstone by an enthusiastic if not very influential support.

When the House of Commons was constituted for business, the Session was opened by the Queen in person on Thursday, January 21. The Speech from the Throne began by announcing, perhaps a little too soon, that the Afghan frontier difficulty had been adjusted, and by a reference to the action of the British Government on behalf of the Bulgarians. The annexation of Burma, the settlement of a more than secular dispute with France as to its rights on the coast of Newfoundland, promises of legislation dealing with county government and land transfer, and hints as to the necessity of a reform of procedure were also subordinate parts of the Speech, and were felt to be of small immediate importance. The critical sentences of the Speech from the Throne were these:—"I have seen with deep sorrow the renewal of the attempt to excite the people of Ireland to hostility against the legislative Union between that country and Great Britain. I am resolutely opposed to any disturbance of that fundamental law, and in resisting it I am convinced that I shall be heartily supported by my Parliament and my people." As these words showed the firm though somewhat tardily expressed decision of the Conservative leaders not to bid for the support of Mr. Parnell, the fall of the Ministry was seen to be a matter of days. The Liberal party, not yet broken to pieces, had a possible and disputed majority over the Conservative and Nationalist members. There could therefore be no doubt that, as soon as it found an opportunity for voting on some point on which it could secure the help of Mr. Parnell, it would upset the Conservative Ministry. The nature of the transaction was no secret. When Mr. Gladstone dwelt solemnly during the first night's debate on the Address on the wisdom of keeping Irish questions above the level of party conflict, he was not unnaturally understood to mean that he saw nothing in the avowed aims of the Nationalist members to prevent him from working with them. These gentlemen were equally prepared to join with a statesman who had already offered them his alliance unofficially but unmistakably. A convenient opportunity presented itself on Tuesday the 26th. On that night Mr. Jesse Collings moved an amendment expressing regret that the Ministry had not promised legislation "for affording facilities to the agricultural labourers and others in the rural districts to obtain allotments and small holdings on



equitable terms as to rent and security of tenure." The Conservative Ministry had announced that it would consider a defeat on this amendment as a vote of want of confidence, and when it was beaten by a majority of 329 to 258, it resigned at once. The Parnellites contributed 74 votes to the majority. The remaining nights of the debate on the Address were only remarkable for passages of arms between the Loyalist and Parnellite members, the precursors of many others, and for the aggravating and irrepressible loquacity of not a few of the new members, most of them persons of no importance.

The suspension of active work which is inevitably caused by a change of Ministry in the midst of a Session was prolonged far beyond the usual limit. Though the Conservative Cabinet fell on the 26th of January, it was not until the 8th of April that the House could settle to work. A new Ministry was formed with reasonable speed, but before it could guide the House in any other than a purely formal sense two preliminary questions had to be decided. Mr. Gladstone had to explain what it was he proposed to ask Parliament to do, and then it had to be seen whether all his colleagues would support his policy. The appointment of Mr. Morley to the post of Secretary for Ireland left no serious doubt what that policy would be. As a convinced Jacobin and consistent Home Ruler, he could hardly be asked to hold such an office unless it was intended to introduce legislation on the lines of Mr. Gladstone's post-electoral Manifesto of last December. The new Premier issued an address of more than Gladstonian vagueness to the electors of Midlothian, from which all that could be made out was that the writer, after twenty years' study of Irish questions, still wanted time to inquire. In spite of this judicious reticence, however, the split between the Liberals who were resolved to act up to their own pledges given during the general election and those who were prepared to support anything proposed by Mr. Gladstone, a split which has been the only result of the Session, began even before the Cabinet was formed. Lord Hartington and Sir H. James refused to join a Ministry which was infallibly bound to introduce some measure of Home Rule. Lord Spencer, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Trevelyan caused general surprise by joining the Cabinet; but, though the action of the first was and remains inexplicable by anything publicly known of his character and career, it was soon obvious that any support Mr. Gladstone was likely to receive from the other two must be conditional and temporary. Mr. Chamberlain's address to his electors was marked, in common with all his utterances during the general election, by an independence of tone which boded very ill for the continuance of harmony between him and the Premier. The appointment of Sir William Harcourt to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer might have been surprising if it had not been obviously due to a decent regard for the dignity of the Woolsack and a natural wish to punish a less obedient follower. Lord Rosebery's presence at the Foreign Office was taken as a sign that Prince Bismarck would not be irritated into doing anything likely to withdraw public attention from Mr. Gladstone's domestic policy. The other members of the Cabinet belonged to the useful class of politicians who obey orders, or who, as Mr. Campbell-Bannerman put it with delightful unconscious cynicism, "find salvation" in the prospect of office.

Up to the 8th of April what time the House did not spend in adjournments was mainly divided between watching and checking the vagaries of new members or discussing proposals to disestablish and disendow somebody. Mr. Labouchere had the satisfaction of defeating his friends in the Ministry on the vote for the Royal Parks at a moment when nobody was on the lookout to prevent the perpetration of practical jokes. He found a chance majority to declare that everything called Royal is an evil in itself. On another happy evening he held forth against the House of Lords under the qualified patronage of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Dillwyn asked the House to begin disestablishing the Church in Wales as a preliminary measure. Dr. Cameron moved for the Disestablishment of the Church of Scotland on the ground that, though the Dissenting bodies have no real grievance, and there are no differences of creed or ritual to make a union of the Presbyterian bodies difficult, yet some of them have buildings and a clerical staff which they could not dispose of after a reunion, and, finally, because it is unpleasant to Free Church and U. P. ministers to see men of their own class enjoying a better social position than themselves. Mr. H. Vincent was more creditably defeated when he almost persuaded the House of Commons on the 22nd of March to ask the Ministry to increase the capitation grant to the Volunteers. Mr. Gladstone, who was friendly to Mr. Labouchere and impartial towards Messrs. Dillwyn and Cameron, rebuked Mr. H. Vincent with severity for proposing to increase the public burdens. The riots in the West End of London on the 8th of February hardly belong to the history of the Session except in so far as they gave Mr. Childers, who was restored to the House by a death vacancy at Edinburgh and to office by a due sense of the duties of an item, an opportunity of doing nothing in Parliament or out of it with a great display of bustling activity.

A Committee was appointed to consider schemes for improving Parliamentary procedure, and presided over by Lord Hartington. It sat, considered, accepted, and rejected in the obscurity inevitably thrown over it by the great question whether Parliament itself was to remain what it is or to become another body representing another kingdom. An even clearer proof of the overwhelming interest of the Irish debates was given by the quiet passage of the Crofters' Bill. This measure, which was a pale

copy of the Irish Land Acts, began doing what it was asserted a few years ago would never be done. It introduced legislation of the Irish Land Act kind into Great Britain. A Commission was created with powers to grant pasture ground to Crofters in some districts of Western Scotland under certain strict limitations. Whenever any five Crofters on the same estate applied for a grant of pasture ground on that estate, and could give evidence of their power to stock it, the Commission is to have authority to satisfy them provided there is no sheep-farm lease in the way. As this Act introduces a wholly new principle into the legislation of Great Britain, it is revolutionary enough; but the Crofter representatives thought that the thin end of the wedge was too thin. They wished to see the powers of the Commission extended to all Scotland, and greatly increased. They asked that the limitation to the same estate might be removed, that the Commission might have power to grant crofts as well as pasture land, and that not only without any obligation to consider the solvency of the tenant, but with authority to advance capital. As none of these demands were granted, the concession to the Crofters had to be carried through the House of Commons in spite of the strenuous opposition of the Crofter members, and was passed by the Lords at the close of the Session.

The Session having barely lasted on to the period when the working time of the Lords begins, the Upper House has been mainly a spectator of the course of public affairs. It has had to discuss and reject its familiar Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. At a later period it did justice to the Durham Sunday Closing Bill. This measure, after passing through the Commons and getting through the second reading in the Lords, was finally thrown out when it had become clear that the alleged unanimous desire of Durham for the Bill was only the unanimous desire of its partisans that it should be imposed on Durham.

Sir William Harcourt's Budget, described by himself as "commonplace," but also common-sense, was introduced on the 15th of April. The only noteworthy feature about it was the proposal to turn a deficit of 543,499*l.* into a surplus of 274,000*l.* by suspending the Sinking Fund. The resource has been denounced as immoral by Sir William Harcourt's present chief when advocated by the other side.

While Mr. Gladstone was elaborating the disavowable and half-disavowed Manifesto of last December into a Bill or Bills, the House of Commons was engaged in watching Messrs. Chamberlain and Trevelyan in order to learn from their behaviour what the great measures might be expected to be. Although these gentlemen had joined the Cabinet, they had both pronounced so decidedly against any legislation which would weaken the supremacy of Parliament that it was not possible to believe they could help to carry Bills drawn up on the lines of the Manifesto. During the month of March they afforded political gossips a rich feast. Rumours that they had resigned, that they had demanded concessions, that they had been persuaded to stay, that they had been satisfied, that they had not been satisfied, abounded. At last, on the 29th of March, all doubts were put at rest. Both left the Cabinet, and it became clear that the Bills about to be introduced would be thoroughly out of keeping with the Liberal programme as it was before Mr. Gladstone saw how impossible it would be to secure a strong majority without the help of Mr. Parnell.

At last, after choosing and then rejecting the ominous date of the 1st of April, Mr. Gladstone introduced his Home Rule Bill on the 8th of that month. It was called "A Bill to Amend the Provision for the Future Government of Ireland," a title which had grown to "A Bill for the Better Government of Ireland" when Mr. Gladstone published an address to his electors after his defeat on the 8th of June. It was presented to the House by the Premier in a speech of such length and fluency as, in the opinion of his supporters, completely justified the policy of the measure. During three hours and a half Mr. Gladstone enforced on the most crowded House of Commons ever seen the necessity of passing yet one more final remedial measure for Ireland, and explained how this particular one must infallibly do what none of its long line of ancestors had done. The main provisions of a complicated and not very intelligible Bill were these. The House of Commons was to be delivered from the Irish members. As a set-off to the joy of never again hearing the barking of Mr. Biggar, the rabid abuse of Mr. O'Brien, or the endless spouting of Mr. Sexton, it was asked to agree to the establishment of a Parliament in Dublin empowered to deal with purely Irish affairs. This body was, as an enthusiastic American critic pointed out, to have the merit of bearing no resemblance to any legislative body ever seen in the world before. It was to consist of the 103 Irish members of the Imperial Parliament, to whom were to be added an equal, or nearly equal, number of new members, elected by the same constituencies. To these 204 or 206 were to be further added 103 representatives of a higher order. Twenty-eight of these were to be the existing representative Peers of Ireland during their lives. The other 75 were to be elected by occupiers of 25*l.* value and upwards, and must possess a property qualification. The two branches of these Irish estates were to debate together, but to have the power of voting separately. Either could veto a measure accepted by the other, and hang it up for a period of three years, or till after the next dissolution, whichever was most distant. The Chamber was to last for five years. Having described the Legislature, Mr. Gladstone then proceeded to show what it was to do. He tried to define what were the purely Irish matters to be kept under its control by a series of negatives mostly expressed in terms of some laxity. The Irish Parliament was not to interfere

with the prerogatives of the Crown or to have any control over the army or navy, or to be able to touch the Customs and Excise Union, to alter the coinage, to create a new legal tender, or to establish a State Church. It was to be safe from alteration except at its own request, and then only after the Irish members had been re-summoned to Westminster for the occasion. Ireland was to contribute some four millions per annum to the Imperial Treasury as its share of the expenses of the army and navy, over which it was to have no control.

In the absence of any precedent it is perhaps unsafe to assert that under no conditions could such a Constitution as this be expected to work; but it was obvious that the machinery to be set up for the government of Ireland under this Bill would have afforded many openings for confusion. It was not necessary to credit the Irish with a double dose of original sin—an heretical opinion with which Mr. Gladstone charged his opponents—to believe that they might not find it possible to work with the tools he was putting in their hands. Before coming to any criticism of the details of the Bill, however, there were antecedent questions to be settled. What guarantee was there that this delicate Constitution would be worked in that spirit of fairness and loyalty which was indispensable if it was not to be used for the purpose of forcing on that total separation which Mr. Gladstone is not yet prepared to recommend? What guarantee was there that the power of the Irish Parliament would not be used to oppress the Protestant and Loyalist minority, and to embarrass this country? In days when the Premier was in no need of the Parnellites to form a majority, he described them in phrases honoured by much quotation as marching through rapine to the disintegration of the Empire, and as steeped in treason to the lips. Of late he has expressed other opinions, and the Nationalist members have helped him by a suspiciously timely display of moderation. Unluckily, this mildness is out of keeping with the actions and talk of many years, and, moreover, it cannot bind any future Irish Parliament.

Mr. Gladstone's own Bills would seem to show that even his new-born trust is limited. By the Government Bill he proposed to retain the power of levying the Customs and Excise in the hands of the Imperial Government, as a guarantee for the payment of Ireland's share of Imperial expenses. Out of it, too, were to be paid the pensions of those persons who had fallen out of harmony with national feeling. By this phrase Mr. Gladstone meant the judges and police officials who had helped to bring to justice some of the perpetrators of the basest outrages ever committed on the face of the earth. The Government he proposed to set up in Ireland was, therefore, one which was out of sympathy with the punishment of crime. Within ten days Mr. Gladstone had given another proof of the degree of confidence he really felt in the honour of his proposed Irish Parliament. On the 16th April he introduced the Land Purchase Bill, which was at first presented as a necessary part of the whole legislation. By this measure all Irish landlords were to have the right of being compensated for their land in Consols, which the Central Government was then to recover, capital and interest, from the tenants within a term of years. It would seem that Mr. Gladstone felt so little confidence in the wish of an Irish Parliament to treat one minority with fairness, that he was prepared to burden this country with an addition of 150,000,000*l.* in prospect, afterwards reduced to a lesser sum as an avowed instalment only, to its National Debt to save that minority from spoliation. It was perhaps a part of the eccentric coherence of the whole scheme that the interest of this money (rent, under another name) was to be levied by the help of the very Government which he could not trust not to despoil the landlords. At a later day, when it was found that the Purchase Bill did not excite the landlords to sufficient enthusiasm for the Separation Bill, they were solemnly warned that, after all, it might not be found to be an indispensable part of the legislative scheme. Mr. Gladstone's warning has since been repeated with some emphasis by Mr. Gladstone's Lord Chancellor. This, however, was an almost gratuitous act of loyalty, for the Separation Bill had by that time disappeared, and the constituencies were to have a chance of deciding on a real programme at last.

The debates on the Government of Ireland Bill lasted from the 8th of April to the 8th of June, and were in one respect unexampled in Parliamentary history. That they were unnecessarily prolonged because the Ministry was waiting on Providence was not altogether a new thing in Parliamentary manœuvring. Neither, though the method was peculiarly modern, was Mr. Gladstone's steady efforts to bring pressure to bear on the members from outside quite without precedent. What made the especial novelty of this long debate was that Mr. Gladstone's Bill was ruined by the criticisms of his own party. The Conservatives had practically nothing to do but to sit by and watch the wings of their opponents ruin their centre. From first to last the brunt of the attack fell on those Liberals who do not think that their sole duty is to say ditto to Mr. Gladstone. No single member of high standing spoke in favour of his policy; for Mr. Morley cannot be classed as a Liberal in the sense the word has hitherto borne, and, though Mr. Bryce argued for it with undoubted ability, it was purely as a scholar who thought that Federalism was a very pretty form of government justified by respectable historical examples. Lord Hartington, Sir H. James, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Trevelyan cut the Bill to pieces both in the House and out of it. The first of the four led the opposition to the second reading. It would be impossible within the space available at present even to name the various occasions on which they attacked

it and the manner of its introduction. In the course of the struggle every one of them has added in one way or another to his reputation. Their criticism has grown in stringency, and there has been a steadily increasing vigour in their denunciations of the unworthy manœuvre by which the Premier's readiness to grant Home Rule was concealed during the general election, and only announced when it became obvious that the Liberals had not a commanding majority. The revolt of the intelligence of the party, tardy as it is, is not the less wholesome because it has been accompanied by a determined resistance to the dictation of the little knots of busybodies calling themselves Liberal Three or Four or Five Hundreds, who undertake to speak in the name of the constituency, and are quoted as identical with it by unscrupulous partisans. While the spectacle of opposition to Mr. Gladstone by his hitherto obsequious followers was still fresh, these *clagues* were duly set in motion. From the beginning, however, there were signs that they might be defied with impunity. The return of two Scotch Conservatives for Ipswich, in the places of Mr. Jesse Collings (who, for the rest, good Radical as he is, is no Home Ruler) and his colleague, unseated on petition, was encouraging. So was the return of Mr. Caine, an avowed opponent of the Bill, with an increased Liberal majority, at Barrow. The insignificant Ministerial press in London has materially helped the good cause by using the Caucus scarecrow with a complete want of tact and an offensively open contempt for the courage and intelligence of the persons to be terrified. Rabid abuse of everybody who was not prepared to lie and turn his coat at the orders of Mr. Gladstone has been carried so far as to raise the gorge of many who were unwilling enough to break away from old habits of obedience.

Within the House itself the efforts of the Ministry were mainly directed to detaching that section of the Liberal dissidents which is headed by Mr. Chamberlain from the general opposition. The member for Birmingham has especially attacked that part of the Bill which provides for the exclusion of the Irish members from Westminster. It would, as he has insisted, amount to a renunciation of all effectual control over Irish affairs without any compensation in the way of freedom from responsibility. About the middle of the debate on the second reading it was announced that the Ministry was prepared to yield on this point so far as to allow of the return of Irish members at irregular periods to share in the discussion of Irish affairs. This intermittent union was not found to come up to what Mr. Chamberlain's followers thought needful to secure the effectual supremacy of the Central Government. Then, while Liberals of the stamp of Mr. Leicester, Mr. Lawson, and Mr. Bradlaugh were spinning out the debate by declarations of their profound belief in Mr. Gladstone and the virtues of the Irish people, and while the Premier was still in doubt whether some thirty other members of the same standing whose names were on a paper in the possession of Mr. Labouchere were not entitled to speak, another plan for escaping from defeat was elaborated. It was reported that the Ministry was prepared to take a vote for the second reading as a mere expression of agreement with the principle of the Bill. In this way it seemed not impossible to secure the votes of some Liberals who were prepared to accept a form of Local Government under proper Imperial control, and who would be glad of a decent excuse for not opposing Mr. Gladstone. At a meeting of his supporters at the Foreign Office on the 3rd of June, the Premier promised to hold the Bill over the Long Vacation if it was read a second time, and there was a vague understanding such as he knows well how to create that it should be reintroduced in a greatly modified form. At this meeting Lord Hartington and his followers were solemnly excommunicated. The effect of the promises given at the Foreign Office, which at one moment seemed likely to be considerable, was, however, completely ruined by two untoward events. An ingenious application of the question, chiefly by Lord Randolph Churchill, extorted from Mr. Gladstone a vehement declaration that the Bill would be brought back as it stood. Members who voted for the second reading would therefore necessarily bind themselves to accept the principle in the form of the Bill. Then the publication of a letter from Mr. Bright showed that he, who has a sentimental influence on the Liberal side almost equal to Mr. Gladstone's own, was strongly opposed to the Bill. These events may be supposed to have decided the class of members called Waverers. Mr. Chamberlain's followers had decided, mainly under the manly influence of Mr. Trevelyan, not to adopt the cowardly expedient of hanging back from an open condemnation of what they believed to be a bad Bill. There never was any doubt as to the action of Lord Hartington's party.

The division was taken early in the morning of the 8th of June. It then appeared that the Bill had been defeated by a majority of 30. The numbers were 311 for and 341 against. All the Parnellites voted with the minority. The majority included a fourth of the English and Welsh and a third of the Scotch Liberals. Their numbers bear no proportion to their weight, for they include nearly all the intellect and experience of the party. On the following Thursday it was announced that an immediate dissolution would follow.

The last night's debate was marked by an incident apparently timed to produce a great effect. Mr. Parnell, who summed up for the Nationalist party, declared that he had received an offer of Home Rule from the late Conservative Ministry. When contradicted by Sir M. Hicks-Beach, he repeated the charge, and suddenly discovered that his honour forbade him to produce his evidence. Lord Carnarvon has since explained that the pretended



offer from the Conservative party was in fact a private conversation with himself undertaken when he was Viceroy, under carefully-worded provisos, and purely for the sake of having the views of an influential Irishman. Though the incident utterly failed of its designed effect in the House of Commons, the personal explanation of Lord Carnarvon gave the Upper House its only opportunity of vigorously criticizing the Ministerial policy.

The last fortnight of the Session was naturally deprived of general interest by adjournments, by the dropping of nearly all contentious business, and especially by the daily increasing volume and warmth of the platform-firing on both sides in addresses and speeches to the constituencies. The usual routine business was hurried through in the usual fashion, and (also as usual) a very meagre audience—at one time, it is said, barely a quorum—was got together to hear the statement of the Indian Budget. In miscellaneous business little that was noteworthy occurred, either as regards the passing of measures or the rejection of them, except in reference to two Bills—the Returning Officers' Acts Amendment Bill and the Belfast Main Drainage Bill, in regard to both of which the desire of the Government to court the Irish members at almost any expense was unluckily but too prominent. Into the first Bill Mr. Labouchere, with Irish assistance, had contrived late at night to foist a clause throwing the expenses of returning officers on the rates, and, though this was totally alien from the original scheme of the Bill, the Government accepted it, and only gave it up with a very bad grace when the House of Lords made the restoration of the original form a *sine quâ non* of passing the measure. The case of the Belfast Main Drainage Bill was even worse, for here, after the fashion of the worst days of "tacking," the Nationalist members had inserted in a private and purely administrative measure a clause altering the municipal franchise of Belfast, and this the Government accepted despite the protest of their own Chairman of Committees. This conduct was the more remarkable, inasmuch as the acceptance made it impossible for the Bill to pass, and so deprived a great town of an important ædile improvement.

#### CORAL FISHING.

THOUGH Naples, or at least Torre del Greco, is one of the great centres of the coral trade, the material found in the gulf is both small in quantity and poor in quality. There are submarine rocks, well known to the fishermen, though they are laid down on no chart, where a piece or two may almost always be found; but they are so few, and their yield is so precarious and meagre, that by a private agreement among the boat-owners each of them is only fished once in every three years. There can be little doubt that other and more fruitful fishing-grounds are still undiscovered. In the opinion of many who ought to be well informed, wherever a rock rises above the sediment which forms the ground of a great part of the bay at a depth of about three hundred feet or more from the surface, the chances are that coral will be found upon it. The discovery of such banks has hitherto been almost entirely the work of chance. When a deep-sea fisher found a branch among the refuse of his nets, he gave information to the proper authorities, and received a reward proportionate to the value of his find. It was thus that the great bank of Sciacca, on the coast of Sicily, was discovered, of which we shall have to speak further on. But, though new fishing-grounds may be found in the Bay of Naples itself, it is not likely that they will have any great importance.

The value of coral depends on its colour and its size. The white or rose-tinted variety stands highest in popular esteem, perhaps chiefly because it is the rarest. It is mostly found in the Straits of Messina, and on some parts of the African and Sardinian coasts. The bright red coral, in which the polyps are still living when it is fished up, stands next in value. Dead coral has a duller tint, and is consequently sold at a lower price. Two entirely different substances bear the name of black coral. One of them is not, properly speaking, coral at all, and it is commercially worthless, as it breaks into flakes instead of yielding to the knife, though it is often sold as a costly curiosity to foreigners. The other is the common red coral which has undergone a sea change, probably through the decomposition of the living beings that once built and inhabited it. It is not much admired in Europe, but in India it commands high prices, so that large quantities of it are exported every year. These are the four important distinctions of colour, though they of course include intermediate tints which rank according to their clearness and brilliancy.

The size is a still more important matter. The thickness of the stem of the coral plant—we use the commercial and entirely unscientific expression—determines its price, and many a branch of red coral is valued more highly on account of its thickness than a smaller piece of the choicer rose colour. The reason for this is clear. A large straight piece of material affords an opportunity to the artificer; a crooked one, if it is only bulky enough, can at least be turned into large beads; mere points and fragments can only be used for smaller ones, or made into those horns which are said to be invaluable against the evil eye, but which do not command a high price in the market, perhaps because it is overstocked.

The coral fishery of Naples has now, for the most part, fallen into the hands of a few wealthy firms. Formerly fishermen would club together and try their fortune on co-operative principles, but this system has almost entirely died out. A few single

padroni still remain, but their exertions are entirely confined to the gulf. They are usually men of experience who can decide how the net is to be laid and drawn, and who hold the guiding rope in their own hands. The boat and the nets are theirs, and they pay their subordinates a fixed sum to serve under them for one or two days. The whole yield, under these circumstances, of course belongs to the padrone. The larger firms could make an end of these boatmen easily enough, but it is not worth their while to do so. The yield of the gulf is comparatively small, and houses that possess from ten to thirty large boats of their own find it more advantageous to purchase the rough material from the local fishermen than to crush them by a cruel and irresistible competition, as they train the men, who are afterwards employed in expeditions to a distance.

The instrument with which the coral is taken consists of two strong beams of hard wood, which are fastened together in the form of a cross by metal claspings, to which a weight is added. Strong hempen nets are fastened to the arms. When a bank is reached this primitive instrument is lowered, and moved up and down against the submarine rocks by means of a capstan turned by the whole of the boat's crew, except the padrone, who directs the movement of the apparatus by means of a second rope which is attached to the chief one some feet above the point where the latter is secured to the centre of the cross. The coral branches are caught in the meshes of the nets, and remain hanging in them. Those that are broken off by the woodwork are usually lost. In some places, especially on the coast of Sardinia, the end of the arms is surmounted by a circle of curved iron teeth, like those of a garden rake, but larger and stronger, below which open nets are suspended. In this case the beams are nearly double the length of those generally used by the largest boats, as they often measure six or seven metres—that is, nearly eight yards from end to end. It is only by this means that coral can be obtained from the lower surfaces of shelving rocks; but the teeth are apt to fracture the stems in such a way as to render them almost worthless; and so this form of the instrument is rarely used where the other can be employed.

The banks, or rather rocks, that are most frequently visited lie at a depth of from 250 to 450 feet below the surface of the water; it is very rarely that an attempt is made to reach those which are lower than 600 feet. Indeed, it lies in the very nature of the case that, even if they exist, they should remain unknown, and that, if they were known, they would hardly repay the cost of fishing while it is conducted on the present system. They are scattered all along the coasts of the Mediterranean, sometimes close to the shore, and sometimes at twenty-four, or even thirty, hours' hard rowing from it. At many stations there is a small local fishery; but the bulk of the trade, at least in Italy, is in the hands of large firms, which, for the most part, have their centres in Genoa, Leghorn, or the Bay of Naples.

These firms both supply and equip the boats, which, according to their size, are manned by five or ten fishermen. In addition to these a padrone is allotted to each, who exercises large disciplinary powers. He is a man of knowledge and experience, and usually receives a percentage on the value of the season's take, as well as his regular pay. The selection of the crew of his boat is often left entirely to him; he is always consulted with respect to it, and enjoys a right of veto. The men are hired for the season, by agreement, for from sixty to seventy francs a month, a large part of which is usually paid beforehand, and their food, which is of the coarsest kind. As a rule, the season lasts from April to the end of September, but it depends greatly on the weather, as fishing is impossible in mist or when the sea is high.

The labour is exceedingly hard. At dawn the padrone calls his men and, after a short prayer, the net is lowered; from then till sunset the work continues almost without interruption. The exertion required to let down and wind up the net under a blazing summer sun is extreme, and it has to be done on ship-biscuit of the coarsest kind, and water that on the more distant stations has often become foul by long keeping. In the evening a sort of soup is made. Garlic and peperoni, the pungent fruit of a southern plant, are boiled in water; olive-oil is added, and this is poured over biscuits which have been broken and placed in the dish. For months this diet is hardly varied, and yet the men retain their good spirits. After the evening meal has been taken, they indulge in guitar-playing and singing, and on the more frequented banks the boats answer and vie with each other.

In 1878 the discovery of the Sciacca bank, which lies at a considerable distance off the southern coast of Sicily, roughly speaking between Girgenti and the island of Pantellaria, caused a crisis in the coral trade. At one time nearly a thousand boats might be found fishing there, and seeming to form a city in the midst of the sea. Each of these is said to have taken between one and two hundredweight of coral a day. It is certain that within three years 88,000 German centners were taken from this bank alone. A great part of this coral was dead, and much of it was of the black colour that only finds purchasers in the East. The large firms did everything in their power to prevent the market being overflooded. Many of them still retain hundreds and some thousands of cases which have never been placed in the hands of the artificers. Still the price fell, and it is only at a considerable sacrifice that the greater houses still keep their boats at sea and the workshops open; but they know that, if they let them fall, the fate of their old competitors in Marseilles awaits them, for both the fishing for coral and its treatment by the artificers depend

upon traditions which, when they have once been lost, it is difficult to revive.

One of the matters of general interest which the bank of Sciacca placed clearly before those who were interested in it from other than a mercantile point of view was the fact that not only were dead and live coral there found side by side, but that in many cases the latter was growing on the former. Signor Lo Bianco spent several days on one of the boats for the purpose of inquiring into this and other scientific matters. Few men possess a keener eye for such sides of nature, or have enjoyed so good an opportunity of training and regulating it as his connexion with the Zoological station at Naples has afforded him. In his opinion the original bank was submerged by volcanic action, and the mud killed the mature polyps. The germs and larval forms, which still existed in the water, settled upon such branches of dead coral as still rose above the sediment, and so began life anew. If he is right, the Sciacca is a kind of submarine Herculaneum.

There is not likely to be any immediate improvement in the coral trade. As soon as prices rise, the large firms will be tempted to sell a part at least of the stock they have hitherto reserved in the hope of better times. If the depression lasts, they may be compelled to do so, which would lead to a further fall. This can have but a small interest for the general public, but the sight of the boats whose crews sail or row for long distances without the aid of a compass, guided only by the stars or the glimpse of some distant headland, and in their fishing employ instruments which are said to have been hardly modified since the days of the first Roman Emperors, may suggest a summer afternoon reverie.

#### VELUT INTER IGNES "LESTA" MINORES.

WE apologize very sincerely to Mr. Leicester, M.P. (though before the apology reaches him those letters will have ceased to belong to his name) for the somewhat Cockney translation of that name which appears in the title. Considerations of metre, however, make it unavoidable; and it is sufficiently, or rather exactly, representative of the pronunciation of many of Mr. Leicester's own constituents. Nor is there the slightest doubt that the poet would have written "Lesta" if he had only had the felicity of reading English newspapers during the last few days. Many Gladstonians have done much tall talk (chiefly in the columns of the *Daily News*, which unkindly keeps back, by its own account, about forty-eight columns of similar matter per diem), but Mr. Leicester has excelled them all. For Eracles' vein, for a tyrant's vein, or rather for the vein of a noble and persecuted victim of tyrants, Mr. Leicester may give points to creation. The profession of glassblower, which, we think, he adorns, requires wind, contempt of hot materials, considerable dexterity of manipulation, and a dauntless courage. We should not ourselves like to blow glass, as per *Book of Trades*, at all. All these qualities shine in Mr. Leicester's manifesto to the Wicked Marquess which appeared in Tuesday's papers. In collaboration with Mr. Arch, and to an audience of the Horny-handed, Mr. Leicester had last week manifested his command not over glass, but over the less ductile matter of the English language; but collaboration is ill suited to a fiery spirit. The original author (if there ever was an original author) of the phrase "Away with him to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat" would have been horribly quenched in his vein if he had to stop at "deepest" and allow the other collaborator to complete the sentence. So when Mr. Leicester wanted to have "A Word with Lord Salisbury," as it is called in the friendly prints, alone he did it. We don't know what Mr. Arch thought of his late partner's unaided performance—when he saw it. Opinion in such cases can be easily divined, but is rarely quite unbiassed.

Mr. Lenville—that is to say, being interpreted, Leicester—begins, it must be acknowledged, in the approved style, and gets to business right yeomanly. "I see," he says, "by the papers" (Mr. Leicester would scorn to have any other intelligence of the doings or intentions of a Wicked Marquess) "that you intend to throw out the Returning Officers' Fees Bill. As a representative of the people" (till Saturday, Mr. Leicester should have added), "I regard such an act as little less than an infamy, and I know that should you venture upon the patience and forbearance of the people in this matter, you will hasten the doom you so richly merit." "The doom you so richly merit"—a lovely phrase of the very best transpontine cru. Mr. Leicester has "no words of contempt and scorn bad enough to paint such an enormity. The record of the Act will for ever be the monument of its villainy. What this Bill has to do with you and yours [another admirable phrase] I cannot tell," though Mr. Leicester, as a representative of the people, should know that the British Constitution puts Lord Salisbury "and his" in their place just for the very purpose of seeing that representatives of the people don't save their own pockets at the people's expense. "I only know that it would have enabled the people to send to Parliament those whom they thought fit" (to wit, me, Joseph Leicester, without me, Joseph Leicester, being bothered with Returning Officers' Bills). "Your impertinent interference with this sacred right [the sacred right of the pocket of Joseph Leicester to button itself and unbutton others] is a flagrant violation of every principle of justice, and shows to what depths of meanness and degradation a noble lord can descend." (That is good—noble lord is good.) Mr. Leicester, "therefore, regards this

impertinence as a challenge of the people to do their worst for the wrongs they have suffered from that black and loathsome despotism, the House of Lords—an institution the removal of which would be hailed with joy from the very centre of the land to its circumference [circumferences are not generally triangular, but that doesn't matter]. Yours in deepest disgust, JOSEPH LEICESTER."

Oh *grande colère du père Joseph Leicester!* Mr. Leicester has no words of contempt or scorn bad enough, and yet he has (and uses) "infamy," "villainy," "impertinence," "meanness," "degradation," "black and loathsome despotism," "deepest disgust." But these are not bad enough. Mr. Leicester can dream of worse, but can't use them—which indeed, as the admirable Mr. Yellowplush remarks, "would be diffikit as well as ungenlunly." And all this terrible pother, all these epithets hurled at the head of the Wicked Marquess, come from the simple fact that the House of Lords, acting strictly in accordance with their duty as representatives of the people, have declined to allow a little *tour de passe-passe* of Mr. Labouchère's for the benefit of Mr. Leicester, and a dozen or so of persons like Mr. Leicester, to be carried into effect without more consideration than it could have when it was practised in the dead of night, with two-thirds of the House of Commons scattered all over the country, at the far end of a Session, when no contentious business was to be taken. Only the pocket can rouse this divine rage in men; that is, unless they are a little cracked, and we have no doubt that Mr. Leicester is as sound as a roach, or a bell, or any other of the oddly selected symbols of soundness. Still (speaking to Mr. Leicester in the most friendly way in the world) is it not just a little—? just as it were a very little—? It is a horrible nuisance to have to pay money; we all know that. But when you come to calling it a black and loathsome despotism to ask that matters shall be a little considered before Mr. Leicester's neighbours, rich and poor, are to be called upon to pay for Mr. Leicester having the chance of a nice appointment like his friend Mr. Broadhurst—is not this, let us repeat, just a very little—?

Poor Mr. Herbert Gladstone! Poor Mr. Page Hopps! On this very day, this black and loathsome day, when Mr. Leicester, not to put too fine a point of it, made a hare of himself, both Mr. Page Hopps and Mr. Herbert Gladstone had been using working-men, and working-men candidates, to point the moral of Lord Randolph Churchill's wickedness. No working-man member, says Mr. Herbert Gladstone, is capable of writing such an address as Lord Randolph's. Now we are literary critics of some practice—even Mr. Matthew Arnold admits that—and from this specimen of Mr. Leicester's abilities we should be very glad to back him against Lord Randolph at substantial odds. For the object of Lord Randolph's exuberance is according to an admittedly large number of the shrewdest persons in this country betraying that country, and the object of Mr. Leicester's exuberance was, at the worst, suggesting that for the present Mr. Leicester, and not the people of West Ham, should pay for the two pretty letters appended to Mr. Leicester's highly respectable name. Which things are different and not similar.

But we must not forget the *ignes minores*, though Mr. Leicester—shining like harvest moon—does almost put out their ineffectual fires and exclude them from this article. There are many of them. Two have been just mentioned who were put out by Mr. Leicester in more ways than one. But we have hardly space for any except our favourite Dr. Joseph Parker. "The reception given to Dr. Parker's former letter encouraged" him, it seems, to give the *Daily News* some more. It is with pride and pleasure that we observe a distinct shunning for the most part of the ironic method in this second encyclical of Dr. Joseph Parker's. He is teachable—a sign of grace. But unluckily he requires to be taught a good deal more. Not only must he give up irony till he has practised it a great deal longer, but he must also give up argument until he has gone through a course of logic. The immediate object of his last parable is to denounce Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Herman Merivale, the latter "a gentleman as unknown to me as I probably am to him," says the writer modestly, as if anybody could ignore Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Merivale have, it seems, both committed an unpardonable sin, described by Dr. Parker as "papal self-consideration," as "threatenings," as "autocracy," &c. And what, the reader who has probably not read Dr. Joseph Parker will ask, have these proud tyrants been doing? Mr. Chamberlain has left the National Liberal Federation and Mr. Merivale has left the Eastbourne Liberal Council because these two bodies have swallowed Home Rule, which Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Merivale decline to do. Therefore they are Popes, autocrats, *instantes tyranni*. Marry, how? says the reader. Why thus. "By autonomy," says Dr. Joseph Parker *ex cathedra Templi*, "we are to understand self-government, and by self-government we are to understand that contested questions are to be settled by majorities." And only after he has written about a quarter of a column of this argument does the luckless Dr. Parker perceive and frantically endeavour to avoid the loadstone rock on which he is driving. "The policy of Dissenters cannot be cited against me," says he. But unluckily the policy of Dissenters can and must be cited against him. For the whole case of Dissent is, that when the majority decide what you think wrong, you are bound on pain of damnation to come out of the majority, were they fifty millions and were you by-yourself. Yet when Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Merivale act upon this principle, Dr. Joseph Parker, political Dissenter, minister of the City Temple, and all the rest of it, calls them Popes and auto-



crats and threateners of their fellows for so doing. What a Laud, what a Whitgift, nay, what a Gardiner-and-Bonner of a Dr. Parker! How must the pale fanatic spectres of Black Bartholomew gibber at his downfall! To follow your own opinion is "autocracy, not autonomy," says Dr. Parker. It would have made a famous text for a sermon by Mainwaring or Sibthorpe.

Of the rest of Dr. Parker there is not much to say. He has a slight relapse into the sarcastic for the benefit of a certain Mr. Cox, who seems to have told him his facts with some bluntness. Mr. Cox says that the political Dissenters "may hate the Devil, but they hate the English Church infinitely worse," which position might not be unsustainable, and is certainly in accordance, if not with charity, at any rate with certain known facts. But there is no need to follow this up, and it is not half so amusing as Dr. Joseph Parker's demonstration that the exercise of private judgment is of the devil devilish and of the Pope popish. There is more comedy, though less farce, in this even than in Mr. Leicester's melodrama, or in the English democracy represented at St. James's Hall by Mr. Sexton, Mr. Crilly, Mr. Clancy, and the Reverend Theophilus Bennett of Tipperary.

#### DRAMATIC COLLABORATION AND CONVEYANCE.

THE sentiment that "All the world's a stage" probably fails to express the real feeling of the actor who is called on to recite Jacques's celebrated soliloquy. To most performers the stage is "all the world." The realities of life are behind the curtain, and only the semblances are before it. Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol, Dublin, are not thought of by Mr. Crummes or Mr. Folair in their political or commercial relations, but are the names of theatrical audiences of different characters. The great industries of those places maintain vast populations out of which "houses" can be got together. The whole framework and mechanism of society has for its aim and end the development of classes with a taste for the theatre and means of paying for admission there. The great events of history and its most illustrious characters existed that they might be put upon the stage and personated—Brutus for the sake of John Kemble, and Richard III. for that of Edmund Kean. This exaggeration of the professional aspect of things is not of course peculiar to the theatrical profession. To the doctor, the different towns are the seats of medical schools and the abode of aggregates of human beings supplying patients to deserving practitioners. To the clergyman England is a group of dioceses, archdeaconries, rural deaneries, and parishes. The Dissenting minister thinks of English towns and districts in terms of the conventicle. Human beings are divided for him into classes, between whom a great gulf is fixed—those who go to meeting and those who do not. Ebenezer, Bethel, and Salem are his Theatre Royal, Gaiety, or Vaudeville. Society exists to be preached to, and to pay for being preached to, for the sake of sermons and pew-rents, as in the player's mind it exists that it may be acted to, and may book places in advance.

To return to our muttons, of course this tributary character of everything to the theatre is most marked in the class of dramatic authors. The dramatic author exists for the sake of the actor, and not the actor for the sake of the author. Garrick was the final cause of Shakespeare. The play is written to be performed, and not performed because it is written. Even distinguished and cultivated actors sometimes speak of "the words" of a play with the sort of contemptuous indifference with which a great singer might speak of the libretto of an opera. The action and incidents and situations in the first case, and the music in the second, are the principal things. The words are necessary both to actor and singer; but it does not much matter whether they are bad or good. If you can have Shakespeare's words in preference to those of Otway or Colley Cibber, so much the better, usually, but not always. It is this view of the relation of the actor to the author, probably, which has absolutely extinguished the literature of the stage in England. No one would think of printing for general reading any of the plays which have lately obtained success at the theatre. They never get beyond the acting edition, and probably very few of them have ever been read in their entirety by any human beings other than the authors who wrote or the managers who accepted them. Each actor has learned his part, and knows only his part. It takes the entire company to know the play as a whole. It lives, dispersed in the memories of some dozen or score of persons. The business of the dramatic author, as it is understood in England, seems now to be to supply words, the quality unimportant and thought not necessary at all to a scheme of action, to striking situations and to strong passions.

As construction and situations are necessarily better known to the theatrical manager than to the dramatic author, a division of labour practised from the earliest theatrical date has received new development, by which the plot and its working out are furnished by one mind and the language by another. In spite of exceptions memorable in the literary history both of the drama and of fiction, the cases are rare in which a work of first-rate excellence can be produced in this manner. The plot, the progress from the exposition to the catastrophe, the conflict of circumstances and characters, can seldom be clothed in fitting words by any mind to which they are merely submitted from without. The conception must have grown up within the mind and taken form there, if it is to be fittingly embodied in language. All this, however, is superfluous now. We are coming back to the sort of collaboration which

Victor Hugo, who may have suffered from it, puts into the mouth of the old French poet, Pierre Gringoire, in the opening scenes of *Notre Dame de Paris*:—"Mes demoiselles, c'est moi qui suis l'auteur." "Vraiment!" "Vraiment. C'est à dire, nous sommes deux, Jehan Marchand, qui a scié les planches et dressé la charpente du théâtre et la boiserie, et moi qui ai fait la pièce." Pierre Gringoire's generous recognition of his associate is not always imitated now; and Jehan Marchand is sometimes obliged to make up by self-assertion for this want of spontaneous and adequate acknowledgment. He insists on having his name in the bills; the play must be announced as being by Pierre Gringoire and Jehan Marchand. There has recently been a controversy on a topic of this kind in the columns of the *Era*. That accomplished actor and skilful manager, Mr. Wilson Barrett, has been charged with forcing his collaboration—why may one not say co-operation?—upon his authors, or rather the acknowledgment of it in their title-pages and in the bills of the play. Mr. Irving, it has been suggested, might announce *Hamlet* by William Shakspeare and Henry Irving as reasonably as Mr. Barrett makes some of the statements which are called in question. So far as we have followed the controversy, we should be inclined to say that there is no ground for the charge against Mr. Barrett of trying to carry off the literary honours of others. Most of the pieces which he produces are in the main pieces of construction and situation, with just the amount of language and thought necessary to make situation and passion articulate. It seems admitted that the story and its development have often been in a great degree Mr. Barrett's. He is, therefore, a dramatic author in the sense, and in the only sense, in which Cardinal Richelieu was, who supplied the plot which his satellite poets put into verse and dialogue.

This state of things does not involve serious censure upon any individual. But the spectacle of a flourishing stage, such as that of England is, with not more than three dramatic authors worth speaking of or capable of being read, is intellectually and nationally discreditable. It reduces the art of acting to a sort of emotional gymnastics or to mere mimicry. When the actor ceases to be the interpreter of the poet, when he postures and declaims, and sighs and laughs, on his own account, he almost forfeits the rank of the artist, and sinks to that of the buffoon. In the absence of any genuinely English dramatic literature of the time in which we live, the stage has been forced to reflect society as it exists in France rather than as it exists among ourselves. French society apparently recognizes only one of the Ten Commandments, and it recognizes that as a Commandment which ought not to be obeyed. "Incline our hearts not to keep this law" is the prayer which is apparently offered up on the other side of the Channel. If the French stage holds up the mirror to Nature, the Wicked Bible of 1632 must, we imagine, have been translated and studied there. Mr. Crummes's idea that all the members of his company should know French, and study their parts in the original language, and so save the trouble and expense of authorship, must occasionally have occurred to a perplexed and embarrassed management. Perhaps the practice of the old Italian stage would be better still, according to which the mere skeleton of the plot and the succession of the scenes were furnished to the actors, and they themselves improvised the dialogue. A pleasing variety and uncertainty would accompany this arrangement, which would convert one comedy into many, supplying a score of variations upon a single theme. It would be interesting to see Mr. Irving and Miss Terry, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Mr. Hare, clothing in their own words the emotions and the conflicts of the scene. But no doubt an oral tradition would soon get established, as binding as the received business of the stage upon every legitimate actor. In the meantime, the English stage, except in the case of revival and melodrama, has gone into captivity to the French. Some of our dramatic authors have recently discovered that there is a country called Germany, and that Germany possesses a theatre of its own. The area of theft is therefore appreciably enlarged, and nothing but a very general ignorance of the language, which is removable, prevents the beginning of operations on a large scale. German comedy, if somewhat farcical, is usually innocent, and, until we can get a genuine dramatic literature truly reflecting English life, it healthily varies the monotony of intrigue, adultery, high-minded lying by faultless heroes and noble emotion on the part of miserable culprits, which seems to constitute the ingredients of life in a French château, if the French stage truthfully exhibits it. We have spoken of the farcical character of a good deal of German comedy. But it is worth noticing that the scenes and incidents in the *Private Secretary* which English critics censured as illustrating the boisterous and lumpish extravagance of German jocosity were interpolations of the English adapters. Herr von Moser and the Court Theatre of Berlin are innocent of these violent delights.

#### THE INDIAN BUDGET.

THE financial statement made by the Under-Secretary of State for India on Monday evening is, upon the whole, fairly satisfactory. It deals as usual with the revenue and expenditure of three successive years—the current year, which began on the 1st of April; last year, which ended with March last; and the year before, which ended with March 1885. Of the three years our readers will bear in mind that the figures of two are estimates,

and that only for one are the figures definitive. For the year 1884-5, as to which the account is closed, the revenue amounted to 70,691,000*l.*, and the expenditure to 71,077,000*l.*, showing a deficit of 386,000*l.* Compared, however, with the revised estimates—the estimates, that is, which were laid before the House twelve months ago—these figures show an improvement of 324,000*l.* By the way, we may remark that it is by no means creditable to the Finance Department in India that the revised estimates commonly vary so widely from the definitive figures. The Budget is usually published in India about the middle of March. At that time the figures for the year about to close ought to be fairly well known. It ought to be within the power of the Calcutta authorities to ascertain both the revenue and the expenditure at least for the eleven months that have elapsed, and to estimate very nearly both revenue and expenditure for the month then drawing to a close. As a matter of fact, however, the revised estimates very often vary from the definitive figures by hundreds of thousands of pounds; sometimes by as much as three-quarters of a million sterling. When we bear this in mind, and when we recollect, moreover, the extraordinary mistake made as to the cost of the Afghan War, we are forced to the conclusion that the supervision maintained over the finances of India is by no means what it ought to be. We have in the revised estimates just laid before the House of Commons another instance of this looseness of supervision. When the Budget for 1885-6 was framed, it was estimated that there would be a surplus of 647,000*l.*; but the quarrel with Russia in regard to the Afghan frontier, and the necessity for annexing Burmah, completely disturbed all the calculations of the Budget. Accordingly, when the Budget statement was made in Calcutta last March, it was announced that the revenue would probably amount to 73,601,000*l.*, while the expenditure was estimated at 76,453,000*l.*, showing an estimated deficit of 2,852,000*l.* It will be in the recollection of our readers that these latter figures were published in Calcutta in March last, within a few weeks of the end of the financial year; yet a telegram was received from the Viceroy on Friday of last week, stating that the deficit would probably be reduced by about half a million sterling. We hope that better supervision will be exercised in future, and that this variation between the revised estimates and the definitive figures will not again be so glaring. The quarrel with Russia added largely, as may be well understood, to last year's expenditure. Military preparations cost altogether 2,514,000*l.* Of this sum 457,000*l.* was on account of stores from England, and 240,000*l.* for the railway up the Bolan Pass; the camp of exercise at Delhi cost 100,000*l.*; the Rawul Pindi Durbar 50,000*l.*; and the Burmese war 390,000*l.* Altogether, the expenditure under all heads on account of the preparations for an Afghan War and on the Burmese expedition amounted to 3,568,000*l.* This was for last year, but the permanent effect of the quarrel with Russia is an addition to the Indian expenditure of about two millions sterling per annum.

For the current year the revenue is estimated at 75,799,000*l.*, an increase over the revised estimates of last year of no less than 2,198,000*l.* The expenditure of the current year is estimated at 75,617,000*l.*, a decrease compared with the revised estimates of last year of 838,000*l.* Consequently, it is estimated that the current year will yield a small surplus of 182,000*l.* The large increase of over two millions in the estimated revenue of the current year is due to the annexation of Burmah and to the purchase of the Scinde Railway by the State. The gross receipts as well as the gross expenditure of that railway are added to the two sides of the account, not the net receipts only, so that the increase is largely apparent. The annexation of Burmah is expected to add a net charge of 110,000*l.* to the year, the revenue being taken at 655,000*l.* and the expenditure at 775,000*l.* Almost the whole revenue from Upper Burmah is derived from the land, only 60,000*l.* being expected from other sources than land revenue and forests. The army charge, compared with the Budget estimate of last year—that is, the estimate before the Afghan dispute—shows an increase of over a million and a half. This year the army charges amount to 18,266,000*l.*, and in March of last year the estimate was only 16,675,000*l.* Last year 6,500 men were added to the British force in India; next winter 3,300 more men will be despatched; and next year it is intended to send out six garrison batteries of 690 men, bringing the total number of British troops up to 69,764 men, exclusive of officers. The addition to the British forces will entail a cost of about 675,000*l.* To the native army 4,582 men of all ranks have been added to the cavalry, and three additional regiments of Gourkas have been raised, and it is hoped that during the ensuing season two other battalions of Gourkas may be equipped. The total authorized increase is 11,968 men of all ranks; but it has not yet been decided how to recruit the whole of the additional men. Mr. Howard went into a very interesting comparison of the expenditure in 1881-2 and 1885-6, and, notwithstanding the large outlay upon the army and upon defensive works which has been necessitated by the Afghan dispute, he showed that the real net increase was under a million. Apparently the increase is much larger; but to a considerable extent the apparent increase is nominal only. The construction of State railways is constantly going on, and every mile of railway so built of course adds to the expenditure; but, on the other side of the account, it also brings in fresh revenue, while there remains the railway itself as the property of the State. The same thing is, of course, true respecting canals. And the cost of collecting the opium revenue is fairly omitted from the comparison, as the opium ex-

penditure is incurred in producing revenue. Lastly, Mr. Howard excludes from the comparison the loss by exchange, it being an item over which the Government of India has no control. Omitting, then, the expenditure on railways, canals, and opium, and the loss by exchange, we find that the actual increase in the last four years is only 897,000*l.*, and this is true, although in the expenditure of last year is included more than three millions sterling on account of extraordinary charges. It must fairly be admitted, therefore, that the Indian Government is doing all it can to enforce rigid economy. To sum up the result of the three years—if, as the Viceroy now expects, the deficit of last year will be reduced by half a million sterling, and if, as the Finance Minister hopes, there is a surplus this year of 182,000*l.*—the aggregate deficits of the three years, in spite of all the extraordinary expenditure incurred on account of the dispute with Russia, will but slightly exceed two and a half millions sterling; not an unsatisfactory state of things, we must admit, remembering how serious has been the loss to India through the fall in silver, and how general all over the world has been the depression in trade. In real truth the financial strength of India is greater than people usually suppose, and is very much greater than that of the Russian Empire.

A review of the finances of any country is incomplete without taking into account the amount of its debt. On the last day of March of the current year the liabilities of the Government of India were:—93,124,000*l.* debt in India, and 73,807,000*l.* debt in England; guaranteed companies' subscribed capital, 77,474,000*l.*, and other obligations, 15,151,000*l.*, making a grand total of 254,556,000*l.* On the other side of the account, there were assets in the shape of State railways, including purchased lines, amounting to 159,646,000*l.*; irrigation works, 23,998,000*l.*; loans to municipalities, 7,469,000*l.*; and cash balances, 17,126,000*l.*; making a grand total of assets of 208,179,000*l.* Consequently the net debt was only 46,377,000*l.*, not a very large amount for an Empire with an annual revenue of over seventy millions sterling. But, it may be asked, of what value are these assets? Do the railways and the irrigation works, for example, yield a profitable revenue to the State? Mr. Howard informed the House that last year the gross earnings of the State railways were 9,805,000*l.*, and the working expenses 4,740,000*l.*, leaving net receipts of 5,065,000*l.* The net receipts from the guaranteed railways were 3,614,000*l.*, and consequently the total net receipts from railways were 8,709,000*l.* This gives a return of slightly over 5½ per cent. on the capital spent up to March 1885 on railway construction. Even if we assume that the whole of the capital was raised in England, and that consequently the return is to be reduced by the loss on exchange, the return would still amount to about 4½ per cent. The railways, it will be seen, then, have proved a profitable investment, and as the Empire is opened up and its foreign and internal trade increases, the profitability of the railways is likely to grow. At the end of March 1885 the capital spent on irrigation works was 23,122,000*l.*, and the net receipts from these works were 791,600,000*l.*, giving a return of very nearly 3½ per cent. The irrigation works are less profitable than the railways, but the value of the irrigation works is, of course, not to be measured by the pecuniary return they yield. They were originally undertaken rather to protect life from famine, and in so far as they have done that, and as they have prevented droughts, and therefore saved wealth, their usefulness is much greater than would appear from the mere pecuniary return they yield. Leaving out of account the guarantees and other liabilities, the actual debt of India at the end of March last was 175½ millions sterling; the capital covered by public works was 90 millions; while that for other purposes was 85½ millions. In whichever way we look at the matter, it will be seen that, as stated above, India is financially much stronger than Russia. It has comparatively a trifling debt, and its revenue nearly covers its expenditure, taking one year with another; whereas the debt of Russia is enormously great and is growing at a ruinously rapid rate, and its revenue is stationary, while its expenditure expands year by year, the deficit being, one year with another, very large.

#### SCULPTURE IN 1886.

THERE can be no greater tribute to the vigour of the new school of English sculptors than the fact that the sculpture in the Royal Academy this year has been generally admitted to surpass the painting in relative importance. Ten years ago such a statement would have been scouted as in the highest degree preposterous, and with justice, for ten years ago English sculpture was scarcely alive. "Can these dry bones live?" criticism was wont to ask. The question has been answered; they are alive and in the prime of vital youth. The names of Sir Frederick Leighton and of Mr. Thornycroft among the Academicians, of Mr. Gilbert and of Mr. Ford among the outsiders, are the names by which the present Academy is likely to be most warmly remembered. Last year we expressed our confident belief that the apparent momentary stagnation in the progress of English sculpture would be proved to be only apparent by the fullness of the show this year. No one who stands in the Lecture Room and looks at the five central statues which surround him can doubt that we have made good our claim to be prophets in the present instance. No absolutely new talent has come to the front; but, while Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Ford have taken a place among British artists which they never



could claim before, there are several other young sculptors, already recognized by the profession, who will this year be accepted by the public. Among these we need but name Mr. Harry Bates. In saying so much, we have only to record our regret that neither Mr. Armstead nor Mr. Woolner are represented this year, and that the striking and individual talent of Mr. Tinworth is also unaccountably absent. The singular frieze, illustrating scenes in Genesis, which Mr. Tinworth contributes to the Grosvenor, is hardly sculpture, but it is decorative art of a very ingenious and suggestive kind.

It is in imaginative sculpture, and especially in single figures of a more or less poetic kind, that this year's Academy is particularly rich. The only group in the room possessing any merit is Mr. F. W. Pomeroy's "Cain an Outcast" (1751), a very carefully modelled composition of three nude figures—man, woman, and child. This pathetic and interesting little work should increase the reputation of a promising young sculptor, who has done well in the schools. Among single figures Sir Frederick Leighton's life-sized statue of "The Sluggard" (1921) holds the place of honour. It represents a young man of powerful build yawning; he bends his heavy head on the right shoulder, while he clutches his left hand in the act of wearily stretching his arm. The fault of this learned and beautiful figure is that it does not fulfil the artist's intention. The youth is in far too good training to be a sluggard. Sir Frederick Leighton has been tempted to make too elaborate a display of his anatomical knowledge, and in working out every muscle of the form he has lost the veil of fleshiness that should cover the muscular structure of a sluggard. The soft, full contours of the head alone satisfy us from this literal point of view. But the statue is superbly modelled, with far more virility and force than the President has lately chosen to display in his over-luscious painting, and it will justly add not only to his own reputation, but to that of contemporary sculpture in England. The President still preserves a certain classic, or at least Renaissance, feeling in his work. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, who began by being saturated with the same influences, has thrown them off, it would seem, completely. His "Sower" (1924) is the most modern ideal figure in the present exhibition, and goes further even than the same sculptor's "Mower" in the direction of a sober realism. Mr. Thornycroft has achieved a higher success this year than ever before, because he has succeeded with not less completeness than before in a much more difficult field. His "Sower" is fully clothed—a countryman of to-day. His shirt is widely opened at the throat and rolled above the elbows; his braces hang at his sides; he wears close-fitting leather leggings half-way up his thighs. He holds the basket of seed in his left hand, and scatters it with his right, as he solemnly strides along the ridge of the ploughed field. There is a rustic nobility about this figure; the man moves like an incarnation of the fertile powers of the earth; and as a work of art the statue has this great advantage over its predecessor, the "Mower," that the type is in itself far more beautiful and refined, with the refinement we may often find in unconscious rural figures.

Mr. Alfred Gilbert's "Enchanted Chair" (1762), which is not well placed in the Central Hall, has produced a great sensation among artists, and has enjoyed the success which attends a really fine work which has been long talked about and anxiously expected. A nude female figure of mature proportions lies drowned in a deep sleep in a magic chair. Her attitudes express the extremity of lassitude; her muscles are lax with the deepest slumber. This figure, very beautiful in itself, is modelled with extraordinary learning, and is perhaps more highly finished than even the President's "Sluggard." The chair has wings for arms, the feet of the woman rest on the outspread wings of doves, amorettes support the sides of the chair, a huge eagle overshadows it and the sleeper with vast pendant wings; the very hair of the figure is feathered. All these attributes combine to give lightness and mystery to the conception, which is imaginative to the highest degree. The plaster seems to have been injured; perhaps the casting was unsuccessful. At all events criticism can find but very little to object to in the most careful examination, save what might well be, and probably is, the result of accident. To the Grosvenor Mr. Gilbert contributes an exquisite little bronze, a stiff and almost archaic nude female figure, holding a flowing branch in one hand and a little deity in the other. Each of these works will repay a close and prolonged study.

Two bronze statuettes of unusual merit flank Sir Frederick Leighton's great statue. These are the President's "Needless Alarms" (1922) and Mr. E. Onslow Ford's "Folly" (1925). Interesting as each of these is, however, a little careful study leaves us in no doubt which ranks the higher as a work of art. Sir Frederick Leighton is here easily beaten by a young artist whose name is only beginning to be brought prominently before the public. Mr. Ford's mad maiden, in careless and unconscious nudity, stands with her feet close together on the summit of a rock, supporting her balance delicately by the poise of her arms, one of which is raised, not without alarm, to point at some object to the left of her. The motive is eminently sculptural; the treatment, from a technical point of view, satisfactory to a very high degree. Perhaps the face, a little insipid under the heavy shock of hair, is the least satisfactory feature of the work. But Mr. Ford has never before executed a figure in which he has put forth so much knowledge or so much force as in this. His "Folly" raises him to a level with the best living sculptors, and we congratulate the trustees of the Chantry Bequest on having secured it for the nation. The President's

"Needless Alarms," though very charming, is less completely successful. The theme, a bathing girl shivering from a frog, is almost too trivial for sculpture, and we could have spared the Canova-like affectation of the long leech-like fingers pressed against the flesh and adhering to it. The face, moreover, has the conventionality of so many of Sir Frederick's painted faces. On the other hand, parts of the figure are modelled with extreme care and refinement, and the statuette deserves all praise short of the highest. We must speak briefly of the rest of the imaginative figures. Mr. Calder Marshall's "Deborah" (1923) has a grace and a dignity which remind us of the veteran sculptor's best days. Mr. A. G. Atkinson's "St. Timothy" (1831) has certain anatomical shortcomings, but it is capitally modelled, and designed with feeling. Mr. J. H. Thomas exhibits a "Slave Girl" (1774), a marble figure with drooping arms, very delicately carved, but a little commonplace in treatment. We cannot praise M. Lanteri's ugly and lascivious "Omphale" (1788), a bad specimen of Parisian taste. Mr. MacLean's marble "Comedy" (1755) is a piece of careful rather than inspiring work. Mr. George Lawson's life-sized figure of a boy, called "Summer" (1823), is no more than a sketch; year by year Mr. Lawson deigns less and less to finish his contributions. Such *ébauches* contrast unfavourably with the elaborate completeness of technique which our best young sculptors now give us.

In iconic sculpture the most important example of the present year is Mr. Brock's stately bronze statue of the late "Sir Erasmus Wilson" (1772), in his robes, with his book in his hand. Mr. Birch's colossal figure of "General Earle" (1786) is said to be historically untrue, as it certainly is violent and tasteless in action. There is much to commend in Mr. Pinker's model for a statue to "John Hunter" (1781). Mr. Boehm's statuette of the Marchioness of Waterford (1842), in unusually yellow bronze, is said to be from a sketch by the late Mr. Westmacott, R.A. We should like to see a picture painted by Mr. Pettie from a sketch by the late Mr. Frost, R.A.; it would probably, like this statuette, be more curious than satisfactory. We now pass to the busts, among which the most extraordinary inequality of merit prevails. We cannot but draw unfavourable attention to the work which such sculptors as Mr. Acton Adams and Mr. Bruce Joy continue to exhibit year after year without any modification of style, work which can scarcely by courtesy be considered art. Can it be that these sculptors are absolutely blind to the revolution in taste and technique which has gone on around them? No less severe a judgment must be passed on various busts exhibited in the Academy by royal command. We abstain from even mentioning the names of the authors of these insipid and ridiculous heads. In the Central Hall we find two admirable busts by Mr. Roscoe Mullins (1750, 1754), very minutely finished, and more in the style of Mr. Armstead than in the rocky manner we have been accustomed to expect from Mr. Mullins. Mr. Gilbert's bust of "Mr. Cyril Flower" (1757) is brilliant; Mr. Story's head of the late Lord Houghton (1768) is somewhat weak, and not first-rate as a portrait. In the Lecture Room we find an excellent portrait-head of a young man (1790), by Mr. MacLean; a moustachioed bust of a youth, wearing a Scotch cap (1801), modelled with a good deal of bravura by Mr. A. Toft; a marvellous bronze, the bust of a withered old "Hop-Picker" (1814), by Mr. Onslow Ford; Mr. Harry Bates's vivid portrait of a man (1816); Mr. Boehm's "Sir James Paget" (1825); M. Lanteri's "David" (1828); Mr. Amendola's turquoise-coloured bronze of a peasant-girl's head (1871); Mr. Ford's "Study" (1891), perhaps the most skilful, as it certainly is the most beautiful, bust of the year; and Miss Henrietta Montalba's "Dalecarlian Peasant Woman" (1897), in which the costume is very cleverly rendered by our best living female sculptor. All these are worthy of more examination than we have space to give them.

In miscellaneous sculpture we can only briefly indicate the principal items. Mr. Harry Bates's two large reliefs, one in marble, the other in plaster (1811, 1827), are highly picturesque and imaginative. The "Socrates" we have criticized before; the "Homer" appears to us to have the fault of being too much flattened out. The poet's phorminx is too broad, and some of the lines of the drapery are crude and ugly. Mr. Lee's panel (1872) is large and vigorous in treatment, and augurs well for the monumental work he is engaged in at St. George's Hall, Liverpool. Mr. Thornycroft's memorial to "Sir John Goss" (1797) requires close examination. Its delicacy will doubtless be better appreciated in St. Paul's Cathedral. Of the medals exhibited at the Academy only one, Mr. Gilbert's "1912," seems to demand particular commendation. Mr. Mark Rogers's "Caryatide" (1766) for a chimney-piece shows intelligent study of the art of Alfred Stevens.

#### THE DOGS' HOME.

THE question of police control with respect to dogs has of late much exercised the public mind in London. Englishmen have, as a rule, a strong dislike to unnecessary interference on the part of the police, and the fact that we have recognized the necessity for, and virtually acquiesced in, the recent regulations, proves that the dog question has assumed very large proportions in the metropolis. Happily, however, it has not yet been drawn into the sphere of the grandmotherly sort of legislation which it is the tendency of the present day to foster and which usually results in an increase of the ratepayers' burdens. We doubt if the

public fully realizes how much it is indebted for this exemption from a dog-rate to the voluntary efforts of an Institution which is well known to most of us only by name.

The Temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, at Battersea, well deserves the sympathy, not only of dog-lovers, but also of dog-haters; the former should have the satisfaction of knowing that it provides a refuge for our four-footed pets and companions if they happen to be lost; the latter should feel grateful to it for removing from their path many a snappish cur possibly inoculated with the virus of rabies. The Home has become the depository for all dogs found at large within the metropolitan area, and its value has become apparent, especially since the issue of the recent regulations for capture by the police of all unmuzzled and unled dogs. During the past year 25,000 dogs have been taken to the Home, as against an average of 15,000 in the preceding four years. This increase in the demands made upon the Home has severely taxed its resources, but Lord Onslow and his Committee did not appeal in vain to the public for funds; and through their liberality, headed by a donation and subscription from Her Majesty, a sufficient number of new kennels has been built to meet the strain upon the capacity of the Home.

The object of the police regulations to which we have referred is, of course, the protection of the public from rabid dogs, a danger which is shown in the last Report of the Home to be very largely on the increase. Now, one of the first symptoms of rabies is manifested in the tendency of a dog to wander. It is therefore obviously of the first importance that all wandering dogs should be taken in charge; but were it not for the Home at Battersea their captors would be entirely at a loss to know what to do with them. Imagine our police-stations crowded every night with dogs, all *prima facie* suspected of madness, and some perhaps with the disease actually in process of development. The conception is enough to shock the mind of the most stout-hearted Inspector, and even to try the iron nerves of the new Chief Commissioner himself. Then, again, it is most difficult to decide whether or not a dog is really mad; and, if the decision rested with the police, the public mind would be revolted by the cruelty unnecessarily inflicted by the unscientific slaughter of animals not one whit less sane than the police-constable whose painful duty it would be to beat their brains out. Moreover, the force would have to undertake the disposal of the carcasses of the defunct, a task not less unpleasant than embarrassing. Both these functions are admirably fulfilled by the authorities at Battersea. Every dog brought in is examined by a competent veterinary surgeon to see if it has any symptoms of rabies; this rule is strictly enforced at the Home, and it is greatly to be desired that a scientific investigation of the disease—which, M. Pasteur notwithstanding, is still very little understood—should be undertaken on the body of every dog destroyed as mad by the metropolitan police. Nor must our anti-vivisection friends imagine that their principles are in any way outraged. On the contrary, none but *post-mortem* examinations are allowed at the Home, and so strict is the care taken in this matter that a detective is employed to watch all cases in which there is any suspicion that the purchase or removal of a dog is made for pathological purposes.

As its name shows, the Home is only a temporary one, and the two most difficult problems which had to be solved were how to destroy in the most successful manner, and how after destruction to dispose of the bodies, of those dogs which could neither be sold nor restored to their owners. Dr. Richardson's ideas are somewhat too highflown for every-day life in the nineteenth century. Most of us would prefer to run the risk which cannot be avoided by ordinary care with our drains rather than be compelled to dwell in the mansions of Hygeia; and likewise in the matter of abjuring the moderate use of alcoholic drinks most people are inclined to ask, like the charity schoolboy who had learned his alphabet, whether it is worth while going through so much to learn so little. Consequently neither Dr. Richardson's City of Health nor his Temperance Hospital has realized the dreams of their promoter. It is otherwise with the work which he has designed for the Home at Battersea. There, if a dog gets a bad name, he is not treated after the proverbial manner. If die he must, he shall at least enjoy the *euthanasia*, and Dr. Richardson's lethal chamber affords it to him in an almost ideal form, of which it is not too much to say that many suffering mortals would be only too glad to avail themselves were it not forbidden by laws human and divine.

The method of compassing this dissolution is thus effected:—A chamber has been constructed which is closed at all parts except at a front or sliding door and at an escape-pipe or flue. It is so constructed that a cage in which the animals are placed previous to the introduction can be run into it with great rapidity immediately upon raising the sliding door, and can be as quickly enclosed in it by pulling down the door. Before the animals that are to be destroyed are placed in the chamber, the chamber itself is fully charged with narcotic vapour produced by passing carbonic oxide over a surface of anæsthetic mixture—composed of chloroform and bi-sulphide of carbon. The carbonic oxide is obtained by the combustion of charcoal in two condensing stoves, one on each side the chamber. Compared with other modes of extinguishing animal life—such as hanging, drowning, poisoning by prussic acid, shooting, stunning, &c.—the lethal method stands far ahead on every ground of practical readiness, certainty, and humanity. When the chamber is opened by the Secretary of the Institution (whose presence is strictly required) the dogs are invariably found curled up as if lying on the familiar hearth-rug before a comfortable fire.

Considerable difficulty has been experienced in getting rid of the carcasses. Hitherto they have been disposed of by contract for manure, after undergoing a process of deodorization and decomposition in peat moss; but the Board of Health in the district to which they were sent have lately taken exception to the practice, and the Committee have therefore decided to adopt the process of cremation as carried out with such success at Woking. A crematorium will be erected at some suitable spot yet to be chosen, and the remains of the five hundred canine outcasts which have to be removed from the Home every week will there be consumed in the most approved and scientific manner.

We have now said enough to indicate the amount of really useful work which is performed by this institution, and the admirable principles on which it is conducted. We wish that a copy of the Report which we have received were in the hands of our London readers, in order that they might have more information than we are able to give within the limits of this article.

#### THE JOLLY ROGER.

IT is hardly likely, we suppose, that American Blue Books (using the latter word as a term of art and with no reference to colour) meet with many English readers; and we fear, therefore, that the Report of "Statements made before the Committee on Patents of the United States Senate" relating to Mr. Hawley's International Copyright Bill is not so well known as it should be. It contains much matter of interest and value, including among other things a full exposition by Mr. Lowell of his opinions, together with his defence of them under cross-examination, on a question of which he is more competent perhaps than any of his countrymen to sift to the bottom. But the gem of the collection is undoubtedly the statement of Mr. Roger Sherman, of Philadelphia, the publisher, or rather, as he genially avows, recurring more than once with fondness to the description, the "pirate" of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Mr. Sherman, it is needless to say, is, like all his fraternity, fired with enthusiasm for the intellectual elevation of the American people. Were it not for his zeal in this high and holy cause, no foreign author, he encourages us to think, would ever have been boarded by him and compelled to hand over all the more valuable portions of his literary cargo. One of Mr. Sherman's many reasons for opposing the International Copyright Bill is because "cheap literature is a large factor in cheap education, and the unparalleled intellectual development of the United States is due to cheap education." Just in the same way, to adopt a convenient allegory employed in an article on this subject in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, cheap brooms are an "important factor" in preserving the cleanliness of houses, and no brooms can be sold so cheap as those of which both stick and bristles have been obtained without paying for them. Let us look, however, at the most famous of the transactions by which Mr. Sherman has illustrated this principle. More than twenty years ago, he told the Committee, Mr. Stoddard, then in the book-store of S. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, conceived that it would be a good thing to publish in America the then last (the eighth) edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and "sell it for a cheap price, and of course make some money out of it"; for even the most beneficent and public-spirited of pirates are not quite superior, it would seem, to the lower consideration of self-interest. Mr. Stoddard came to Mr. Sherman "with his estimates and all that sort of thing, and found it was possible for him, with the cost of labour at that time, to make that book and sell it for 5 dollars a volume." Accordingly, he did so; and to the discomfiture of Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co., of Boston, who had made a contract with the Blacks of Edinburgh for a thousand copies of the *Encyclopædia* for America, to be sold at the rate of nine dollars and fifty cents a volume. One immediate effect of the enterprise of the ingenious Stoddard was that the price of the English edition was immediately reduced from nine dollars and a half to eight. But here comes in the hardship of which Mr. Sherman, as proprietor of the Stoddard edition, bitterly complains. There was, it seems, "a man in New York by the name of Hall," who, seeing what Stoddard was doing with this work, went to Edinburgh and induced the Messrs. Black to "make an inferior edition of the book, printed on inferior paper, omitting some of the matter contained in the original, and to send it over to compete with the Stoddard edition." And Mr. Sherman's point and grievance is that "that book could not come into the United States to-day if they paid the proper duty on it"; and, continued the witness, "it is owing to the false ruling of the Treasury Department for a consideration—now you have got it; it was for a consideration that that ruling was made—that book comes in competition with my own edition, and I tell you to-day, if that book paid its full duty, it could not be sold in this country for five dollars." One might have thought that in the sacred names of "cheap literature" and "cheap education" Mr. Sherman would have welcomed a competition which secures the American public against ever having to pay more than five dollars a volume for the *Encyclopædia*. Can it be that the diffusion of cheap literature begins to look an object of less national importance as soon as it becomes dissociated from Mr. Sherman's personal advantage? Oh, impossible! We would rather leave the passage unexplained altogether than explain it in this way. Even as it stands, the spectacle of a pirate complaining



of the escape of a victim by reason of the corruption of Government officials is edifying enough, however we read it.

Mr. Sherman, however, is hardly less comic perhaps when he is opposing international copyright in the name of American authors, who are among the worst sufferers by a system which floods their country with cheap English reprints. Mr. Sherman shaking his head over "monopolies," and commending that "healthy competition" which is so much less to his taste when it threatens the demand for one of his piratical publications, is really delightful. "The works of the best foreign authors stimulate our own to greater efforts. You must have competition." But you must not have it, it appears, in any way which affects the publisher; and Mr. Sherman accordingly is virtuously indignant at evasions of the import duty on foreign books. There is a certain "suppressed" Report on this subject which, if "waked up," would make every publisher in the United States "shake in his boots"—every publisher, that is to say, except Mr. Sherman. "I," he said coolly, in answer to a question, "am not an importer of books. I import books for my own library; but I get my brother-in-law to send them through the post, and they generally come in free. That is what your inspection is worth." All Mr. Sherman's reasons for opposing copyright, indeed, are disinterested, though some of them labour under the slight disadvantage of being restatements of others. His ninth reason, however, we do not recognize as one that we have met before. "If a sufficiency of good American literature was offered," he says, "it would drive out the worst of the foreign, which would never become acclimatized, and create a healthy demand for better books." Ergo, what? We confess to a difficulty in saying what, though it appears to be something about which Mr. Sherman does not think there should be "any question." "If you have plenty of good native authors, the people will not take trash," though how you are to increase the supply of good native authors by underselling them with piratical reprints Mr. Sherman does not say. To the statement, moreover, that the people "will not take trash," he appends the mysterious comment, "There is an inherent love in the American mind for dirt. The people will read these French books, and that is where they get it"; or, in other words, the inherent taste is an acquired one; "but that is original sin, gentlemen. There is but one thing that will take that out, and that is the Christian religion."

After the enumeration of Mr. Sherman's ten reasons the Chairman of the Committee asked him whether he thought the English contributors to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* were superior to the men whom he got to write the American articles which appear in it:—

MR. SHERMAN.—Yes, sir. There are many articles in the *Encyclopædia* which we could not get written in this country at all. The men who have written in that book are men of the greatest ability in the world, and they are selected for that purpose. They are selected with a view of writing those articles, and they cannot be excelled in that line.

SENATOR HANLEY.—Do you pay them anything for what they do?

MR. SHERMAN.—No, sir; our *Encyclopædia* is a reprint. We are what these gentlemen call "pirates," and I have got the black flag up now.

Being further pressed, however, Mr. Sherman seemed doubtful whether or not to assign any absolute literary superiority to England over America. But, on the whole, he inclined to think that her greater age gives her a certain advantage in this respect. "Look, and see," he says, "how long she was a civilized country before she produced any literature worthy of the name. Why, it was only in the fifteenth century, fully five hundred years after the Roman invasion"—Mr. Sherman's chronology errs, it will be seen, on the side of excessive caution—"before she produced any literature worthy of the name." "Then look at this country, &c.," and here follows a brief historical retrospect, from which we gather, among other things, the profoundly interesting fact that Mr. Sherman's ancestors "came over in 1600 and something, a little ahead of the other fellows." He is even more fortunate, as he afterwards points out, in his agnates than in his progenitors. He would lose 40,000 dollars if the Hawley Bill were to pass, but "that don't break me, gentlemen, I am happy to say. . . . I want to put this on the record. So long as you do not pass retroactive Bills; so long as you do not do that, it will not affect me personally, because I am pretty well off to-day in my own rights. I have two sisters, without any children, who are bound to leave me their money, and they are both pretty well advanced in years, and both pretty wealthy women." Everybody, however, is not blest with pretty wealthy childless sisters pretty well advanced in years, and it is the position of this helpless majority which excites Mr. Sherman's peculiar sympathy. More especially is he solicitous for the prospects of the American youth striving after self-culture. His appeal on their behalf is so touching that we cannot refrain from quoting it here. "Suppose, gentlemen," he said, "that by the cruel irony of fate you should be reduced to poverty."

Who is there to say that one of your sons or grandsons might not be compelled to work on the cobbler's bench, and, while there reading his books, finding that his grandfather's uncle or other relative had been a Senator of the United States, had obtained that dignity, his heart swells with ambition to retrieve his family fortune? That is a laudable ambition. But when he comes to buy his books, suppose he finds that one of the very laws that his grandfather or his father had helped to pass debars him from that privilege. How like the eagle wounded to the death by the hunter's shaft must be his sufferings, how poignant his grief, as when viewing the arrow he finds it tipped with his own feathers!

Or rather with his grandfather's feathers, which however comes to the same thing, even if indeed it be not actually more dis-

treassing. Imagine the unhappy youth exclaiming in the bitterness of his heart, "And was it, could it have been, an ancestor of my own who thus put up the price of books upon his descendant by compelling our publishers actually to pay money for what they used formerly to"—but, no! We cannot contemplate so tragic a situation longer. Let us drop the curtain.

#### RICHTER CONCERTS.

THREE out of the four last Richter concerts, one of which took place at the Albert Hall, have been exclusively devoted to Wagner. Failing the establishment in London of a German Opera company for the competent and regular performance of the whole series of Wagner's operas, Dr. Richter, following the brilliantly successful example of M. Lamoureux in Paris, has done his best for us by giving two whole acts from them at his concerts. The enthusiastic reception with which he has met should encourage him to repeat and extend the experiment, unless, indeed, our heart's desire be granted us next year by seeing these great works adequately mounted on the opera stage. That such an enterprise would prove a success is now certain, were the management confided to able hands. Meanwhile all lovers of music are unfeignedly thankful to Dr. Richter for the magnificent performance given by him on Monday the 7th and Thursday the 10th of this month. The programme was the same on both occasions, and consisted of the second act of *Tristan and Isolde* and the third act of *Siegfried*. In making this selection Dr. Richter has exercised a thoroughly sound judgment. In the whole range of Wagner's works these are perhaps the two acts which, viewed alike from their stage arrangement and their inherent musical qualities, are best able to bear the wrench of being presented torn from their context and deprived of the aids of acting and scenery. They are also perfectly representative of two different phases of Wagner's genius. As the utmost expression of human passion *Tristan and Isolde* cannot be surpassed; but, huge as are the proportions of this great work, the third act of *Siegfried* is even vaster in aim and higher in achievement. Both are indeed nobly romantic, but the scope of the *Siegfried* music is more widely comprehensive than that of *Tristan and Isolde*, besides attaining to a greater perfection of form. It is true that all the swing and stress of sea and wind are to be found in the music of *Tristan and Isolde*, and that the glamour of high romance is thrown round the principal figures; but still all of this is distinctly and wilfully subordinated to the supreme human interest of the story. But in *Siegfried* a closer intimacy and more vivid sympathy are established between man and external nature, and the human interest triumphs over that of the inanimate forces, not through these being forcibly kept below it, but through sheer stress of passion rising above all emulation by its own strength. *Siegfried* is, in fact, a more perfectly romantic work, with more varied and shifting flash of light and colour. Of the treatment which these fragments of Wagner's work received at Dr. Richter's hands there is nothing but good to be said, although at the first performance there was a slight tendency to hurry and unsteadiness on the part of the orchestra, especially in the act from *Tristan and Isolde*. These defects were happily not noticeable at the second performance, which was a real triumph for the orchestra, while the singing had also undergone a distinct improvement. Herr Gudehus, who claimed the indulgence of the audience, was suffering from hoarseness on the occasion of the first concert, and his performance at the second concert was in every way more satisfactory. We must, however, take exception to his method of producing the voice, a method which is at times positively painful; but he sings with real passion, and in the main with total forgetfulness of self, and these virtues suffice to cover a multitude of sins. Fräulein Malten's reputation is not of yesterday, and her singing of *Isolde* and Brynhilde claims our warm admiration; but in the part of *Isolde* she provokes a somewhat unfortunate comparison with Fräulein Lehmann, whose more impassioned and less declamatory interpretation of the part is free from the occasional coarseness of rendering into which Fräulein Malten falls. Herr Henschel sang the part of Mark as he always sings Wagner's music, most conscientiously but rather coldly, and Fräulein Cramer gave an effective rendering of Brangäne. At the concert which took place at the Albert Hall on the 16th, the programme consisted of excerpts from Wagner's works, beginning at *Rienzi* and ending with *Parafal*. The most noteworthy numbers were the Introduction and closing scene of *Tristan and Isolde*, the *Walkürenritt*, *Wotan's Abschied und Feuerzauber*, in which Herr Henschel was heard to great advantage, and the prelude to *Parafal*. Dr. Richter gave a faultlessly clear and careful interpretation of the *Tannhäuser* overture, the most delicate shades of orchestration being exquisitely developed, while the fire and dash with which he conducted the numbers we have already mentioned fairly carried the audience by storm. The overture to the *Meistersinger* was also most admirably given. The orchestra did nobly, playing with perfect precision and sympathy. In the prelude to *Parafal* there was some unsteadiness to be noted; but, on the whole, it was finely rendered. The prelude to *Lohengrin* was well played; the "Trauermarsch" seemed to lack something of its usual effect, and the overture to *Rienzi*, with its beautiful opening full of promise and its disappointing and noisy conclusion, was carefully given. Mr. Lloyd, who was to have sung, was unable to appear. Mme. Valleria sang Senta's ballad from the *Flying Dutchman*,

and Fräulein Cramer did her best in Elizabeth's air in the second act of *Tannhäuser*, which went lamely without its context. At last Monday's concert, in place of Herr Bruckner's last symphony, the performance of which is unavoidably and unhappily postponed, the overture to *Euryanthe*, the introduction to the third act of the *Meistersinger*, and *Wotan's Abschied und Feuerzauber* were given. The second part of the concert was devoted to a rather coarse rendering of the third *Leonora* overture, "Sachs's Monologue" from the *Meistersinger*, sung by Herr Henschel, and the Pastoral Symphony, of which we have heard more perfect interpretations. The conclusion, however, could not have been better played.

#### THE RELATION OF INSANITY TO SIN.

WHEN any one commits a crime of signal and exceptional atrocity, without any particular reason for it being apparent on the face of the circumstances, it is frequently suggested that he must have been mad, and there is a vicious tendency inherent in human nature to accept the mere wickedness of the act as evidence of insanity, without insisting sufficiently upon the production of independent proof that the mental faculties of the criminal were actually disordered. Many a battle has been fiercely waged between lawyers on the one side and doctors on the other concerning both the abstract principles which ought to govern discussions of this character, and the application of them to particular cases. The same problem occasionally presents itself to those who wish to form a judgment on cases of conduct not involving any question of legal guilt. These cases have not received the same amount of attention, principally, no doubt, because there is no necessity for their formal decision, and because the persons who feel moved to decide them do so with an entire freedom from responsibility, and know that their judgments will not produce any such result as, for instance, the ignominious death of the person implicated. Every one is free to form whatever judgment he pleases, and every one accordingly who forms a judgment at all is apt to decide, without any laborious investigation of the circumstances, in the way which, for one reason or another, appears to him, upon a superficial examination, to be most in accordance with his individual estimate of the eternal principles of truth and justice. Yet it might not be amiss if care were sometimes taken to ascertain whether persons accused of immoral or iniquitous behaviour deserve to be condemned as morally guilty, or acquitted on the ground of insanity; and a little reflection will show that there is no better means of doing justice in the forum of the conscience than by applying, *mutatis mutandis*, to the question under consideration the well-ascertained principles which govern the administration of the criminal law.

Let it be supposed, for instance, that the words or actions of an individual present *prima facie* the characteristics of the grossest folly, the most intense egotism, the most exalted personal vanity, the most callous indifference to the sufferings of others, the most inhuman ingratitude, the blackest treachery, the most shameless tergiversation, the most outrageous mendacity, or a combination of any or all of these deplorable weaknesses. In proportion as the offence is glaring or gratuitous, or the combination extensive, is the likelihood that the true friends or the in cautious enemies of the guilty being will assert that he is not in possession of his proper senses, the inference of course being that, however unfortunate may be the results of his activity, he ought not to be judged like other men. It should be no matter for surprise to the judicious if anecdotes are sedulously circulated of such a person that he spends his mornings in kicking his best hat up and down stairs, or that constant vigilance has to be exercised in the domestic circle to restrain his unnatural appetite for the linings of his waistcoats. Of course if these stories will stand the accepted tests, if they are related by eye-witnesses who corroborate each other in their testimony, and who have an obvious and weighty interest in contradicting them if they are not true, if such cross-examination as the habits of social intercourse permit to be administered serves only to bring out their accuracy more vividly, and if they are strongly supported by documentary evidence and by coincidences of place and time, such evidence goes a long way to establish the truth of the hypothesis of lunacy. But if upon a careful examination they resolve themselves into that kind of gossip which is never better than hearsay of the first degree, and which always postulates the veracity of some absent informant absolutely incapable of deceit or exaggeration, then there is too much reason to fear that they are in fact merely a charitable *ex post facto* endeavour to explain conduct which cannot be otherwise explained save by the admission that the accused is actually foolish, egotistical, vain, cruel, ungrateful, treacherous, unprincipled, or a liar, as the case may be. And it is a melancholy fact, which every candid student of mankind must admit, that men have from time to time exhibited those qualities, though perfectly sane, and that there is no more inherent probability in the proposition that any particular man is afflicted with all of them than in the assertion that that particular man is mad.

Thus it is that for the proper determination of the question whether a given person is sinful or mad we are thrown back upon the commonplace tests which the ingenuity of lawyers has devised for determining the legal guilt or innocence of those persons whose sanity has been called in question. The method of applying those tests will be most readily understood by

imagining some concrete case of villany—if Mr. Joseph Leicester will allow us to spell it so—not cognizable in the criminal courts. Let us suppose, then, the case of a man basely deserting some one who has served him loyally in a position of difficulty and danger, and permitting his ruin after profiting by his exertions. Let us further imagine the same person, having in his charge the interests of many others, sacrificing those interests in the most cowardly manner to the illegitimate extortions of enemies against whom he had sworn to protect them, and endeavouring to conceal his betrayal of his servant and his sacrifice of his employers by flagrantly dishonest misstatements and equivocations. The statement that he was acting with thorough conscientiousness, but was unfortunately mad, would in all probability be made both by his friends and his enemies. But would the facts just mentioned afford in themselves any justification for this consolatory hypothesis? If the lack of honour and honesty alleged against him, and apparent on the face of his misdeeds, amounted to a crime, the attention of those who had to pronounce upon the state of his mind would be directed, in the first place, to two questions. Did he know that what he was doing was wrong? Or did he know that it was against the law? In the case where the alternative to insanity was not legal, but only moral guilt, the analogous question to the second of these would be, Did he know that what he was doing was an offence against the rules of morality prevalent at the time when he so acted among the members of the society in which he then moved? For practical purposes this amounts to a repetition of the first question, and all that has to be decided under this head is summed up in the simple phrase, Did he know it was wrong? In answering this question it must be premised that, as a matter of common sense, every one must be presumed to know that treachery, cowardice, and lying are wrong until he is proved not to know it; and the mere fact that a man does what is *prima facie* wrong does not even tend to show that he did not know that it was wrong. The proof of this must come *aliunde*, and although it might be a probable inference from private eccentricities of behaviour, those eccentricities must be strictly and regularly proved before the inference can be drawn. Supposing the question, Did he know that it was wrong? to have been answered in the affirmative, then, following the legal analogy, another test must be applied. Could he help doing it? For legal purposes this is usually put, for the sake of explanation, in an alternative form, which is as follows. Would he have acted as he did if he had known that, upon his acting in that manner, the greatest penalty permitted by the law for that offence would instantly and inevitably be inflicted upon him? This is an exceedingly useful and effective question, and greatly in favour with judges of the type of Lord Bramwell, who object to the acquittal of murderers not less wicked than others simply because they happen to be also afflicted with some more or less irrelevant disease of the brain. The equivalent of this question in a case of moral guilt would be, Would he have acted as he did if he had known that by so doing he would instantly and inevitably incur the eager reprobation of those capable of passing a judgment upon the morality or otherwise of his proceeding—in other words, of every one whose good opinion he cared about? This position would be especially valuable in the case of any one whose prosperity in life depended in any degree upon the favour or goodwill of others. In the case of our imaginary person, would he have deserted his friend and surrendered to his enemies if he had known that, immediately upon doing so, he would inevitably, totally, and permanently have forfeited the good opinion of every one whose good opinion was in any way profitable to him? If this question could be answered in the affirmative, then we might so far assume that he could not help acting as he did, that he was behaving in accordance with some generous or at all events unselfish principle not readily intelligible to the world at large, and that he was, in fact, mad. If, on the other hand, we felt confident that such an assurance on his part would have caused him to act differently, then we should be forced sorrowfully to admit that he was, at all events, sane enough not to be deprived of control over his actions, and that, this being so, he could not be acquitted of wickedness.

These considerations seem clearly to prove that, in morals as in law, mere wickedness, though never so heinous, is not in itself, and never can be, satisfactory evidence of insanity. Wicked men may be insane, but, if they are, their insanity can be proved independently of their sins, and it is always to be borne in mind that the burden of proving any abnormal condition such as madness is on him who asserts its existence. There is, perhaps, one qualification of these propositions, and that is where the person accused of sin can be shown to be suffering under one of certain well-known hallucinations. One of the most common of these is that the sufferer is identical with the Almighty. It would probably be accepted as evidence of this delusion if the delinquent could be proved from his words and deeds to be of opinion that the obligations of honour and the dictates of duty changed from time to time in accordance with the views which it happened to suit his purposes to enunciate or to act upon. But this would be at best a dangerous speculation, because it would be difficult to prove conclusively that he really entertained the opinions as to the variations of these standards which his conduct might seem to imply. It is safer to rely mainly upon the two great tests already specified:—Did he know that what he was doing was wrong? If he did, could he help doing it?



## ITALIAN OPERA.

RECENT performances at Covent Garden have been, for the most part, of a very unambitious character. We have not seen *La Sonnambula*, indeed Bellini has not been heard, nor have the simple strains of the brothers Ricci, whose *Crispino e la Comare* is perhaps—though *Estella* and *Velleda* must not be forgotten—the slightest work which has been seen on this stage; but of the seven works of Donizetti included in the repertory three have been played, and of the eight works of Verdi we have had five—and two of the eight, *Don Carlos* and *Luiza Miller*, scarcely rank as living operas. The present company is not numerically strong. Sometimes, on paper at any rate, it used to seem that the late Mr. Gye was unduly lavish in his engagements; but, though Italian opera is again, as it were, on its probation, and after the lapse of a year without the long popular entertainment the manager may be in a great measure excused for moving carefully, the list of available performers is scarcely adequate. We write in the interests of Italian opera, and without underrating the difficulty of supplying the demands. It is exceedingly hard to find a really good vocalist with a really good voice; it is hard, again, to find competent actors; and for opera we want actor and vocalist united, and that moreover in such a way that each art shall aid and strengthen the other. Nor is this all. Many operatic libretti are so poorly devised, with so little regard for the union of music and drama and for the development of character, that the best of actors would be severely tested. Putting the *soprani* for the moment aside, Signor Lago has secured the services of Signori Gayarré, Runcio, Marini, and—if he appears—Luberti. The first named is an artist of exceptional capacity; but it has unfortunately happened hitherto that he has suffered from cold—and the inclemency of an English June is more than sufficient excuse. But the result is that he has been prevented from singing on several occasions, and when he has sung he has been compelled to force his voice, which is just the one thing that he of all tenors should avoid; because, when not forced, his voice is melodious and sympathetic, and, when it is forced, harsh and unpleasant. The other two tenors possess voices and have a knowledge of the parts they fill; but their qualifications are very limited. Signor Pandolini, of the baritones, ranks with the two tenors last mentioned. Signor d'Andrade is a superior artist, but his fine voice occasionally escapes from control; and not only when this occurs, but when it is felt to be possible that it may occur, the result is distressing. The *bassi* are weak, none rises above respectability, and Mme. Scalchi is the only *contralto* di primo cartello.

Covent Garden has been well attended on most evenings, and this shows that there is an audience for Italian opera. Had the representation been less successful, we should not have concluded that the taste for this species of entertainment had disappeared, especially when, with scarcely an exception, the most hackneyed works in the repertory have been given. There is ample encouragement for a more liberal dispensation next year. More care in the selection and casting of the operas is needed. The evenings devoted to *Ernani* and *Linda di Chamounix* might have been better occupied at a time when criticism is so searching. We have already spoken of Miss Ella Russell and Mlle. Theodorini. The Margherita of the young American artist has not been seen and heard at the time of writing, and it is impossible to judge with what reason it is said to be highly esteemed. Mlle. Theodorini, however, has added to her reputation by her study of *La Gioconda* in Signor Ponchielli's opera. Mme. Albani's Violetta in *La Traviata*, apparently a favourite part of the *prima donna*, has been represented in a manner which renders it easy to understand why the opera is selected when selection rests with the soprano. Her shake was a very unsatisfactory embellishment, and much hard work has affected her voice, the middle notes of which now lack tone and quality. Some penalty must be paid for indulgence in the Elsas and Elizabeths of Wagner. Otherwise her vocalization was notably good, lacking only the perfectly effortless ease which is the first charm. An artist of whom we have not made mention is Mlle. Valda, who won considerable repute as Oscar when the *Ballo in Maschera* was produced in Paris. Mlle. Valda has an agreeable soprano of remarkable flexibility and compass, and her method is the result of innate taste and assiduous cultivation. Mlle. Valda is an artist who can always be heard with pleasure.

The most important representation of the season was given on Thursday evening when M. Maurel reappeared as Don Giovanni. His performance was of the highest merit. In the French baritone we have one of those exceptional artists who fulfil all requirements. He acts the part in a manner which would make it striking were the added charm of the music not present; but he is also an admirable singer; the music affords him a new and forcible means of expression. His study is full of delicacies which cannot fail to delight those who watch intelligently. Note, to take one trifling instance, the slight gesture and smile of triumph when Zerlina yields in the course of the "Là ci darem" duet, and at length utters the word "Andiam!" We do not think that we ever heard the "Deh, vieni" more beautifully sung than it was on Thursday night by M. Maurel. While such artists as he are forthcoming there need be little fear for the future of opera. Here also Mlle. Valda did notably well as Donna Elvira. The music suits her voice—if this remark be not considered trite, for Mozart's exquisitely vocal phrases must suit the voice of every singer of capacity. But there was more than tasteful phrasing to

commend. She gives dramatic expression to her songs; a hearer who was unfamiliar with the language would be well able to understand the nature of the emotion to which the singer was giving utterance. In the "Trio of Masks" the refinement of her style was most agreeably perceptible. Mme. de Cepeda and Signor Marini were, on the whole, creditable representatives of Donna Anna and Don Ottavio, except when the tenor's voice occasionally betrayed him. Mlle. Theodorini lacks some qualities which are essential to a Zerlina, but sang the "Vedrai, carino," acceptably. Of the Leporello it may be said that he did nothing to mar, if he did not do very much to aid, the remarkable performance of his master. Signor Bevnigani rose to the occasion, and acquitted himself very successfully. The accompaniments were delicately played; it was often made obvious that the conductor realized the eloquence of Mozart.

## THE DECREASE OF DISSENT.

NO religious census has been taken in England since 1851, when Mr. Horace Mann's elaborately devised process for achieving a wholly untrustworthy result issued in an equal division of the population between the Established Church and the Nonconformists. Since then the latter have resolved, for sufficiently obvious reasons, that no second census should be allowed to dispel the pleasing illusion, and as they form the backbone of "the great Liberal party" they have had their way. If the disruption of that party which seems likely to follow on its veteran leader's proposed disruption of the Empire should pave the way for a more reasonable decision in 1890, we shall have something at least for which to thank that happy land which, in virtue of its canonized cutthroats—"Manchester Martyrs" and their like—is yclept "the Isle of Saints." Meanwhile it has been quietly assumed, too often even by those who ought to know better, that Mr. Horace Mann's figures hold the field, and the Liberation Society and its friends owe much of such success as they have obtained to that worse than gratuitous assumption. On the other hand, much capital has been made out of the same hypothetical fact by a certain class of Broad Church Establishmentarians who are ready, as a leading Dissenter has expressed it, "to save the Establishment by destroying the Church," or to cite Mr. Goldwin Smith's still happier phrase, to turn "an Established Church into an established chaos." Sir George Cox, for instance, whose marvellous scheme for inducing the wolf and the lamb to lie down together within the elastic limits of a fold which has no shepherd was noticed in our columns the other day, insists much on "the impossibility of a continuance of the present state of things" in "what is only in a technical sense the National Church." How far indeed, supposing his estimate of existing facts to be as accurate as it is the reverse, the "dear Dissenting brother" could be bribed by a liberal share in benefices and bishoprics into that "more real and solid unity" which Sir George confidently predicts as the inevitable consequence of adopting his nostrum, may be questioned; but on that point we have spoken already, and need not return to it here. Meanwhile it becomes a matter of some practical interest to inquire how far the statistics of 1851, which so profoundly exhilarate or alarm Liberationists and Establishmentarians of the chaotic type, afford any sure criterion for estimating the present relative position of Church and Dissent. That Mr. Horace Mann's method of procedure—by counting congregations at the two principal services on one particular Sunday—was directly calculated—we do not say designed—to play into the hands of the Protestant Nonconformists to the disadvantage of the Church of England, and probably of the Roman Catholics, has been shown over and over again. But our immediate concern just now is with the subsidiary question whether any change, and, if so, in what direction, has taken place since 1851 in the relative numbers of the Church and the Sects. No feasible calculation of course can be more than an approximate and probable one, because the sole means of attaining certainty—by a regular religious census—rests with the Government, and on each recurring decade the Government, under Dissenting pressure, has refused to allow it. And thus we are thrown back on irregular methods of calculation, such *e.g.* as the marriage returns, which, *valent quantum*, tell heavily against the Dissenters and in favour of the Established Church. But it so happens that some curious and instructive statistics have recently appeared, on unimpeachably Dissenting authority, which may help to throw light on the subject.

We need hardly remind our readers that, if the month of May is sacred among Roman Catholics to what Protestants call "Mariolatry," it is no less sacred among Protestants—especially of the Nonconformist class—to what may be termed platformolatry. The late Sir J. Stephen has described in glowing, if half-sarcastic language, how "twin columns, emulating those of Hercules, fling their long shadows across the strait through which the far resounding Strand pours the full current of (Evangelical) human existence into the deep recesses of Exeter Hall, and borne on that impetuous tide the Mediterranean waters lift up their voice in a ceaseless swell of exulting or pathetic declamation." Well, there are according to the infallible *Whitaker* no less than 223 Protestant sects or denominations with registered places of worship in England and Wales, ranging from "the Catholic and Apostolic Church"—by the profane called Irvingites—on one side down to "Glory Bands," "Glassites," "Glazebrook Army," "Hallelujah Bands," "King's Own Army," "Free Christians," "Ranters,"

"Recreative Religionists," *et id genus omne* on the other. Now we do not of course mean to imply that all these two hundred and twenty-three "Free," "Glorious," "Recreative," and other hilarious classes of religionists—all of whom, on Sir G. Cox's plea, are to repose peacefully together in the capacious bosom of the Establishment—have each their field day at Exeter Hall during the merry month of May. A very simple sum in arithmetic would prove that to be impossible. Still the principal sects manage to make good their entrance into the historic temple in "the far resounding Strand," and we may briefly notice a few statistical records of last month's meetings. The Baptist Missionary Society, it appears, began last year with the modest balance of 70*l.* in hand, and closed it with a deficiency of 1,697*l.* The Wesleyan Methodist Society reports the still heavier deficiency of 4,682*l.* "the decrease in income being spread over nearly the whole Connexion, so that thirty-one out of the thirty-five districts into which Great Britain is divided yield less than they did twelve months ago." And it is an ominous sign that, whereas hitherto the Hall has been crowded at their annual meeting, this year for the first time the galleries and back seats were empty. The Wesleyan Home Mission Society also reported a decrease of funds. Nor is this by any means the worst. The Wesleyan Methodist district meetings have lately been held, at which the annual statistics are presented, and the *Methodist Times* reports a diminution of members by 698 during the past year, no less than 26,780 having formally resigned their membership, while a further loss of 12,629 remains unaccounted for. And the Wesleyan Theological Colleges are said to be half empty, which is perhaps the most significant fact of all, as it betrays a growing disinclination to enter the Wesleyan ministry. Then again at another meeting the Rev. H. P. Hughes, Wesleyan minister, said that "his Church had lately become anxious about the villages"; and not without good reason. For he proceeded to state that the result of a careful inquiry throughout "the Third London district"—an area extending from South London to Brighton—gave 122 villages, ranging from populations of 300 to 1,900, and including in all 135,000 people, without a Methodist chapel, and in the unhappy plight of having "no form of religious teaching available but that of the Church of England." For he explained that Methodists had a larger number of village chapels than any other denomination, and that, where their returns showed a deficiency, the lack of Baptist and Congregationalist chapels was sure to be more marked. To which we may add that, according to ordinary computation, the Wesleyans approach the Church of England very much more nearly in the English-speaking world than any other Protestant body, having double the number of the Baptists of all descriptions, and more than double the Congregationalists, who come next to them, putting aside Presbyterians, who rather exceed the Baptists, but then that is the national religion of Scotland. Nor is there anything exceptional in the statistics quoted by Mr. Hughes. In the "North London district," between London and Cambridge, there are 400 towns and villages unblest by any Wesleyan ministrations. In sixteen country circuits there are 245 villages with an aggregate population of 170,000 and "no Methodism of any kind"; in the Liverpool district there are 200 villages in the same desperate state of spiritual destitution, and 165 in the Bedford and Northampton district, while, if 20 villages during late years have been newly occupied, 21 have been abandoned. The *Methodist Recorder*, though it reckons the entire Nonconformist population of England at nearly 9 millions, including Roman Catholics—probably very much above the mark—is "prepared, after careful consideration, to admit that the Church of England, in the number of its more or less attached adherents, exceeds the sum total of all other denominations," while of course much more largely exceeding them in wealth, influence, and resources; nor is it "able or disposed to deny that during the last twenty years its growth and advance have been very wonderful—greater, on an average, in respect of practical aggressiveness and voluntary organic development than the growth and advance of Nonconformity as a whole." Our readers may recollect a very similar admission in a recent speech of Mr. Bright's. The *Wesleyan Times* reports 105 villages in the Bath district with no Methodist services, 19, with a population of 10,000, having been recently abandoned. In the Sheffield district 24 villages have been abandoned, one with 1,000, another with 1,500 inhabitants; in the Oxford district there are 350 villages with no Wesleyan services, "and in a considerable number no religious teaching outside the Established Church." In one locality of the Birmingham district there are two Wesleyan ministers to 130 clergymen.

And, if we turn from Wesleyans to Congregationalists, the *Inquirer*—a Unitarian organ—reports that they, like the Unitarians, "are suffering from the constant defection of young people from the chapel services, to which they have been accustomed from their earliest youth," one reason for which defection "is that the services of the Church of England are interesting, while those of the Dissenting Chapel are not." And the *Inquirer* therefore hopes "the time is not far distant when we shall not be afraid to introduce surpliced choirs, and when our ministers, as a rule, will wear the seemly preacher's robe [gown or surplice does it mean?] with their University hoods when they are graduates." That, by the way, is rather a striking comment on the outcry raised against "Ritualism" as driving people out of the Church of England. But, if we are not mistaken, surpliced choirs and other ritualistic innovations have already been introduced into many Dissenting chapels, in the hope of making the services "interesting." The remedy however may easily prove worse than the disease. It is

likely enough that these modest imitations of what the fathers of Nonconformity would certainly have stigmatized as "Babylonish," if not by some still harsher name, may create an "interest" which after all does not find adequate satisfaction in the spruced-up Bethel. A correspondent of the *Guardian*, to whose columns we are indebted for most of the statistics quoted above, observes very pertinently that the two leading principles of the earlier Nonconformists were a detestation of State interference of any kind in spiritual matters, and an uncompromising Calvinism, and that their case on both points has broken down. As regards the first, the Liberation Society puts in the forefront of its programme the benevolent desire to emancipate the Established Church from the trammels of the State, and place it on a level with "the Free Churches," as they are pleased to style themselves, which rather reminds one of the story of the fox who had lost his tail. No doubt there are a great many Anglicans who so far sympathize with this kind suggestion that they have done and are doing much, with no inconsiderable success, to free themselves from what they consider undue civil control. But as to shaking off all State connexion in the name of the sole "headship of Christ," according to the original Nonconformist profession, the answer is simply that given by St. Paul to those Corinthian Christians who thought they could hold aloof from all intercourse with fornicators, extortioners, and idolaters; "then must ye needs go out of the world." And the Dissenters have found accordingly that, unless they abstain from holding any property at all—which is scarcely possible—the State will claim in the last resort to interpret their trust deeds, and eject a minister whose doctrines it judges incompatible with them. As to the other point, their Calvinism, as a rule, is notoriously on the wane, where it has not altogether disappeared. To a very great extent therefore their original *raison d'être* has evaporated. To be sure a new one of a broader and more purely negative kind has been discovered by some of the more modern and enterprising sects—like the "Rational Christians," "Halifax Psychologists," "Secularists," and "Unsectarians." But Calvinism and the Wesleyan theory of Conversion are at all events religious systems, however erroneous; rationalism is not. Meanwhile, so far as any trustworthy statistics are available, we seem, as a Scotch divine would phrase it, to be "shut up" to this conclusion; whatever may be thought of the practical wisdom of those would-be Church reformers who are eager to sweep the whole motley crew of rationalistic, recreative, or religious Dissenters into the bosom of the Establishment, lest they should straightway rise up and disestablish it, their alarm is the alarm of those who "flee, when no man pursueth."

#### THE THEATRES.

WE are glad to see that the management of the Royalty Theatre have remoulded to a certain extent the two pieces *Jack and Mephisto* which were first produced on Whit Monday, and that the modifications have been made to some purpose. The somewhat shapeless if ingeniously written travesty *Mephisto* has now really taken shape, and has noticeably gained in point by the remodelling of the last scene and the introduction of a new song. The *Faust* has been toned down, and now Mr. Crackles, free from those acrobatic eccentricities which cumbered the first effort, shows himself as an excellent dancer in the Vokes manner. But the burden of the piece still falls on Miss Gilchrist and Mr. E. J. Henley. Miss Gilchrist's dancing is full of grace and charm, and Mr. Henley, who has for the most part dropped his imitation of Mr. Irving, is as good as he can be. Indeed there is something Robsonian in the weird grace of his gestures and the quaint play of his steps, while his deft management of his cloak is full of fantastic variety. His comic song "The Moral Trumpet" and the patriotic song "A Minute to Spare" are given with singular power and point, and are of themselves well worth hearing. Altogether there seems no reason why, with some minor alterations, *Mephisto* should not still prove a success.

#### ARCHBISHOP ENGLISH OF TRINIDAD.

WE have received a letter from Mr. Lionel Fraser, a magistrate at Trinidad, in reference to the statement in our article of April 24 on "The Death of the Bishop of Madrid," that Dr. English, late Archbishop of Trinidad, "was poisoned in the Host at Mass," and that this was at the time generally attributed to "his zeal in correcting the irregular lives of his clergy." Mr. Fraser thinks the Archbishop's death, which—as he admits—occurred very suddenly within a few months of his arrival in his diocese, was due to his "habit of eating fruit and drinking iced lemonade when heated," and he denies that the irregularities which unquestionably brought his clergy into collision with him, were of more than "a purely disciplinary kind." On the first point Mr. Fraser may possibly be right, as the matter was not judicially investigated; but it is certain that it was generally believed at the time both on the spot and in England that the Archbishop had been poisoned in the manner we mentioned. As to the second point, it is notorious that Dr. English was sent out for the express purpose of correcting the clerical scandals prevalent in the diocese, and still



only too prevalent throughout South America generally. His successor, Archbishop Gonin, has, we believe, effected a considerable reform, chiefly by introducing members of his own (Dominican) order into Trinidad in place of the secular priests.

## REVIEWS.

## GLADSTONE OR SALISBURY.\*

THE blank but striking verses which begin—

Statesman and friend and father, and whatsoever  
Title of dearer love our Irish lips  
Can utter, be the blessing fit cetera—

appear to us in many ways by far the most important and noteworthy thing contained within this volume paper-bound, and on its cover adorned with what we think a flattering portrait of the Grand Old Man. How to describe it exactly? Shall we say another shilling dreadful? That depends on what you dread and whom, if any at all. Some dread a Scotchman, other some a prig, while others flee before the maker of books armed with the paste-pot and the abhorred shears. To all such persons let it suffice to know, the book is from the pen—we should have said the brush and scissors—of Mr. Andrew Reid, maker of books convicted in the act, prig beyond doubt, and Scotchman we believe. 'Twas he who told us not so long ago, why Andrew Reid and others like to him, upon the secret of whose politics the world hung breathlessly, are Liberals. And now he comes again before the world, the Corypheus of another band of sage discourses on the Irish *crux*, whose poet is the bard from whom we quote, young Justin H. McCarthy, while the list of Andrew's "prose" bears such names as these:—Lord Hampden, Samuel Morley, and Joseph Arch. [Observe the "and"; another would have writ, "Lord Hampden, Samuel Morley, Joseph Arch," and deemed that he had syllables enough—foolish, and knowing not what subtle charm lies in that sweet Swinburnian tribrach-trick which Justin Huntly McCarthy has picked up.] But to pursue our way through Andrew's list, next comes Sir Thomas Brassey—he whose vote for many doubtful days hung, like the plot of a sensation novel, in suspense—and Burt and Buxton, Foster and Walter James, and Gilbert Beith (he of the written speech too "hard" to be delivered orally), and Oscar Browning, once unjustly charged with ignorance of "Madrig," John Page Hopps, and Grinnidge's Brooke Lambert, and one peer, Viscount Kilcoursie, and the gentle might of Guinness Rogers, and the gentler power of Mrs. Bateson, after whom the tale is taken up by Storey, Uncle Sam, Uncle Sam's Sam, another Andrew's Sam, the Sam of Sixteen-string Carnegie. Last, with Lady Florence Dixie, Leigh Bernard, Professor Sigerson (not Slender's friend; his name was Sackerson), the mighty line ends with—whom think you? Brace yourselves to hear, ye doubters, and to hide your humbled heads. With Dr. Weinmann and with Henry Blau.

But we have said, and generously repeat, that Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's poem is far the prettiest reading in the book. Gladstone has praised it, Mrs. Gladstone too, in letters printed by the canny Reid upon the inner cover of the book; which well deserved it is—the praise we mean—for never have we met a youthful poet who shows such highly creditable signs of having read his Swinburne. Rhythmic turns and tricks of language and the jingling art of apt alliteration all are there. "The sad race of the sunless centuries," "the dread dead"—no! the "dread dread past." "You come, with message of perfect peace—shall peace not be between us till Time's shuttle shall spin off the web of the world's story?" How is that for high Swinburnian? How well it shows the imitative talent of the Celt. What hope it offers that on Ireland's soil (her independence once obtained) the arts, or at the very least the handicrafts, of decoration, the mimetic industries, if so we may describe them, might arise and flourish. But enough of this. Our space does not, we fear, permit us to enlarge on all the beauties, various as they are, of Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's poem, which, by-the-bye—with such impetuous rush does poetry pour from swelling Celtic hearts down Celtic pens—is headed in blank verse:—

## IRELAND TO GLADSTONE, EIGHTEEN EIGHTY-SIX.

So runs the heading, and we have our doubts whether the poet does not intend us, too, to shorten deftly in the second line his name's penultimate, and read it thus:—

By JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY, M.P.

But let that pass. It is enough to note the merits of the avowed, admitted verse. And they, as we have said, are high indeed. Highest, perhaps, in metre, for that knack of double syllables that Swinburne loves in moderation Mr. M. adores (or Mister McCee adores, either will do. You see the pull it gives a halting bard), with much more passionate abandonment. Which means, of course, in a more poetic way. So that for once that Mr. Swinburne, cold and calculating lover of the trick, employs it in his verse, his follower indulges in it half a score of times. We hardly like to blame him, 'tis a charm that never palls upon us, it belongs to that short list of the good things whereof it is impossible to have too much.

One thing, however, we would fain suggest, which is that this

\* *Gladstone or Salisbury*—"That is the Question." Edited by Andrew Reid, Editor of "Why am I a Liberal?" London: Remington & Co.

ingenious device of interwoven many-twinkling feet, when tripping tribrachs mingle in the march of grave iambi, must not be employed quite in the spirit legendarily shown by Mr. J. McCarthy's countryman, who, arguing from the undoubted excellence of whisky-and-water, urged that that compound ought properly to consist of whisky alone. You may pile up your tribrachs just a bit too much, dear Master McCarthy; and if you do, perhaps, in a gradual half-unconscious way, your Muse by little and little may quicken her stride, till getting totally past control—there seems no reason against it at all in the nature of things—she may bucklet along like a colt that has taken the bit in his teeth, and is going like mad at the top of his speed (but I see the compositor's stock of short syllable marks has run out) over hedges and ditches and fallow and pasture and country of every variety, easy or rough, until—but there, we will not spitefully describe your cropper, but relate in graver rhythm how, with sad steps and slow, bridle in hand, too easily restraining the poor hack, whose broken spirit and knees but just suffice to try a feeble amble now and then, you lead your disconcerted Pegasus home.

## SEVEN NOVELS AND TALES.\*

AMERICAN novel-writers have been criticised for neglecting the action of their stories, or ignoring it while absorbed in analysing the sensations and motives of the actors. Mr. Arthur Sherburne Hardy takes a more idealist view even than this. No life-blood runs in the veins of his visionary men and women. His story is not so much a story as a phantasmagoria which passes before the eyes, while the author soliloquises in poetic monologue. As he speaks, so do they all speak, in innuendo and enigma. His talent, which is indisputable, is spent in dissecting a cobweb, in disintegrating a dream. "The Wind of Destiny" blows through his conceptions, wakening their hollow dissonances. They have no more reality than echoes. Schonberg, and Noël, whose life touches his and vanishes; Seraphine and Rowan, who love for a moment and separate for ever; Gladys, whose hold on existence is so slender that one hint of human passion suffices to break it—are shadows. Beggars, as Hamlet says, are bodies, and Mr. Hardy's monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. It is all very clever and subtle; pitched in a high key and sustained. The talk is here and there epigrammatic. The touches of landscape are masterly in an indefinite style; the impressions full of suggestive and delicate colour. That Noël and Gladys kill themselves in precisely the same fashion and from the same motive does not mean poverty of invention on the author's part. It is only an instance of the fateful repetitions of chance. The book is a dream. The dream plays itself out partly in America, where the sumach-shrub and a few idioms of speech betray locality, and partly at Dinant on the Meuse, where the French atmosphere is more pungently felt. The actors in the dream have as little nationality as disembodied spirits might have. They have as little affinity with our mundane state; yet, as a possible vision of spirits, they affect the imagination.

It is difficult to avoid the suspicion as we turn the pages of the novelette by Miss Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren that the author has suffered at one time or another from the visitations of the spirits—of those spirits in especial who used to haunt Transatlantic shores, and write peculiar English. There is a hollow windiness, a pomp of phrase unsupported by any solidity of meaning, a lavish use of adjectives, which recall effusions, happily now more infrequent than they used to be, which came through "mediums." Nor has the novelette in itself more tangibility or cohesion than had the screeds of confused imagery in which the disembodied delighted. "Oh," cries the hero who didn't know his own name, "the ineffable horror of being hopelessly condemned to live amid a seething mass of humanity!" But presently his spirit, "no longer confined by the prison of the body, seeks, through uncreated light, the needful power to rise. Animated by this expansive force, it ascends," or seemed to do so, as later it occurs to him that "it had been simply an oneirodynia caused by the disturbed state" of his mind. Another aspirant, who in his capacity of civil engineer would "fain snatch the stars," persists in "sitting up at night writing those brilliant magazine articles and beautiful poems," a conjunction of occupations which brings him to an untimely end. The nameless one wooa a lovely maid; but "Ambition was the one devouring flame that consumes the heart of Selina Shirley," and she would have none of him. He leaves his native America for France, where he finds that he is the long lost Marquis de Saint-Sorlin; a discovery which has the natural effect of altering the sentiments towards him of Selina. She is made a marchioness,

\* *The Wind of Destiny*. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy, Author of "But yet a Woman." London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

*The Lost Name*. By Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren, Author of "A Washington Winter" &c. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1886.

*Merciful or Merciless*. By Stackpool E. O'Dell. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1886.

*The Sphinx's Children and other People's*. By Rose Terry Cooke, Author of "Somebody's Neighbours." Boston: Ticknor & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1886.

*King Arthur: not a Love Story*. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

*The Power of Gold*. By George Lambert. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1886.

*Refus*. By the Author of "The Chorister Brothers" &c. London: Masters & Co. 1886.

and the two reside in America, where the Marquis becomes "matter-of-fact" and a "journalist," conditions not always parallel.

The scene of Mr. Stackpool O'Dell's story, *Merciful or Merciless*, is laid partly on the coast of the Isle of Wight and partly in New Zealand when the gold fever was raging at its height on the fields of Karaka. In either of these places the knowledge and descriptive powers possessed by the author can brighten his narrative with animated pictures of nature, while his easy lightness of style enables it to flow at a pace rapid enough to be agreeably followed. Unhappily, however, it has seemed to Mr. O'Dell appropriate to select for the informing motive of his tale the topic of eternal punishment; and in season and out of season we are pursued with argument on this gruesome subject. Boy and girl rambling on the sunny southern sands are not like the nightingale singing of love and love's impulses, but are crying over the condition of their souls. On the "claim" the gold-diggers are taking theological views of the Maori taboo and of regeneration. "It was the baptism that did it." Fishermen out on the stormy ocean searching for persons supposed to have drifted out to sea hear a wailing voice over the waves pursuing the same speculation in soliloquy. "And thus as they listened did they hear, 'Love! Mercy! Endless torments!' mingling one with the other in the mist and fog." These lamentable utterances come from a clergyman who had benevolently joined in the search for the missing George and Florence, but could not disengage his mind from his absorbing doubts. He has been rowing about alone all night, and in the dawn comes across Florence, who has been exposed in a canoe for twelve or fourteen hours, and has seen her companion George float paddleless away to watery death. The two immediately engage in controversy.

"No, Mr. Heron, that will not do; you have taught me to believe that all who are not converted in this life, regenerated in this life, that all who do not repent and receive the new birth in this life so that they will know it and understand it, are lost—everlastingly lost; that such have no chance of reformation, forgiveness, or mercy in the next world. It was only last Sunday that you said this; I know well the text from which you preached."

It is recorded that the person addressed was "filled with astonishment and awe" at this speech, which under the circumstances he might well be. Some people may think the disputants were voluntarily forestalling their doom, "wakening guilt, anticipant of hell."

If breath, or sense, or mental grasp of things be left to the ordinary reader after his encounter with the opening chapter of Miss Rose Terry Cooke's volume of stories of American life, he will find the rest amusing in their own quaint fashion. That impression would be complete had the author spared us the Niagara of language which deluges the unsuspecting student at the outset, and leaves him gasping. *The Sphinx's Children* is a terrible example of what a power of fine writing may do when it gets the better of its owner. Seldom has Pegasus kicked and buck-jumped and taken the bit in his teeth more riotously than in this eloquent effusion. Its juxtaposition with the quiet, humorous, homely stories of New England life which follow would be comic could anything comic be associated with such tremendous talk.

The short story by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, called *King Arthur*, might have been appropriately illustrated by a copy of Mr. Orchardson's big picture in the Grosvenor Gallery. It is a glorification of "Master Baby." It is, as the author says on the title-page, "Not a Love Story" only in the sense that there is no flirtation or amusing love-making to be found in it. Of love sentimental, conjugal, maternal, and filial there is enough and to spare. The art of being a grandfather can, as we know, be made poetic and romantic. It depends on the grandfather. But baby-worship in itself is not a heroic attitude. Still less is it a passion to excite, exalt, terrify, and purify mankind when it is worship independent of natural instinct, and is proffered to the first babyish object at hand. This is, however, not the view of the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, nor of Mrs. Trevena, who made herself an abject slave to an infant not her own. The Reverend Mr. Trevena and his wife are sojourning at Andermatt, when it comes to their knowledge that a baby has been in a most arbitrary manner brought into the world in that apparently unsuitable region. Arbitrary is the right word; for Lady Damerel, the wife of an English baronet of wealth and estate, has chosen for the sole purpose of giving this child life to seclude herself with one mulatto maid in the mists and snows of the mountain-tops, where she conceals her name, and refuses even a sight of her face. The reason she alleges to the doctor for these proceedings is that she is "a woman of genius" and has "a fool of a husband." The latter condition is at any rate no sufficient excuse for abnormal behaviour, whatever the former may be. The woman who cares for no babies disposes of this little Swiss waif for twenty pounds to the woman who cares for any baby; and then departs, to resume apparently her easy fashionable life in England. The child becomes a Trevena and remains so for twenty-one years; then conveniently steps into his father's title and estate without any trouble. The moral meant would seem to be that sons are made, not born; and that the woman who wills may be, in something approaching to the true sense, a mother. No doubt the "Ewig-Weibliche" has a maternal element dormant within it.

*The Power of Gold* is a novel which exhibits no power in any direction which criticism can lay hold of. It is neither good nor bad, but simply indifferent. In runs on the ancient and well-worn theme of rich tradespeople coming into English county life

and there displaying their ambition, their servility, their capacity for absorbing insults. Side by side with these are the titled families, poor as they are proud, who sooner or later succumb to the "power," in an Irish way of speaking, of gold possessed by the grocers. This is a most faded sort of fiction. Unlightened by humour, wit, or wisdom, as in the present case, it is withered indeed.

*Rufus* is an excellent one-volume story of its kind, which is the didactic. The writer is clearly Scotch, though most of the scenes pass in the Isle of Wight. The "little wee bit boatie" is a phrase of Scottish diminution hardly to be equalled in Italian. There is a good deal about "boaties" and the sea and coast scenery; and "Rufus" is a comely and strapping young fishing fellow who owns nets and crab-pots and bathing-machines besides his boats. The story of his loves and sorrows, and those of his neighbours, the family up at The Coombe, is told with simplicity and a strong moral purpose.

#### NINE BOOKS ON DIVINITY.\*

BISHOP LIGHTFOOT tells us in his preface that the subject of his work on the Apostolic Fathers has been before his mind for nearly thirty years; the portion comprising St. Clement appeared some time ago, but that now offered to the public "was the motive, and is the core, of the whole." Certainly if it be in itself matter of regret that anything should have interrupted his studies on the Pauline Epistles, there can be no doubt that in the vexed question of the Epistles of St. Ignatius he has found a *dignus vindice nodus*, and—we may at once add—the knot has found a workman who knows how to unravel it. That the publication of this elaborate and learned disquisition has been long delayed through the multifarious labours of the episcopate is intelligible enough, but its appearance supplies a gratifying proof that, in gaining an exemplary bishop for one of her chief Sees, the Church of England has not—as might have been feared—had to lose the services of one of her ablest scholars and divines. It need hardly be said that the genuineness of the Ignatian Epistles, whether in the longer or shorter recension, has been for centuries past a moot point with rival disputants, not only as an interesting critical question, but on account of the weighty historical and theological issues involved. There are indeed five Epistles attributed to Ignatius which have long been abandoned as spurious by all competent critics, though generally accepted in the sixteenth century by leading Anglican divines like Whitgift, Hooker, and Andrewes, and cited freely by Jeremy Taylor in the next century. Bishop Hall however in his *Episcopacy by Divine Right Asserted* (1639) confines himself to the "seven confessedly genuine epistles," without pronouncing on the claims of the other five, now universally rejected as spurious, which moreover—it may be observed—add little to the distinct testimony of the seven. The genuineness of the seven was supposed to have been finally established by the discussion in the seventeenth century in which Pearson took a prominent part, and is accordingly assumed as indubitable in an article on the Ignatian Theology contributed by Dr. Newman to the *British Critic* in 1838. But when the article was republished in his *Essays Critical and Historical* in 1871, he added a long appendix—to which Dr. Lightfoot refers—in answer to the renewed assault made on the received text. For in 1845 Dr. Cureton put forward, from a Nitrian MS. of the seventh century, a Syriac version of three epistles only out of the seven, and omitting from those three several important passages found in the Greek, which he maintained to be the sole trustworthy authority for "what Ignatius himself wrote." And this view was for a time very widely accepted, among others by Dr. Lightfoot himself. It would be impossible within our present limits to attempt even a brief summary of the—to our mind exhaustive and incontrovertible—line of argument, based on evidence both external and internal, which has led him to a clear conviction of "the priority and genuineness of the seven Vossian Letters." For that our readers must be referred to the work itself. But when the force of his argument is sought to be overborne by the mere dogmatic assertion that "all impartial critics have condemned the Ignatian Epistles," we may justly reply with him that "this moral intimidation is unworthy" of scholars, and that no respect is due to "the academic terrorism," which in the

\* *The Apostolic Fathers, S. Ignatius, S. Polycarp.* Revised Texts, with Introduction, Notes, Dissertations, and Translations. By J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., Bishop of Durham. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

*A Commentary on the First Epistle to the Corinthians.* By T. C. Edwards, M.A., of Lincoln College, Oxford, Principal of the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth. Second edition. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

*Easter in St. Paul's: Sermons bearing chiefly on the Resurrection.* By H. P. Liddon, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's. 2 vols. London: Rivington.

*Zachariah: his Visions and Warnings.* By the late Rev. W. L. Alexander, D.D., Edinburgh. London: Nisbet & Co.

*Four Centuries of Silence; or, from Malachi to Christ.* By the Rev. R. A. Redford, M.A. London: Nisbet & Co.

*Lectures on Ecclesiastes delivered in Westminster Abbey.* By G. G. Bradley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

*Christ for To-day: International Sermons by Eminent Preachers of the Episcopal Church in England and America.* Edited by Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

*The Life of Duty: a Year's Plain Sermons on the Gospels and Epistles.* 2 vols. By H. J. Wilmot-Buxton, M.A. London: Skeffington & Sons.

*Bible Readings selected from the Pentateuch and Book of Joshua.* By Rev. J. A. Cross. London: Macmillan & Co.



present day bids fair to usurp the place of the ecclesiastical terrorism of a former age.

There are two main reasons which give a special controversial significance to the Ignatian Epistles, one concerning the evidences of Christianity itself, the other concerning one of the chief questions in debate between rival schools as to the constitution of the Christian Church. As to the first point, Bishop Lightfoot is fully justified in insisting that the issue raised is more vital to the assailants than to the apologists of Revelation. To the disciples of Baur the rejection of the Ignatian Epistles is essential, for otherwise their reconstruction of Christian history, on a purely humanistic basis, must fall in ruins on their heads; but to believers in the traditional view of the origin of Christianity it would be but as the loss of one—though a strong—buttress in a fabric sufficiently stable without it. But the authenticity of the text has a more critical bearing on the vexed question of the divine origin of episcopacy and other kindred points of the Church system. The writer, as Dr. Lightfoot puts it, appears throughout as the staunch advocate of episcopacy, and if that writer be really Ignatius, who was martyred about 107 A.D., and according to the common and not improbable tradition was a disciple of St. John, his Epistles contain far the clearest and fullest contemporary evidence extant to the fact that already, at the end of the first century, and during the life of that Apostle, the episcopate was established and widely extended throughout the Christian Church. It does not indeed necessarily follow that the diocesan system, as we understand it, was in full working order everywhere, and Dr. Lightfoot and Dr. Newman—to whose language he refers—seem to be agreed in recognizing a gradual development of the scheme of “local jurisdiction,” while they both assign to it an apostolic origin. Dr. Lightfoot speaks of the stress laid by Ignatius on episcopacy, “as the keystone of ecclesiastical order and the guarantee of theological orthodoxy”; and it may be added that he throughout assumes as matter of course its place in the Church system, and does not undertake to prove it, as though open to dispute. It must be recollected however, as there is apt to be some confusion of thought on the subject, that there are two points of view, distinct though coincident, from either or both of which the episcopate may be regarded as essential to the divine constitution of the Church—namely, as a hierarchy of ecclesiastical government, and as the sole legitimate channel of “the grace of order” to the priesthood. In the former respect a gradual organization of episcopal rule is not incompatible with a belief in its divine origin, just as Roman controversialists of any learning are usually willing to admit a growth of papal powers. But it is not easy to apply the same reasoning to the doctrine of the Christian priesthood, and here—as appears from his language in the present work, as well as in the “Dissertation on the Christian Ministry” in his Commentary on the Philippians, to which he refers his readers—Bishop Lightfoot would part company with the advocates of “sacerdotalism,” whether Anglican or Roman. But the question is not one brought directly under discussion in the present work, which is critical rather than theological in the strict sense of the term. It is a monument of conscientious and learned labour which, for reasons already indicated, must have a permanent value for the scholar and the divine, while it forms an important contribution to the literature of Christian Apologetics. We may add that the brief and graphic sketches of the life of St. Ignatius and St. Polycarp in the first volume have an historical interest of their own, and throw much light on the relations of the Church and the Empire, and on the apparent but very explicable paradox that the best Emperors were usually the most ruthless persecutors of their Christian subjects.

Mr. Edwards has dedicated his *Commentary on the First of Corinthians* to his “two revered teachers,” Professor Jowett and his own father, the Rev. Louis Edwards, Principal of the Welsh Presbyterian College at Bala. It may hence be not improbably inferred that he is himself a Presbyterian, and there is certainly nothing in the tone of the Commentary to discredit such an inference, though it cannot be said that the writer shows any undue eagerness to thrust his own opinions on controverted matters to the front. The work is in the main more critical and grammatical than theological, and is largely made up of citations from previous, especially German, commentators, such *e.g.* as Olshausen and De Wette. Mr. Edwards appears to consider Calvin’s on the whole the best Commentary on Corinthians, and he is certainly right in preferring it, alike for learning, ability, and balance of judgment, to Peter Martyr’s, who made the Epistle a stalking-horse for his own judgment on burning religious questions of the day. Among Roman Catholic expositors he assigns the first place to Estius, and here probably he is right, but scriptural exegesis is not a strong point with modern divines of the Church of Rome. In saying that the Commentary was suggestive rather than otherwise of Presbyterian, or at least Nonconformist, authorship we were thinking chiefly of the writer’s treatment of sacramental doctrine. He tells us for instance that in the Eucharist—the italics are his own—“the essential thing is that the symbolical acts *should be done by the recipients themselves, either individually or through their president as representing them.*” And he insists more than once on “the real identity of the sacraments under both dispensations,” Jewish and Christian, which is hardly consistent with regarding them as channels of supernatural grace. On such central doctrines as the Resurrection Mr. Edwards speaks with no faltering voice; “If Christ did not rise from the dead, His disciples must have been deceivers.” The Commentary on the whole is painstaking and laborious rather than suggestive; it will be

found useful for reference, but does not add much to our previous means of estimating the contents of the Epistle. It would be a great convenience to those who desire to consult it if in any future edition the Index references were given to the page instead of the chapter and verse.

The time is long past when the appearance of a new volume of Sermons by Dr. Liddon, confessedly one of the first preachers in the Church of England, could need more than to be announced in order to secure a wide circle of readers. The crowds which fill the whole area of St. Paul’s from the altar to the western doors when his turn for preaching comes round have for several years sufficiently attested the popular estimate of its value. But a preacher may be popular, at least for a time, with little else than a fine voice, a ready speech, and perhaps a winning or commanding presence to arrest attention. It is to no such casual attractions that Dr. Liddon owes his distinction, though his admirable use of a penetrating and well-trained, if not naturally powerful, voice has no doubt helped to maintain the numbers of the immense audience gathered round his pulpit; people do not care to “sit under”—still less stand under—the most eloquent preacher, if they cannot hear him. But while the delivery is excellent, the matter of the sermons is fully equal to the manner, and well repays the most careful study; hence they lose nothing by appearing in a printed form. The discourses in the two volumes now before us, preached during the last fifteen years in the author’s April or Easter months of residence, naturally centre round the great subject of the Resurrection, which is approached from various points of view, theological and practical. The sermons are not in form controversial, but it will strike every attentive reader how much light is incidentally thrown on many burning questions of the day, such for instance as the Comtist and Annihilationist theories of immortality; the proposed revival of the Pagan practice of cremation; the modern tendency to “spiritualize”—in the sense of evaporating—Christianity, without professing to repudiate it; the alleged inconsistency of the different Evangelical narratives; the real ground of current objections to miracles; and the inevitable, though often unrecognized, action of the will in deciding on evidence where practical as well as speculative considerations are involved. We are glad to see that Dr. Liddon proposes to publish others of his St. Paul’s Sermons, preached during August and December, which are sure to be welcome to many both of those who did and those who did not hear them when delivered. There are many passages in the present volumes we should have been glad to quote, did space permit; but, after all, isolated extracts can do little justice to the argument of deep and closely-reasoned discourses like these; they should be studied as a whole.

This posthumous collection of Dr. Alexander’s *Visions and Warnings of Zechariah* is reprinted from the *Homiletic Magazine*. The editor tells us that it is “scholarly and suggestive,” and will make the study of Zechariah “an increasing joy to many a minister.” It is certainly scholarly and temperate and sensible, and for anything we know may rejoice the hearts of many Scotch ministers; but “suggestive” is hardly the epithet that would have occurred to us. It is not original, though that need not be any disparagement to a commentary on Prophecy. The author appears to have largely availed himself of the labours of previous interpreters, such as Ewald, Hengstenberg, and Dr. Pusey. He belonged, we presume, to one of the two great divisions of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland, and it will readily be understood that he adopts the orthodox method of exegesis, and maintains in the main the received acceptance of the Messianic prophecies. In some detailed cases, as *e.g.* in his comments on Zech. xii. 10 and xiii. 6, he makes what appear to us to be rather gratuitous difficulties. The book will find readers, but we doubt if those who are acquainted with Pusey’s *Minor Prophets* will gain much new information from it.

The next publication before us is also a reprint from the *Homiletic Magazine*, and on an interesting theme. Mr. Redford, Professor of Systematic Theology at the Congregationalist Institution of New College, St. John’s Wood, is quite right in thinking that the *Four Centuries of Silence from Malachi to Christ* constitute a period which has been too much neglected by students of theology; and he is equally right in his modest disclaimer of having thrown any new light upon it himself from independent researches. A great part of the volume is indeed little more than a patchwork of long extracts from well-known contemporary writers, such as Ewald, Edersheim, Stanley, and Westcott. However he has put together in readable form a good deal of information which will be new to many of his readers. The two most interesting chapters perhaps are those on the Septuagint and the Apocrypha, though we are by no means prepared to endorse his very one-sided and disparaging estimate of the latter. He justly observes that the Septuagint, which “to a large extent superseded the Hebrew Bible, and was for a considerable period the sacred volume of the Christian Church,” must be regarded as “a chosen instrument of Divine Providence in the work of human salvation.” He might have added that modern criticism recognizes in some cases a closer fidelity to the lost original in the Greek than in the Hebrew text, and that it is the one usually cited by our Lord and His Apostles in the New Testament—according to Grinfield’s *Apology for the Septuagint*, in 300 quotations out of 350 from the Old Testament; the Greek text is even made the basis of an argument in passages where it differs materially from the Hebrew, as in Heb. x. 5-7. Mr. Redford regards it as the chief use of the Apocrypha to mark “the spiritual degeneracy of the nation,” and serve as a foil to “the true Bible.” He insists that

it was never quoted by our Lord or by Apostolic writers, and that as soon as the early Church undertook to discriminate Scripture from other books it was "decisively relegated to a lower place." All this is misleading enough, and to speak of the "ritualism" and "lower religious tone"—the italics are the author's—of books like Wisdom and Ecclesiastics—as compared e.g. with Ecclesiastes—is nothing short of absurd. It is true that in these books "good works are dwelt on as specially acceptable to God," but the same indictment may be urged against books which he presumably accepts as canonical, such as St. James's "Epistle of straw." And the fact is that passages from the Apocryphal books are cited in the N. T., as also from others no longer extant, like the "Revelation of Elias," while on the other hand several canonical books of the O. T. are never cited at all. The hatred of the Jews for Greek learning and literature in every form after the fall of Jerusalem fully accounts for their rejection of the Septuagint and the apocryphal—or, as they were styled in the early Church, deutero-canonical—books contained in it. These books do not, it is true, occur in the Laodicean Canon—to which perhaps Mr. Redford refers—as neither does the Apocalypse, but they are all included in the Canon of the great African Council of Hippo a few years later.

Dean Bradley, like Mr. Redford, is careful to intimate in his preface that his *Lectures on Ecclesiastes* are not based on any independent researches of his own; he tells us—what soon indeed becomes obvious to the reader—that he is no Hebraist, and has no acquaintance at first hand with the Rabbinical or patristic literature of the subject. The lectures were delivered in the Abbey on Saturday afternoons, according to a plan initiated by the late Dean Stanley shortly before his death, and we can easily believe that his hearers found them interesting; but it may be doubted whether in a published form they would attract many readers if emanating from an author without a handle to his name. The tone is religious and sympathetic, but it cannot be said that the lecturer throws any fresh light on the perplexing theological and historical problems suggested by the Book; he scarcely even professes to do so, as may be gathered from his own fairly accurate summing-up of what he has and has not essayed; "Great pains have been taken to let the author speak for himself"—which he can do without an interpreter—"No attempt has been made to force upon him any fixed purpose at all, other than that of 'thinking aloud' the manifold, sometimes conflicting, views, precepts, and feelings that he was moved and guided to utter." We presume "moved and guided" means that he was inspired, but that is hardly the impression conveyed by the lectures generally. Dr. Bradley is convinced—chiefly, it would seem, on internal evidence—that Solomon was not the author of Ecclesiastes, and that it is the latest portion of the Old Testament canon, though he declines to fix any precise date, beyond insisting that it was written at a time when the older Jewish belief in a retributive Providence here below had been shaken to its base by adverse experience. As to how much the unknown writer did or did not believe of religious truth, and what lessons, religious or other, he meant to teach, and how far he was speaking for himself only or under a higher illumination, the Dean leaves us very much in the dark. These are no doubt difficult questions to answer, but there is little help to be gained from a commentary which analyses the text but fails to show the interpretation thereof.

*Christ for To-day* is a very fanciful, and will strike many readers as a not very reverent, title for what is in fact simply a miscellaneous collection of twenty sermons by as many English and American preachers—ten of each, sandwiched in alternately—having no common subject or special relation of any kind to each other. The preface contains the conventional notice, prefixed to all such miscellanies, from *Essays and Reviews* downwards, that "no author is responsible for the views expressed by his fellow-contributors"—which is just as well, as the "views" are sufficiently heterogeneous—but it does not inform us where or when the various sermons were preached, or why or on what principle they have been strung together into a volume. Of the English preachers some—like Archdeacon Farrar, Canon Scott Holland, and Mr. Llewelyn Davies—were already well known to such educated Englishmen as carry out the injunction conveyed at their baptism "to hear sermons," or read them; of the American preachers the best known in this country is Mr. Brooks. But we are not sure that those who are best known appear at their best in this volume, though the specimens are certainly characteristic. Dr. Farrar is perhaps more than usually declamatory and rhetorical, the rhetoric and declamation culminating, as might be expected, in a vehement exhortation to suppress by force of law, and in spite of the "idols" of "spurious liberty" and vested interest, "the chief cause both of vice and pauperism, drink." Mr. Scott Holland, if eloquent, is more *suo* lyrical and inconsecutive; and even Mr. Fremantle's very "broad" theology is strained in the desperate endeavour to prove that avowed Atheists and Agnostics are really theists, if not Christians, only they somehow refuse to see it themselves. Among the English discourses perhaps one of the most striking, though of a peculiar kind, is Mr. Brooke Lambert's; among the American we may specify those by Bishop Harris of Michigan, and Mr. Arthur Brooks of New York. Speaking generally they savour more of the essay than the sermon type; there is very little "unction" in them.

Of an entirely different and less ambitious kind are the short and pithy sermons on the Epistle or Gospel of the day for all the Sundays and chief Festivals of the Christian Year, collected, in two volumes, under the title of *The Life of Duty*, by Mr. Wilmot-

Buxton, Vicar of St. Giles-in-the-Wood, North Devon. It may be presumed that they were preached in the author's rural parish, but no intimation is given on that point. We have called them pithy; we might almost have said epigrammatic. Take for instance the opening of the first sermon on the "Battle of Life." "One of the most saintly priests of our Church was lately asked, by a member of one of the newest sects, this question: 'Have you found peace, my brother?' 'No,' was the quick answer, 'I have found war.' This, I think, is the experience of every one who is trying to lead a godly and Christian life." Or again, to give a somewhat different example, the Trinity Sunday Sermon opens thus: "When Dante had written his immortal poems on Hell and Purgatory, the people of Italy used to shrink back from him with awe, and whisper, 'See the man who has looked upon hell.' To-day we can in fancy look upon the face of the beloved Apostle, who saw heaven opened, and the things which shall be hereafter." But if epigrammatic, these sermonettes—or *prônes* as the French would call them—are never flippant or obscure, and quite deserve their second title of "plain sermons." They are incisive, but at the same time earnest, simple, and intelligible to unlearned as well as learned hearers, who usually form the bulk of the congregation in a country parish. In some respects they remind us of Mr. Baring Gould's published sermons, only they are not near so copiously interspersed with illustrative anecdotes. The tone is throughout orthodox and devout, and many clergymen who are overworked or deficient in preaching power—which is no inappreciable accident of the pastoral office—might find these volumes very helpful and suggestive.

Mr. Cross may be quite right in thinking that the Old Testament is not read as much as it ought to be, but it does not necessarily follow that it will be more studied in the shape of *Bible Readings*, i.e. little cuttings—of a dozen verses or so, more or less—arranged under different headings, than in the original. That can only indeed be tested by experience, and the compiler does not plead any such proof; but he argues that the constant digressions hinder the general reader from following the thread of the narrative, and this hindrance he has undertaken to remove. We cannot say that "elegant extracts" are ever much to our own taste, whether from sacred or profane literature, but tastes vary, and some parents may perhaps find a manual of this sort useful for the religious instruction of their children. It is a handy little volume, printed in clear though rather small type, and comprising about 150 short passages extracted from the Pentateuch and Book of Joshua, without note or comment of any kind.

#### LODGE'S MODERN EUROPE.\*

THE latest contribution to Mr. Murray's admirable series of Students' Manuals supplies a want which has been distinctly felt. Between Professor Freeman's "General Sketch" and the valuable but ponderous work of Dr. Dyer there has hitherto been no intermediate work, and there can be no question that the present volume will be eagerly welcomed by that large class of students which desires something more detailed and definite than the "General Sketch," and is yet unable to afford the time for a careful study of Dr. Dyer. The measure of success attained by a work of this kind must be tested more than anything else by its arrangement. While it can afford but little scope for the display of the more striking and brilliant qualities of the historian, it makes no slight demands upon the author's capacity for clear and sensible exposition. To such demands Mr. Lodge has proved himself fully equal, while it is not difficult to discover, scattered throughout the book, traces of those higher qualities, for the more conspicuous display of which he will, we trust, find other and more appropriate opportunities in the future. As evidence of this thoughtful historical temper, we might instance the hints thrown out by Mr. Lodge as to the true character of the work of the Emperor Charles IV. It is clear from the few words devoted to that prince that Mr. Lodge differs, and, as we think, rightly differs, from the generally accepted view of the policy supposed to be embodied in the "Golden Bull."

But, as we have said, in considering the value of a work of this kind, we must look rather to general arrangement than to the treatment of particular points. Let it be said once for all that the design and arrangement are excellent. A full and accurate chronological table is inserted at the beginning of the book and a copious index at the end, while to each chapter is prefixed a careful abstract of its contents. Mr. Lodge, following the example of most recent historians, has chosen to make the fall of Constantinople in 1453 the starting-point of his *History of Modern Europe*. In many respects the date is a convenient one, and it would perhaps be difficult to suggest any other more logical. The forces which came into play for the first time during the latter half of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century unquestionably belong to the modern as opposed to the mediæval world. The break-up of the two great mediæval unities of Church and Empire before the rising importance of individual and separate nations, and of national Churches; the completion of monarchical absolutism upon the ruins of aristocratic oligarchies; the beginnings, very faint at first, of the acquisition of political power by the people; the growth of free thought; the expansion of commerce and the foundation of a colonial system;

\* *A History of Modern Europe*. By Richard Lodge, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College, Oxford. London: John Murray.



the great scientific discoveries rendering this development possible; the invention of printing almost coincident as it was with the wider diffusion of learning in consequence of the capture of Constantinople—all these things Mr. Lodge rightly regards as marking the commencement of the modern era. But, after all, the sixteenth century—or rather the two centuries between the fall of Constantinople and the Peace of Westphalia—must be regarded rather as the crisis of the change; it is not until the middle of the seventeenth century that we are definitely launched upon the modern era. Not that even so much is universally acknowledged. There are those who, with apparent sincerity and sobriety, date the beginning of the modern era from the Declaration of Independence and the Meeting of the States-General; at least one distinguished German Professor makes the accession of Frederick the Great the rigid line of demarcation between mediævalism and modern times, while a conspicuous English statesman will call nothing “modern” before 1846. Mr. Lodge, however, is in our opinion well advised in adhering to the usual practice.

After a brief but careful introduction, in which the essential difference between the modern and the mediæval era of European history are clearly brought out, the political condition of the different States in the middle of the fifteenth century is described. From that point each of the great successive movements of European history is boldly depicted; in the sixteenth century the interest is naturally focussed upon the rivalry of France and the Hapsburgs and the complex movement of the Reformation, the curious and significant interdependence and connexion of the religious and political struggles being strongly insisted upon and demonstrated. The progress of the Catholic reaction, the struggle between Spain and the revolted Netherlands, and the story of the religious wars in France—characteristically complicated by the political designs of the French aristocracy—brings us to the next period when the history of Europe can be focussed to a single point. The chapter on the Thirty Years' War is distinctly one of the best in the book. Mr. Lodge gives an admirable account of the causes, alike immediate and remote, and the progress of the war in its successive and, logically considered, almost disconnected phases, while interspersed in the narrative we have telling and effective sketches of the chief actors in the drama, especially of Wallenstein and Gustavus. To the supreme importance of the treaties of Osnabrück and Münster to Germany and the Empire Mr. Lodge is fully alive; but it appears to us that he somewhat fails to do justice to the importance of the Peace as an epoch in European history generally. Something of its importance, something of the nature and extent of the change effected by it, may be gathered from the contents of the succeeding chapters. The lucidity of arrangement to which we have before referred makes it immediately clear that the centre of interest for the next sixty years or more is transferred from Germany to France, only to return to Germany on the simultaneous accession of the Great Frederick and Maria Theresa, and then again to be re-transferred to France on the outbreak of the Revolution. After 1815 unity of treatment again becomes more difficult. It can be found only, if indeed it can be found at all, in the unanimity of the movement throughout the whole continent of Europe, stimulated, as it seemed, by a desire to mock the efforts of the diplomatists at Vienna, who had fondly cherished the delusive hope of reconstructing Europe on an eighteenth-century basis and in harmony with the prevailing tone of eighteenth-century ideas. Such reconstruction was impossible, and the fermentation aroused by the futile attempt is vividly indicated by Mr. Lodge. Apart from this perturbed under-current, resulting in alternations of “revolution and reaction,” the real interest of European history during the half-century after the Congress of Vienna must be looked for primarily in the preparations, sometimes conscious, but more often unconscious, for the consummation of German and Italian unity under the headship of the Houses of Brandenburg and Savoy respectively. The attainment of union by these Powers forms the subject of an interesting penultimate chapter, containing, by the way, a most appreciative and even eloquent sketch of the character and policy of Cavour. The concluding chapter is devoted to a careful review of the Eastern Question between 1830 and the Treaty of Berlin—a subject which may be regarded as possessing an interest secondary only, though of a wholly different kind, to that of German and Italian reconstruction.

It is impossible to do more than indicate thus generally the scope and purpose of Mr. Lodge's volume. Criticism of minute points would be out of place, even were it not, owing to the absence of controversial treatment, almost impossible. There are two omissions, both departures from the customary rule of the arrangement of this series, which appear to us to be on many grounds regrettable. Mr. Lodge decided, not, as it appears from the preface, without anxious consideration, to omit the genealogical tables which he had already prepared, and he contents himself with referring the reader generally, and once for all, to the “Genealogical Tables” of Mr. George. Admirable as that work is, indispensable as it is to the advanced student, it is not a work which is likely to be found in the hands of those readers for whom Mr. Lodge's book is presumably intended. Moreover, there are many portions of the narrative—as, for example, the account of the religious wars in France—where the addition of a brief genealogical table, if not absolutely indispensable, would contribute immensely to lucidity. The other omission which we regret is that of the “notes and illustrations” familiar to readers of these manuals. There are

many matters—somewhat technical or special—which seem to find their appropriate treatment in some such form rather than in the course of the narrative. Such, for example, is the history of the Parlement de Paris (of which it is only fair to say a most admirable *résumé* is given) which Mr. Lodge has inserted in the text by way of introduction to a singularly lucid account of the confused complications commonly known as the wars of the Fronde. These omissions are, however, of comparatively trifling significance, and they cannot be said to detract to any serious extent from the solid merits of a work which is, we trust, only the precursor of other works of a more pretentious and ambitious character from the same pen.

#### ESSAYS ON INDO-CHINA.\*

THE name Indo-China was the invention of that “versatile and fiery spirit” Dr. Leyden. It is a most convenient general term for the regions which lie between India and China and for the islands of the Eastern sea. The inhabitants of these countries have been, for the most part, contented to hang on to the skirts of the two self-styled most ancient among the nations of the earth and to derive from them their religion, their laws, their manners, and even the dynasties that have ruled over them. Their separation from one another, the different periods at which they settled where they now are, their feuds, and their greater or less connexion with the presumed parent empire, whether Semitic or Aryan, have, however, produced a diversity of national characteristics and language, by which they are distinguished not only from the Indian and Chinese nations, but from one another, and which render them a most interesting study in themselves. The longest of the papers contained in these two volumes is the identical article from the *Asiatic Researches* in which Dr. Leyden coined the name of Indo-China. It is, therefore, probably in compliment to his memory that the title has been chosen, otherwise we should be inclined to quarrel with it; for the great majority of the selections relate entirely to the Malay Peninsula and to the Straits Settlements generally, to the exclusion of the regions much more widely understood to be meant by that appellation. The papers have been extracted from Dalrymple's *Oriental Repository*, from the *Asiatic Researches*, and from the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*. In their actual form as they appeared in these serials many of them would have had little but an antiquarian interest, notably Leyden's essay on the Languages and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations, a task which would be beyond the erudition of the most daring spirit nowadays; but these reprints have been carefully edited by Dr. Reinhold Rost, of the India Office, who has added references to recent literature on the subject which serve at once to correct and to amplify the statements set forth and the theories propounded. In their present form, therefore, these papers furnish a most valuable collection and record of scientific information for the students of the Malay peninsula and archipelago.

One of the first of the papers relates to the “formation of the establishment on Pulo Penang.” Penang is the oldest of our Straits Settlements. It was purchased by Captain Light, acting for the East India Company, in 1786. Ten thousand dollars are annually paid to the Rajah of Kedah, and this subsidy is to be continued as long as we occupy the island. Captain Light gives the following account of his proceedings on taking possession:—

Captain Lewin and Captain Wall came ashore with several gentleman passengers; as I had not then hoisted the colours, I thought this a proper opportunity to take a formal possession. At noon we all assembled under the flag-staff, every gentleman assisting to hoist the British flag. I took possession of the island in the name of His Majesty George III. and for the use of the Honourable East India Company, the artillery and ships firing a royal salute and the marines three volleys. I named our new acquisition in honour of the Prince of Wales, it being the eve of his birthday; after this we adjourned to celebrate the day. . . . I brought here a very small force—100 new-raised marines, totally unacquainted with the use of the musket, or military discipline, 15 artillerymen, 30 lascars, Lieut. Gray, Sergt.-Major Gregg, Sergt. (of artillery) Dons, the Honourable Company's snow *Eliza*, and the *Prince Henry* store-ship.

The former inhabitants, we are told, numbered fifty-eight, men, women, and children. A French priest soon came over from the mainland with a hundred of his flock; but nevertheless the gallant captain was “in hourly dread of some mischance, from the ignorance of the people with me, and the envy of our neighbours.” These neighbours were the Dutch, who at that time held Malacca, and continued to hold it fitfully till 1825, when we finally took possession of it, six years after we had occupied Singapore, a hundred miles to the southward, by virtue of a treaty with the Malayan princes of Johore. Notwithstanding so humble a beginning, our Straits Settlements have been remarkable for their rapid progress. Penang now, a hundred years after Captain Light occupied himself in cutting down trees and clearing away the ground, and was very much troubled about the Acheen pirate-captain, who sent five *prahus* with betel-nut and pepper to the infant settlement, is a large town with fine public buildings, gardens, and wharves. In Beach Street, the chief line of business, there are hundreds of wealthy merchants, English and Chinese, and the revenue now administered amounts, roughly speaking, to a million and a half dollars annually. Not less curious is it to read “Some Account of Quedah,” the State to which we pay

\* *Miscellaneous Papers relating to Indo-China*. Reprinted for the Straits Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. 2 vols. London: Trübner & Co. 1886.

an annual tribute for our tenure of the island, and do not feel humiliated by having to do so. Here we are told "the river Prie lies next to Qualla Muda and opposite Penang. The place produces a little tin; it has, however, very few inhabitants, and those are of very suspicious character. Crean produces rattans and canes. This is the southern extremity of Quedah, and hence begins Perak." The country thus referred to is Province Wellesley, acquired by purchase, in order that we might be able to keep order on the mainland and have the better chance of suppressing piracy. The labyrinth of jungles abandoned to snakes and tigers and of waters infested with murderous pirates has been cleansed and reclaimed for industry and order. Well-made roads, better far than most country roads in England, extend from end to end of the province of 170 square miles. Almost the entire area is under cultivation, whether in sugar, rice, tapioca, coffee, or coconuts, and there are numerous large sugar-mills with machinery of the most recent kind. It seems almost incredible that at the beginning of the century this wealthy and prosperous district was part mangrove swamp, part impenetrable jungle. But in the strip of land immediately to the south we can see the transformation actually in the process of going on. The jungle has been cut down and cleared away; broad drains and embankments traverse it from end to end. In a year or two these will be improved into canals and roads, and then Krian, ceded to us twelve years ago, and formerly only producing rattans, will be a simple extension of Province Wellesley. The time has long gone by for us to have any uneasiness about the Dutchmen, and it is with a smile that we read Captain Light's indignant protest:—"A Makau ship intended to come here, but the Shabandar called the captain aside when he was about to depart, and told him by no means to stop at Penang, for there were thirty-four prows gone to cut off the settlement. The contempt and derision with which they treat this place, and the mean, dirty art they use to prevent people coming here, would dishonour any but a Dutchman." The laugh is now altogether on the other side. We can afford to smile at the twenty years' futile attempt of the Dutch to reduce to peaceable subjects the sturdy inhabitants of Acheen Head.

Besides these historical details there are many interesting papers on the natural products of the Archipelago, notably on the gold of Limun in Sumatra, which the writer inevitably identifies with the Mount Ophir of Solomon's time. There are also interesting accounts of the camphor-tree, with its bay-like leaves, and the then disputed point as to whether camphor oil and concreted camphor were to be found in the same tree; about the copper of Sumatra and the tin, lead, iron, sulphur, realgar, silver, and "birds' nests" of various parts of the peninsula. There is also a very bold suggestion in connexion with coral reefs. The writer was convinced that coral was a plant, and assigns it to the Cryptogamia of Linnæus, or the Herbe Imperfecte of Ray. The "plant," he tells us, is of three colours, red, black, and whitish-yellow, the last being the most common in Eastern seas. "It is of a fungous texture, equally hard out of and in its natural element; and its pores are charged with a juice of a milky appearance in some degree acrid. The bark covers every part of the tree, and contains a number of perforated papillæ, terminating in tubes, having two or more holes in each, intended, I imagine, for the admission of the matter affording nutriment to the plant." Having thus established his point, the writer proposes the construction of sheltering islands on the Coromandel coast. "To attempt to effect this a considerable amount of coral might be transported from this coast (Sumatra) at no great expense and sunk with stones and other substances in seven, eight, or eleven fathoms of water. In the course, probably, of forty or fifty years an island might be formed by the growth of this substance." The suggester of this project was not to be daunted either by the difficulty or the tediousness of the execution, or the sneers of those who might consider it chimerical and visionary. No doubt the demonstration that corals and corallines are the cretaceous habitations of animals and one of the links in the great chain of nature would, instead of dismaying him, have only fortified him in the conviction of the practicability of his scheme.

Ethnology is also not without its contributions in these volumes. There are some interesting notes about the inhabitants of the Pâgi Islands, a portion of the Mentawai group off the west coast of Sumatra. These Pogygy islanders, as the author calls them, seem to have been of a very friendly disposition, and neither so timorous nor so averse to foreign intercourse as the Nicobarees, the Salones, and others of the Negrito race to which they no doubt belong. They had a habit of tattooing themselves which might be interesting in determining their origin. As with the Burmese, the patterns employed were those handed down by immemorial custom, and it would be curious to ascertain whether any similarity is to be traced between these patterns and those with which the Burmans and Shans decorate their limbs. The Pâgi islanders begin operations when the boys are only seven years old, but they only trace at first a few outlines. They fill up the marks as they advance in years and go to war; the fact of killing an enemy being especially signalized. The women also are tattooed, but apparently only on the shoulders and hands, like Madras *ayahs*. The language, from the vocabularies given, would seem to be only a dialectical form of Malay. There is also not a little valuable information about the Battaks—that interesting race of civilized cannibals in the interior of Sumatra. With them cannibalism is a judicial formality—as when they eat condemned criminals; an act of international law,

in the case of prisoners of war, sentenced by prize court; or a pious rite—as when they eat their infirm and sick relatives, "in the season when salt and limes are cheapest." The whole is orderly set down in a code, for they are a lettered race. Dr. Leyden, however, seems to be wrong when he asserts that they write in a manner directly opposite to the Chinese—namely, from the bottom to the top of the line. If Junghuhn and Von der Tunk are to be believed, these Battaks write from left to right, just as we do. Their material for writing is a bamboo or the branch of a tree, and their pen is a kris. Their native forests, therefore, furnish them with ready-made paper; and, instead of pamphlets and volumes, they have sheaves of bamboo and literary faggots. This characteristic of their copy may have led to the contradictory statements as to the proper arrangement of the characters.

Dr. Leyden's paper on the languages of Indo-China is full of mistakes which later specialists have detected. His erudition was certainly more varied than accurate, but, on the other hand, it shows everywhere such marks of a genius for languages as can only make us regret that he should have died so young, when after a residence of barely eight years in India he could produce so comprehensive and industrious a sketch. It is useless to point out that his acquaintance with Malay was imperfect, and leads him to conclusions which cannot be accepted; that he very much exaggerates the difference between Arakanese (or Rukhêng, as he calls it), and Burmese, and that he does not justly grasp the relations between the Shans and the Siamese. The article is worth preserving if only as an incentive to others to carry out what he boldly but hopelessly attempted to do. Both these volumes, in fact, are full of most suggestive and valuable matter, from the natural history of the peninsula to the feasibility of a route across the Isthmus of Kra. We may hope that the Straits Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society will meet with sufficient support to justify them in continuing the selections of which these two volumes are a first instalment.

#### GRAY'S INN.\*

IT is the custom at the annual Congresses of local and also of national archaeological societies for the President of the year to deliver an address. As a rule, these addresses are somewhat wider in their scope than any delivered by ordinary members. They generally relate to the importance of some branch of research, history, architecture, or ancient art. Sometimes, but very seldom, there is a speech or a paper on the methods of antiquarian or historical inquiry. If during the season now approaching one or two of the veterans would take the trouble to show the rank and file of the great band of archaeological inquirers by what means to conquer difficulties and cut their way through obscurities, they would confer a double benefit on their followers. Puzzle-headed people might, in some cases at least, be prevented from further tangling the threads of history; and clear-headed people would have the use of some trustworthy tests by which to recognize genuine and valuable work, even under a bad literary style, or on a page bristling with names and technical terms. An experienced investigator might even lay out the subject in sections, and make rules for each. Topographical writers might, to take a single example, be taught the use of Domesday, as a governess teaches children the use of globes. "Do not quote it in isolated fragments." "Do not quote the passage about one place as applying to another, however near." "Do not quote it at all unless you understand it." "Do not quote it at secondhand." Rules like these would be superfluous in any other science; they are sadly necessary in archaeology. They are violated by a large majority of modern historical writers. Mr. Douthwaite, the author of the work before us, in spite of his painstaking industry, and the evident pleasure his subject affords him, offers his reader so many examples of the kind of error to which we refer that it is impossible not to notice a few of them, the more so as Mr. Douthwaite, perhaps unconsciously, puts them prominently forward himself. He has, in fact, added another to the numerous books which waste the student's time, as every author does who writes about things he does not understand, and who thinks he has discovered facts where he has only fallen into errors. Fifty or a hundred years ago, in what many of us account the dark ages of research, people either wrote without quoting at all from original charters and manuscript authorities or else took good care that the quotations and the deductions they made should be correct. Ellis and Kemble, or, to go a little further back still, Newcourt and Dugdale, if they made a mistake in the interpretation or the significance of a quotation, at least made it by their adhesion to some intelligible principle; and, if we had some rules for our guidance, we could have very little difficulty, if any, in reading between the lines and judging for ourselves where these our masters and leaders stumbled through the use of defective materials, and where through a faulty method. Mr. Douthwaite's account of *Gray's Inn* shows that increase of the means and ease of obtaining information does not conduce to increase of accuracy. As a typical example of the results of the modern system or want of system, it is well worthy of examination. Few writers have been more candid as to their own want of knowledge than Mr. Douthwaite. He expresses doubts where others could have con-

\* *Gray's Inn: its History and Associations.* By William Ralph Douthwaite. London: Reeves & Turner. 1886.



cealed them, and obtrudes difficulties which he has made for himself.

First, however, let us acknowledge that when Mr. Douthwaite has passed beyond the first two chapters his book is all that can be desired. The print is clear, the subject is well divided, there are many valuable quotations from original sources, the heraldry is correct, the descriptions of Staple Inn and Barnard's Inn are interesting just now, and there is an excellent index. Mr. Douthwaite is, perhaps, too fond of questionable authorities, and gives his readers hardly enough explanation of the legal terms he uses; but these are minor faults, and are certainly more easily pardoned than prolixity and fine writing, in neither of which he indulges. It is only while Mr. Douthwaite has to deal with the early history, with the time when Lord Grey had not built his Inn, and when the manor of Portpool belonged really as well as in name to a canon of St. Paul's, that good sources of information are misquoted, and unwarrantable deductions are made from them. His treatment of Domesday alone will prove the truth of this view.

Portpool, like Holborn and Rugmere, was a manor on the great western road, and belonged to the dean and chapter of St. Paul's at a time so remote that we may apply to it the common phrase in Domesday—"semper." It "always" belonged to St. Paul's. One of the canons was lord of the manor, and to this day Portpool is the name of a prebendal stall in the cathedral. The prebendaries, or canons, of St. Paul's used to let the lands of their manors on long leases, and sometimes at very small rents. In almost all cases these manors now bring in little or nothing to the Church. This is not the place to describe the gradual loss of the prebendal estates; but when Mr. Douthwaite undertakes to write a book, one of the most valuable, if not the most interesting, chapters of which would tell us how a canon's manor-house became a lawyer's Inn, what Portpool was originally, and why Lord Grey is remembered and the canon is forgotten, it is impossible not to wish that, before putting pen to paper, he had taken the trouble to learn what was the nature of a canonry, what may be extracted about the canonries of St. Paul's from the Domesday return, and, above all, which are the best opinions on the interpretation of early documents.

Mr. Douthwaite has not been at the trouble to search out any of these things; and, were it not, as we have already hinted, that he takes his reader into his confidence and confesses his sadly puzzled condition, we might feel more aggrieved. If any one is deceived by his show of learning, it is not Mr. Douthwaite's fault. He says himself of the chief seventeenth-century authority on Gray's Inn "he must be judged by no more and no less than the tests applied to any one who attempts to write of matters not within his personal knowledge," and this judgment fits so well to his own book that it is impossible not to notice it. That we are not too severe will be evident if we take a couple of examples. On p. 2 Mr. Douthwaite tells us that "Domesday Book contains no reference to the Manor of Portpool." This is literally true; yet, if any one cares to examine the question from a broader point of view than Mr. Douthwaite's, it will be found to convey an absolutely false impression. The Survey does not make mention of Portpool by that name, but it would be rash to assert that it does not make mention of it by some other name, and it would be quite impossible to prove that, with or without a name, it is not mentioned at all. The prebendal estates are carefully enumerated, and the seeker after knowledge on the subject naturally expects a writer like Mr. Douthwaite to find and identify the account of Portpool. The next sentence to that which we have just quoted shows how futile such an expectation is. Mr. Douthwaite goes on at once with Domesday. "Holborn, however, is mentioned," he says, and then follow the sentences relating to that manor, which we need not imitate Mr. Douthwaite by repeating out of their place. It is not unreasonable to ask why the Domesday account of the prebendal manor of Holborn should be inserted just at this point. Does Mr. Douthwaite think that, because the same street or road passed close to Portpool and Holborn, an account of the one will make up for an account of the other? If not, why did he quote it more than the account of Rugmere or Willesden or any other? We might pause in vain for a reply, only that on the very same page Mr. Douthwaite lets his reader see plainly that he knows nothing more about Domesday than if he had just seen it for the first time. He remarks briefly, "In the portion of Domesday Book which relates to Middlesex it is set forth that 'the Canons might give and sell their lands to whom they willed without the license of the Bishop.'" This astonishing passage would suffice, were other proof wanting, to convince us that Mr. Douthwaite has never learned what a prebendal manor is or what the Domesday Book is; and that, as we must acquit him of any object in misrepresenting the ecclesiastical laws of the eleventh century, he has not the slightest idea of the historical effect of such a sentence, could it be found anywhere in the original. It would, of course, be worse than useless to go fully into the strange questions thus started, and would, moreover, require space equal to two or three volumes as large as Mr. Douthwaite's; and the drift of the whole passage is so clear that it is almost a work of supererogation to explain it. On page 127 of the original record, as copied in facsimile by the Royal Engineers under Sir H. James, there begins a list of lands belonging to the Bishop of London. This list is described in the table of contents as relating to the lands of the canons as well as the bishop. Before enumerating the prebendal manors, the scribe gives a very

full account of the bishop's estate in Stepney, and notes among other things that Sired, who was a canon of St. Paul's, held two hides and a half. That this was not a prebendal estate, but was the private property of Sired—who, by the way, is no obscure character—we know from the next sentence:—"He might give and sell to whom he willed without leave of the bishop." This is the sentence which has misled Mr. Douthwaite, who not only makes one canon, Sired, into a noun of multitude, but overlooks altogether more than a dozen places further on where the manors of the canons are described as belonging permanently to "the demesne of the church of St. Paul." It is not either pleasant or profitable to go on with the enumeration of mistakes like these. There are many more, and we need not call particular attention to them. They are only important as showing that after the scientific study of English records has been inculcated by precept and example for well nigh a hundred years, and after the most difficult Latin, the most crabbed writing, the most obsolete terms have been interpreted in such a manner as to bring them within the reach of any sincere student of this or the last generation, the old system is preferred by writers who profess to teach topography, the same authorities are followed, and the misreadings, misinterpretations, and ignorant guesses which were barely excusable in Stow or Munday are perpetuated for the benefit of readers in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The history of the prebendal manor of Portpool—the stall in St. Paul's was held but the other day by the lamented Benjamin Webb—is well worth telling. If Mr. Douthwaite had simply omitted it, we should have been sorry; but, as it involves considerable labour and relates so slightly to the subsequent history of Gray's Inn, a good excuse might have been found. What we desire to point out, therefore, is not that Mr. Douthwaite has left it untold, but that he has attempted to tell it, and has done so in such a manner as to mislead the reader and to increase materially the difficulties in the way of the student. This object must excuse what might otherwise be considered a harsh judgment; and, if Mr. Douthwaite's volume stood alone, instead of being one of a large and unfortunately increasing class, it might have been better to leave his shortcomings without notice.

JACOB BOEHME.\*

THE Shoemaker of Görlitz is one of the most remarkable figures in the history both of theology and philosophy. No historical course in one or the other of these provinces of science can ever be regarded as complete unless a place is found in it for the man who is sometimes spoken of as the "Philosophus Teutonicus," sometimes as the "Theosophus Teutonicus." No other self-taught man has been able by the exceptional splendour of his genius to force his personality upon the unwilling notice of the greatest theologians and the greatest philosophers. Hegel, in his lectures on the history of philosophy, couples him with Bacon, and sees in the German shoemaker the antithesis to the English Lord Chancellor. It is Böhme's disadvantage to be as provokingly unreadable as Bacon is attractively readable. Even so perfect a master of English as William Law failed to procure for Böhme the attention of English readers, and Law was not the first Englishman who imagined that "Behmen" had treasures of wisdom to confer upon mankind which could not be learned from any other teacher.

Bishop Martensen's monograph upon Böhme's life and doctrine has long been regarded as the most lucid and comprehensive modern summary and interpretation of Böhme's encyclopedical system. He had the advantage of writing after the completion of Schiebler's carefully edited collection of Böhme's works, and after the laborious exposition of his system, with its documentary proofs, by Hamberger, as well as the numerous expositions of his doctrine by his Catholic and Protestant disciples and critics. Since the issue of Bishop Martensen's book, Dr. Hamberger himself has contributed a new article upon "Böhme" to Herzog and Plitt's *Real-Encyclopädie*. But the English reader has never before had so adequate and so readable an account of this wonderful man and his system as Mr. Rhys Evans has provided in this translation. The Englishing is so excellently done that the reader will seldom, if ever, be reminded that it is not an original English book. The translator has acted sensibly in adopting William Law's rendering of the excerpts from Böhme cited by the author.

Böhme has usually hitherto been known in England as "Behmen." Under that name, twice in the history of English theology—in the seventeenth century and in the eighteenth—the study of his works had an influence, deep rather than wide, not of long duration, and confined to a very small circle of serious and intelligent men. The first wave of English "Behmenism" appeared immediately after the parliamentary abolition of the episcopate, when the whole of Böhme's writings were translated out of the "High Dutch" by John Ellistone, John Sparrow, Durand Hotham, and Humphrey Blunden. The peculiarly German character of the theology and philosophy of the "Philosophus Teutonicus" found no sympathetic point of contact in the cold and hard Calvinism of France and Scotland, which then held unchallenged sway over the three public powers—the Church, the Parliament, and the army. The prevalent *Zeitgeist* was so Calvinistic, that a belief in the damnation of nearly all Englishmen may be said to have been accepted as a presumption of the fitness of a man for the offices of

\* *Jacob Böhme; his Life and Teaching.* By the late Dr. H. L. Martensen, Metropolitan of Denmark. Translated from the Danish by T. Rhys Evans. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

preacher, member of Parliament, justice of the peace, mayor, or colonel. The reaction amongst the cultivated classes against the Calvinist domination had been outwardly suppressed by the murder of Archbishop Laud, the abolition of the episcopate, the dragging of the Universities, the enforcement of the Covenant, and the expulsion of all so-called "Arminian" clergy from the parishes. But the great masses of the English people were never at any time Calvinistic, and their protest against the inhuman Puritanism of the ruling minority found its philosophical and theological expression in the doctrine of the saving light of Christ in every man, which the young Quaker ploughmen and apprentices adopted and preached with enthusiasm, in defiance of the allied Calvinist "ministry and magistracy," from end to end of England. The English students of "Behmen" were not sect-makers. They had no sympathy with the fashion and passion of the day for the definitive erection of the one and only perfect visible Church. They were content with the more modest aim of the German pietists of all times, the constitution of a sort of *ecclesiola in ecclesia*, whose function it is to recall the actual Church to the ideal from which it has apostatized. We constantly come across reference to "Behmenites" in the English controversial literature of the middle of the seventeenth century. They seem always to have been the members of a *Verein* rather than of a *Gemeinde*—a religious club or association rather than an organic church or congregation. The influence of the Cambridge Platonists—Henry More, Ralph Cudworth, Edmund Elys, and others—must have reached many who were in a Behmenite mood, separated what was wild from what was solid in their mysticism, and attracted and attached them to the Church of England. There is evidence that many of the Behmenites, after the rise of Quakerism and before the restoration of the national episcopate, were fascinated by the Quaker doctrines. Although these were solely preached at the first by young peasants and shopmen, they soon attracted men of culture like Barclay, Penn, Elwood, Fisher, and others. We have a suspicion, however, that Quakerism itself was in some degree a product of Behmenism. The young patriarch of the Quakers, although he speaks of going alone into the fields with his Bible, was not a reader of the "Bible only." His early mastery of the controversial points betwixt the rival Puritan sects—Presbyterian, Independent, and Baptist—shows that he must have been an omnivorous peruser of the quarto pamphlets with which the land was daily flooded. Amongst others, some of the early translations of Böhme probably came into his hands in Leicester or Grantham. It is worthy of notice that Giles Calvert, who became the official publisher to George Fox and the early Quakers, was also the publisher of some of the English translations from Böhme. We suspect that the mystical shoemaker of Görlitz—whom Bishop Martensen, by the way, differentiates from the Mystics—found his way in his English dress into the Vale of Beavor (Belvoir), and that the half-mystical young Leicestershire shepherd found him a more quickening and acceptable companion than the cold and hard Calvinistic theologians and casuists commended to him by his kinsfolk and by the preachers to whom he made pilgrimages in search of light and help. The singularly "Behmenite" tone of George Fox's description of his mental state after his conversion—that is, his final break with the Puritan and Calvinistic "apostacy," and his complete self-surrender to the direction and government of the Light within—can hardly be counted a mere coincidence of elective affinity. A Leicestershire shepherd, only twenty-four years old, with merely the ordinary schooling of the day, cannot possibly have drawn from his own unaided self-consciousness his curiously Behmenist language concerning nature and the "opening" of its secrets to the divinely-unlightened man:—

Now was I come up in spirit, through the flaming sword, into the Paradise of God. All things were New; and all the Creation gave another smell to me than before, beyond what words can utter. I knew nothing but pureness, and innocency, and righteousness, being renewed up into the Image of God, by Christ Jesus; so that I say, I was come up to the state of Adam, which he was in, before he fell. The Creation was opened to me; and it was showed me how all things had their Names given unto them according to their Nature and Virtue. And I was at a stand in my mind, whether I should practise physic for the good of mankind, seeing the nature and virtues of the creatures were so opened to me by the Lord.

As he had been shown by one revelation that "to be bred at Oxford or Cambridge is not enough to make a man fit to be a minister of Christ," so he now is shown a swift and easy way to be a doctor of the body as well as the soul. "The Lord showed me that such as were faithful to Him in the power and light of Christ should come up into that state in which Adam was before he fell; in which the admirable works of the Creation, and the virtues thereof, may be known, through the openings of that Divine Word of Wisdom and Power, by which they were made. Great things did the Lord lead me into, and wonderful depths were opened unto me." The business-like English sense of George Fox, and his ceaseless activity as propagandist and organizer of the growing Society of Friends in England, Holland, and America, saved him from the *Barbarei*, as Hegel calls it, of Böhme's queer chemical-theosophical, or rather alchemical-theosophical, nomenclature. The "Tinctures," "Sulphurs," "Salts," "Mercuries," and "Temperaments," which will always make it so severe a trial of patience to read Böhme—the nonsense through which we have to dig in order to get to his really profound and solid sense—proved more of an attraction than an obstacle to our great English recluse and mystic

of the eighteenth century, William Law. He accepted without misgiving, as genuine science, this provoking and intolerable terminology. Yet Law was one of the clearest logicians and one of the most severely practical moralists of an age which prided itself upon its rationality and its cold common sense. His "Letters to Bishop Hoadly" establish his claim to the former quality, and his unequalled "Serious Call," the admiration of Dr. Johnson, to the latter. It is also a not insignificant coincidence that, if Law was not the father, he was undoubtedly the "grandfather," of what may be called the Quakerism of the eighteenth century, the anti-Calvinist and enthusiastic propagandism of the early Methodists. It is probable that Böhme still has in England a few isolated disciples who delight in the obscurity which their master commended as a discipline. Not many years ago we heard in Germany of a small party of Englishmen who visited Görlitz to collect some earth from Böhme's grave.

#### UPLAND AND MEADOW.\*

EVER since the Rev. Gilbert White settled in his green Hampshire retreat, a new dignity has been given to the quiet examination of rural and even local matters. The philosophers always admitted in theory that, as Sir William Waller put it, "he that walks with nature can never want a good walk and good company," but in practice they were apt to disdain the details of such company. It is to John Ray that we owe the right to keep our eyes open when we walk abroad. It will be remembered that it was upon evidence given by him that the Courts put aside an appeal against a will on the ground that the testatrix, having been an observer of flies and grubs, must have been mad. Mr. Ray gave assurance, upon oath, that it was no certain proof of lunacy to watch the habits of worms. That was two hundred years ago, and it is half so long since White first gave a literary charm and importance to the record of such observations. We ought to be preparing ourselves for some sort of centenary celebration, for in 1889 it will be a century since the *Natural History of Selborne* was published. That wonderful volume has borne fruit a hundred-fold, and is represented in our own day not only by such skilful and accomplished books as those of Mr. Richard Jeffries in England and Mr. John Burroughs in America, but by numerous volumes less ambitious than those, in which conscientious naturalists put down without any affectation the results of their daily patient watch over one restricted spot of the world's surface. These books make no claim upon the reader's time; they seem to gossip on whether he attends to them or no. They scarcely can be considered literature in this their humble form, but they contain a great many pleasant and refreshing things pressed together between two stamped covers.

Dr. Abbott's *Upland and Meadow* belongs to this latter class, or to a class a little above it. The author does not make the smallest pretension; he records his little facts, his little reflections, and his little jokes. We wander on, now arrested by a curious and charming bit of natural history, now lulled to sleep by this sort of thing:—"A steady rain and dense fog were the prominent features of the day. How quickly the weather changes from one extreme to the other!" There is no central thread, except, to some extent, the revolution of the year. In this respect the book resembles those note-books of Thoreau's which have been published since his death, somewhat unfairly, since he can never have intended them to be presented to the public in so crude a form. Dr. Abbott's book is certainly inartistic in construction; but, as we hinted before, it is hardly to be considered as a book. As a large diary of the notes of a naturalist it has its value and a genuine charm. The way to read it is to run over its pages, and to extract from them whatever happens to amuse us.

Such central interest as there is hangs about the brief career of the Poaetquissings. If the startled reader inquires who it was who "impos'd and christen'd and conferr'd a name" so terrible as this, he is referred by Dr. Abbott to one Campanius, of Stockholm, who, writing of New Sweden two hundred years ago, declared that "at Poaetquissings Creek is everything that man can desire." This quaint Indian name, given to some rivulet, not far from Trenton, on the New Jersey side of the Delaware, has ceased to be in use for generations. Dr. Abbott is therefore left free to guess which of all the creeks in that neighbourhood it might have been. He assumes that a certain "decent ditch" which he loves, too narrow for the use of a paddle, but just wide enough to float a little boat, a ditch which carries patches of water-plants, full of fishes, whose banks have muskrats and shrews, and star-nosed moles in their burrows, whose pendulous birches are alive with red-wings in February, that this delectable minor water-way is Poaetquissings. His principal reason for such an assumption seems to be that the said creek contains "everything that man can desire," if man is a naturalist. By climbing a big button-wood the whole realm of Poaetquissings can be seen at once, her springs, her gathering floods, the meadow she dreams along, the cedar-knoil that she cuts through to reach her river, and, to close the prospect, that river itself. Her own trees are relic of antiquity, though sadly thinned. Yet there are pin-oaks left growing that were more than saplings when Penn juggled these provinces out of the hands of the Delaware Indians. The creek was once tidal, and navigable too; but the thrifty Quakers

\* *Upland and Meadow: a Poaetquissings Chronicle.* By Charles C. Abbott, M.D. London: Sampson Low & Co.



of New Jersey found that the waters encroached on good land, and they built flood-gates to keep out the tide. These now are in ruins, and nature has perversely insisted on their adding a touch of unwilling beauty to the scene.

Up and down this little creek Dr. Abbott is at home in winter as in summer. He finds that it contains all that he can desire. He has peered down into its vitreous depths until he knows every pebble and waterlogged tree on the bottom of it. Once, in the depth of winter, he had an odd experience while peering down. He was anxious to watch what life might be going on under the ice, and for this purpose lay flat down on his face, covering himself entirely with a blanket, to exclude the local light. Suddenly a sense of agony in his ankle brought the investigator to his feet. A weasel had felt impelled to walk out and examine this curious flat object, and, pushing its snout under the blanket, had instituted an inquiry of the most searching kind with its horrible little jaws. But, as a rule, the only disturbance which Dr. Abbott has to record comes from the crows, who laugh at him, or from the insects in the roots of the water-weeds, who bite him; and neither of these inflictions is more than a manly patience can endure. The sauciness of the birds is very pleasant for us to read of who live in a country where most feathered things have been brutalized out of their happy audacity. Here is an amusing account of the turning of the tables upon those impertinent fly-catchers, the king-birds:—

Their petty attacks upon larger birds do not really indicate courage, for they are so active on the wing that, unless directly pursued, they can dodge such birds as they follow and snarl at. I have not disturbed those nesting in the apple-tree, although they are at times a veritable nuisance; but I undertook to retaliate for the innumerable attacks upon crows and grackles. Purchasing a gaudy red and yellow bird-kite, made in China, as I judged from its appearance, I waited until the wind was fresh, and then sent it flying over the meadows in full view of the nesting king-birds. How they scolded! "A hawk so near us, indeed!" they seemed to exclaim. "That is too much," said paterfamilias to his mate, and away he flew, mounting the air, several yards above my very peaceful but agitated kite. As the king-bird swooped down I gave the string a violent pull, and thus the kite seemed to be darting from him. This emboldened him, and, screaming louder and louder, he swooped nearer and nearer. Now was my chance. Seeing that he was confident of victory, I waited until he swooped once more, when, instead of jerking away the kite, I cut the string. The wind carried it towards the king-bird, which, unable to check its downward progress, plunged headlong through the gaudy paper covering. Frightened nearly to death, down he came almost to the ground, then he bolted westward in a bee-line, and when last seen was like a grain of shot in the distant horizon.

Not until late the next day did I see that valiant king-bird, and I doubt if he ever attacks a red hawk again.

There are proofs in this unpretending volume of great care in first-hand observation. We are struck at the ingenuity with which the author, in order to discover whether the curious little cry of the bat is dental or not, put a strip of paper into the mouth of one, and searched it, after the cry had been given, for the pin-hole marks of teeth. But there is nothing in the book which has interested us more, or appears to us more valuable, than the record of experiments into the intelligence of that extraordinary insect, the ant-lion. We must quote part of this description:—

The pits of the ant-lions to-day were very abundant in the thin grass on the edge of the terrace. The little engineers had excavated their circular pits with wonderful nicety, and the grass was gray with the sand thrown out. I teased the occupant of one pit for some time by dropping a seed of giant hyssop into the depression, and no sooner had it touched the centre of the conical pit than the ant-lion seized and threw it out with great force. My astonishment was very great to find that larger seeds were thrown out with proportionately greater force, as shown by the increased activity of the animal. It seemed to test the weight of the objects I dropped in, and sent them spinning to such a distance that they could not roll back again. By great good luck I caught, at this time, a little black beetle not larger than a pin's head. This I disabled, and then let slowly roll into the pit. The ant-lion seized it at once, but not finding it available as food, or disliking the flavour, first gave it a tremendous shaking, moving it back and forth with a vehemence which evidently shook out its life, before it received the final toss which sent it an inch or more beyond the outer rim of the pit.

Dr. Abbott was satisfied from these observations that the ant-lion acted on a sort of reflection, and he resolved to test this still further. He suspended a good-sized ant by a fine thread, just out of reach of the ant-lion, who, we may observe, was not having what American ant-lions call "a good time." The ant was hung just beyond the fangs of the lion, but near enough for it to roll the sand down the sides of the pit as it struggled. What followed was very curious:—

This became an intolerable nuisance, and the enraged ant-lion emerged, and seizing the suspended ant, gave it one toss that sent it far beyond the pit. But the thread controlled its motions, and in a second it was back again, aided by a little movement that I gave it. The ant-lion again seized it, and, apparently realizing the situation, gave it a jerk which tore it from the thread, and then dragged it out of sight, beneath the bottom of the pit.

It is evident that the ant-lion would reward the attention of Sir John Lubbock. Here we must leave Dr. Abbott, who has not hunted the modest shores of Ponetquisings to no purpose. By altering one word we may say to him what Cowley said to Evelyn about his garden:—"I know nobody that possesses more private happiness than you do in your Creek."

#### A HISTORY OF CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.\*

A HISTORY of Catholic Emancipation which ends at such an unsuggestive date as 1820, and so stops short of the later and more important phases of the question, naturally suggests an inquiry as to the reason of its appearance, and as the answer to this inquiry will explain the general character of the book, it is worth dwelling on at some length. In dedicating his History to the "Catholic Young Men of England," the Rev. W. J. Amherst expresses his hope that it will lead them "to use their liberties as Englishmen in defence of their religion as Catholics," and the belligerent note thus sounded occurs again and again throughout his work. There is, he says, and few probably are better qualified to speak on this subject, "a fearful waste of talent and strength" amongst "Catholic young men" which "might be of essential service both to Church and State." How he thinks they should serve the State we shall point out later. By the Church he, of course, means the Church of Rome in England, and this he proposes to benefit by an organization of Roman Catholics similar to that formed by "the licensed victuallers at the general election of 1874." In a word, he would add another to the numberless "interests" that already exist to the vexation of candidates and the ruin of statesmanship. Now, so long as any body of men suffers injustice from the State, as was certainly the case with Roman Catholics before 1829, it is the duty of the aggrieved, not only for their own sakes, but for the sake of the State at large, to take all lawful means to obtain justice. But as regards the position of his co-religionists before the law, Mr. Amherst allows that there is little or no ground of complaint, and even in the administration of the law he seems only able to denounce the hardship they suffer from the fact that Boards of Guardians are not compelled to provide Roman Catholic chapels in their Union workhouses. Their grievances proceed from another source. "By public opinion we are," he says, "still a proscribed and grievously persecuted race." English constituencies do not return Roman Catholic members, and ladies, he believes, will not deal at shops kept by Roman Catholics. A struggle for Parliamentary power is to be kept up until "about fifty English Catholics sit in the House of Commons, and until about a quarter of the tradesmen in Oxford Street are Catholics." Does Mr. Amherst really imagine that the ladies who shop in Oxford Street, or, for the matter of that, in any other street, either know or care what the religious opinions are of the firms with whom they deal, or that any political organization will be able to persuade them to buy their dresses of Roman Catholic tradesmen, whatever their number may be, unless their goods are more fashionable or their prices cheaper than those of their Protestant neighbours? Clerical celibacy surely does not imply such a total ignorance of womankind as this? Nor can we see the "grievous persecution" implied in the fact that an English constituency returns the member who appears to best represent the opinions of the majority of the voters, and whom they therefore prefer to any other candidate. Their choice is, however, Mr. Amherst contends, decided by religious considerations, and this is "almost universally admitted" to be unjust. Setting this general proposition aside, it will at least be allowed that a candidate's religion must be taken into account if it is likely to influence his political conduct. Now the one rule laid down in this book for the guidance of the proposed Roman Catholic organization and for the fifty members whose return it is expected to effect is, that as "the power of Ireland is the power of the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom," it is "treason against the Church to say or do anything that may weaken it" (i. 250). If these words, like much else in these volumes, are ambiguous, their meaning is plain. And English Roman Catholics are further told that it is their duty to form so strict an alliance with the Roman Catholics of Ireland that, however deeply they "may disapprove of anything done by Irish Catholics," if they cannot defend, they should at least abstain from condemning their allies. This, then, is the way in which English Roman Catholic laymen are exhorted to serve the State. In the most important political question of the day, for the "power" of Ireland is of course merely a phrase for Home Rule, they are to be guided solely by sectarian considerations, and these considerations are to have such weight with them as to compel them to hold their peace, however strongly their consciences may urge them to protest against sedition and murder. We do not believe that they will approve of these doctrines, but, as they are constantly reminded here, they will find it difficult to act independently of their clergy. Mr. Amherst is indignant at a sentence in one of Mr. Gladstone's old magazine articles which seems to cast a slur on the loyalty of converts to Romanism. In this respect, of course, the English Roman Catholics are as a body as much above suspicion as their fellow-countrymen generally; and the majority of them will refuse to confine their loyalty to expressions of attachment to the reigning House, they will acknowledge that they owe a duty to their country, and will read with impatience such silly and mischievous assertions as that "there is in England a rooted jealousy of Ireland, lest she should become free and prosperous," that the English do not "wish peace and prosperity amongst the Irish," and that, "unhappily for Ireland, England's adversity does not often occur" (i. 270).

\* *The History of Catholic Emancipation and the Progress of the Catholic Church in the British Isles (chiefly in England) from 1771-1820.* By W. J. Amherst, S.J. 2 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1886.

Conscious probably that the line of conduct he marks out will not be approved by English Roman Catholic laymen, Mr. Amherst insists that, in any organization for political purposes, the one thing needful above all others is submission to clerical guidance. The absence of the supervision of the clergy would entail "heresy and schism," and it is in order to give force to this maxim that these volumes have been written. It is illustrated by the history of the English Roman Catholics from the formation of the Committee of Five Laymen to promote the interests of the whole body in 1782, to 1820, when Dr. Milner was forbidden to continue his contributions to the *Orthodox Journal*. Some account, indeed, is given of the sufferings inflicted both by the penal laws and by Protestant bigotry, and the debt of gratitude that Roman Catholics owe to the memory of Burke is fairly described and fully acknowledged. The leading facts in the Parliamentary history of emancipation are also, as far as the work goes, clearly stated. These, however, are made subordinate to the main subject of the book, the quarrels of the Roman Catholics between themselves. The question at stake was whether they should accept emancipation accompanied by "securities," by a special oath, or, later, by a concession to the Government of the right of "vetoing" any appointment to the episcopal office in England. The champions in these quarrels were Charles Butler, who upheld the policy of granting "securities," and Dr. Milner, the historian, who condemned it. The attempt of the Committee of Laymen in 1783 to obtain the authority of ordinaries for the Vicars Apostolic, in order to prevent the frequent recurrence to Rome, forms a kind of prelude to the greater contest; it was, Milner said, the beginning "of that system of lay interference and domination in the ecclesiastical affairs of English Catholics which has perpetuated disorder, divisions, and irreligion among too many of them for nearly the last forty years." In the matter of the Protestation and the Oath by which the Committee of Ten sought to satisfy Pitt at the time of the Relief Act of 1791, the independent action of the laity was opposed by the English bishops and defeated by their champion Milner. On the other hand, during the long dispute on the "Veto," which lasted from 1808 to 1815, the laymen, although they did not act without the sanction of the clergy, fell into the worse error of leading their spiritual guides, and Milner was left to fight the battle of papal authority alone with such support as the Irish bishops were able to give him. In both cases he was fully equal to the part he was called on to take. The disputes were carried on with great bitterness on both sides, and on the part of his opponents occasionally with some unfairness. More than their match in controversial power, Milner had a sharpness of wit and a habit of plain speaking that confounded the plans of his enemies. He triumphed, and the freedom and independence of the Roman Catholic Church in England are due to his energy and courage. Personally he suffered much. It would be hard to match the petty spite exhibited by the Select Committee of the Catholic Board who prevailed on him to attend their meeting in 1813 in order to have the opportunity of insulting him, or the contemptible subterfuge by which the Vicars Apostolic managed to exclude him from their "*quasi* synod" at Durham. Even Rome dealt hardly with her champion; for during the exile of Pius VII. his representative took the part of Milner's enemies, and though on the Pope's return he was declared to have defended the cause of the Church, his moment of triumph was embittered by a snub, and his opponents were finally gratified by a direct condemnation of the bitterness with which he attacked them. In all his troubles he bore himself, if not always as much like a saint as his admirers would have us believe, at least as a fearless and upright man. His unwearied energy and his gallant bearing, marred though it was by a certain roughness of temper, form the only pleasant feature in the miserable squabbles with which these volumes are for the most part filled. And though his subject is not devoid of interest, Mr. Amherst so frequently indulges in exhortation that his treatment of it is somewhat tedious. He will scarcely expect Anglican Churchmen to agree in the lesson he wishes to inculcate. Indeed, we must own that, considering the part played by the Vicars Apostolic in these disputes, we should not without his assistance have perceived that they prove that it is the duty of Roman Catholics to keep every political organization they may form in strict subordination to clerical direction. Mr. Amherst, as we have seen, complains much of Protestant bigotry, and is somewhat too quick in discovering traces of it. We must therefore note that he says that he "may almost describe" Scotch Presbyterians as having "an instinctive horror of anything Christian," and that "in the Church of England, as a Church, he cannot see anything respectable," though, as we beg to remind him, it is the Church of St. Augustine and St. Anselm, as well as of Jewel and Hooker.

#### THE WORKS OF SHOSHI CHUNDER DUTT.\*

THESE two volumes are in some respects not discreditable to a *Kirani*. What this term means is well known to Anglo-Indians; and a very competent authority, Colonel Yule, has thus explained it in his recent Glossary. A *Kirani* or *Cranny*, as it is often spelt, is he tells us, the term commonly used in Bengal for a

clerk who writes English, and "thence it is vulgarly applied generically to the East Indians or half-caste class, from among whom English copyists are chiefly recruited." The word, in fact, has a very wide range. The *Kirani* when a Hindu is very often of the Kayast caste. He is almost always scrupulously clean in attire and person. His pay may be from 50 to 100 rupees a month. He comes to his work, which may be at a bank, a mercantile house, or one of the many public offices in Calcutta, about ten o'clock and leaves it at five. Crowds of *Kiranis* may be seen at evening time wending their way over the Esplanade homewards to Bhowanipore or Kidderpore, in the southern suburbs of Calcutta. Sometimes they club together and take a palanquin carriage, or make use of the railway to Jadapore in one direction and Dum-Dum Road in the other. A *Kirani* has usually a large family, and he is always on the look-out to obtain appointments under Government for sons, nephews, and cousins without limit. But the unlucky part of the *Kirani's* career is that he rarely gets out of his own groove. To compile accurate statistics, to check copious returns, to revise accounts, to copy letters in a clerical hand, and occasionally to compose a rough draft of a reply to some irrepressible correspondent, for the approval or emendation of his superior in the department, is his daily and weekly occupation for years. He has no chance of becoming a Deputy Magistrate, a Pleader in the Civil and Criminal Courts, a Civil Judge, or a Police Inspector. The highest appointment open to him is possibly the headship of some department in the Bengal Secretariat or in the great house of

Messrs. Sherringham, Leith, Badgery, and Hay,  
Whom he had served for forty years, alack! and well-a-day!

That a native gentleman with no scope for his ambition, with intelligence developed by a good education, and with a certain literary turn, should spend his leisure in writing ballads, tales, squibs, and essays for magazines and for the "Saturday-evening newspapers" is all very right. The author tries to make out that, though his services were appreciated by the late Sir C. Beadon and the late Sir W. Grey when at the head of the Bengal Government, as well as by other high personages, he was rather elbowed out of place by Sir George Campbell. He only got the usual pension and was not, as he hoped, made an "Assistant Native Secretary." Very likely there may have been some hardship in his case. But similar rigid distinctions are not unknown in England. A permanent, non-Parliamentary Under-Secretary never rises to be a Minister, though he may have the details and principles of his office at his fingers' ends. No County Court Judge has hitherto been seated in the High Court of Justice. That *Kiranis* should pass their lives in copying circulars and improving schedules is, we fear, an immutable law of Anglo-Indian administration. Members of the Kayast or Writer caste in its higher divisions, Ghose, Bose, and Mitra; and then Dē, Dutt, Sing, Guho, Dass, and others, should send their sons to the Bar, or should not be above taking the post of a Mohurrir under the Kotwal or Darogah of Police—officers who have recently been dignified by some other much loftier appellations.

The two volumes before us comprise a number of sketches from Indian history, a variety of short essays detailing the writer's own experiences or those of his friends in the Calcutta Treasury, diverse Indian ballads, and some lays of ancient Greece, which latter make us wish that some of the harsh laws of caste forbidding intermarriages and meals at the same table could be applied to literary aspirants who venture into new fields. There are two tales rather longer than the rest. One is entitled "A Vision of Sumeru" in verse; and the other, in prose, is "Shunkur: a Tale of the Mutiny." To some Englishmen it is doubtless a source of wonder that a Bengali gentleman who has never visited England should write English in a style which if not always precise or accurate, is generally idiomatic, and is certainly not stiff, crabbed, or pedantic. We do not go so far in commending the work as several of the critics whose laudatory notices of the tales or ballads as they originally appeared are quoted in the preface with excusable pride. One reviewer goes so far as to style the writer "a member of the many races with which that historical continent is peopled," apparently holding that a Bengali Baboo may have some mysterious affinity with Sikhs and Purbias, Jats and Kurmis, or thousands of tribes who would not eat at the same table or smoke from the same hookah. It is significant, however, that the author takes the materials for nearly all his tales from Upper India and its warlike races; a King of Mewar who was murdered by his own son, who afterwards was struck dead by lightning; a Chohan Rajput, who with forty-five sons fell on the banks of the Sutlej—not in Lord Hardinge's campaign, but against Mahmud of Ghazni; the butcheries of Timur and Nadir Shah; the wives of the Mahratta Sevaji; and the deathbed and remorse of Aurangzeb—these episodes, varied by an address to the Ganges and a lament over the ruined shrines and the fallen greatness of Bengal Proper, lead to the conclusion that there is nothing heroic or captivating to be got out of the Lower Ganges. The "Vision of Sumeru" is worth more special notice. Sumeru is the sacred residence of the gods, situated, according to Indian cosmogony, in the centre of Jambudvīpa. The copious allusions to Hindu gods and goddesses; to Apsaras or heavenly nymphs; to Kali with her garland of human heads, blood-dripping; to the Trisula or trident of Siva; show that the author is dealing with familiar topics; and we should think that his miscellaneous reading had certainly included *The Curse of Kehama* as well as the earlier books of *Paradise Lost*. In the vision Brahma, the ruler of

\* *The Works of Shoshi Chunder Dutt*. Second Series. Imaginative, Descriptive, and Metrical. In 6 vols. Vols. I. and III. Vol. I. A Vision of Sumeru; and other Poems. 2. Reminiscences of a Kirani's Life. Vol. III. The Times of Yore; or, Tales from Indian History. 3. Shunkur: a Tale of the Indian Mutiny of 1857. London: Lovell, Reeve, & Co.



the universe, and Siva are at issue, and are only restrained from coming to blows by the persuasive eloquence of Ganesa. Marut, Lord of the Winds, is sent down to earth to see what mortals are doing and why they are forsaking the worship of the older deities. From the lips first of a youth and then of a child, the God of the Winds hears the doctrines of a higher and purer religion, to which Hinduism and its fierce idolatries are destined to give way. He returns with this message or prophecy to Meru, and causes as may be expected, intense excitement amongst the assembled deities. The author is careful to explain that the poem is a dream or allegory and that he does not wish to be regarded as a Christian. But we are bound to say that if any one might take offence at his style, arguments, or illustrations, it would certainly not be an Englishman. The poem, in fact, is an additional proof if one were wanted, that the old order of things is ending, and that as Macaulay prophesied fifty years ago, the discontinuance of the teaching of false history, false astronomy, and false medicine in our schools and colleges has been followed by a gradual disbelief in the false religion which was based on those so-called sciences. At the same time, a certain faculty of versification will not make a poet of Baboo Shoshi Chunder Dutt. He has read a good deal of poetry and he has some ear for cadence and rhyme; and that is all we can say. Here are two specimens, which, we can vouch for it, are no better and no worse than hundreds of his lines. The Sutlej still tells of the death of the brave Rajput:—

At midnight, 'neath the lightning's flash,  
And 'neath the tempest's roar,  
The exalting surge doth still recount  
The mighty deeds of yore.  
How with red light, through gloom of night,  
The sword of Goga gleamed,  
And how his sons, in glorious death,  
Their country's fame redeemed.

Of the conqueror of Delhi and his massacre we are told—

The vengeful sword, the pitiless torch,  
Have wrought the deed of shame,  
Imperial Ind lies sack'd and torn;  
O cursed be Nadir's name!

A political squib, purporting to be a translation from the Afghan Pushtoo, will hardly deceive anybody. It is a poor attempt at satire on divers Lieutenant-governors and secretaries under names which, like asterisks, do not hide the originals. And we are sorry to say that this is by no means the only instance of bad taste in the prose sketches. To describe a Magistrate as Mr. Bully and an aristocrat who is accused of forgery as Mr. Stanley Impudence, is wretched stuff. And it is quite in keeping with this to assert roundly that English heads of offices "invariably" call the natives "niggers." The "Tales from Indian History" are conceived in a better spirit, though it was inevitable that the author in exciting passages should put into the mouths of the speakers such phrases as "Here, friend, is a purse of gold for thee"; "Unhold the woman, slave, or thou diest"; "Unhand me, villain," she cried in wrath, and suiting her courage to her words, drew out a poniard, &c.; and "A buxom wench is not bad company to lodge with." This is in the right vein, but it is scarcely in keeping to put Scotticisms into the mouth of a Hindu girl at Delhi—"Hoot! man, leave your stale jokes." The fact is, as has been often remarked, literary or other originality is not the characteristic of the rising generation of educated natives. Many of them who read and write English have not been able to assimilate their knowledge and to be consistent in describing character and scenery. But we have other faults to find with this excursion writer. Few Indian novels or tales have been written in the last twenty-five years without some allusion to the Nana and his emissaries. It may be doubted whether any novel with a purpose is ever likely to surpass the *Tale of Cawnpore* as told by Mr. George Trevelyan. In "Shunkur: a Tale of the Indian Mutiny of 1857," the son of the ex-Peshwa is introduced, together with the astute Azimulla and a "Cossack-looking Mussulman," if the reader can imagine such a being. The terrible scene at the Ghaut is very briefly told, but a new incident is invented for the sequel when the remnant of the fugitives, thirteen in number, left their boat and found refuge in a temple and valiantly fought their way out of it. Their fate is graphically told by Mr. Trevelyan. When the mob tried to dig and smoke out this band of heroes, they boldly rushed out. "Six who could not swim ran full into the middle of the crowd, carrying their lives for sale to the best market. Seven reached the bank and flung in their firelocks, and then themselves." Of these last "two were shot through the head," one was stranded on a shoal and soon despatched. Four were saved by the loyal Dig Vijayah Sing, of whom Sullivan died from fatigue soon after he reached Allahabad. The three others, Captains Thomson and Delafosse and Sergeant Murphy, survived. But history accurately and vigorously told by the late Secretary for Scotland, is not suited to the Bengali Baboo. He varies it by rescuing two out of the seven, and inventing for them a short career distinguished by the blackest villainy. Their actions fully correspond to the sinister and hypocritical aspect of the one and the insolent bearing of the other. This worthy pair find shelter with the wife of a poor villager who loyally conceals them from their pursuers. They requite her hospitality by violating her daughter, who dies of the outrage. That they meet with due retribution at the hand of the victim's brother and husband is no excuse for the author giving them—accidentally, of course—the names of two gentlemen in the Civil Service who were successively very able Secretaries to the Government of Bengal. And when

the author makes an English lady swear a round oath in a drawing-room of Chowringhi, where in a morning call two gentlemen address each other familiarly as Pat and Bill, he shows his knowledge of English manners and customs to be on a par with his good taste. Is it any matter for wonder that Sikhs and Rajputs and high-caste Mohammedans hold the Bengalis in derision, and that Englishmen every now and then resent their clumsy attempts at ease and independence? It would seem, however, as if the author had once felt some qualms of conscience, for on the appearance of "Shunkur" he addressed a sort of explanation to the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, who evidently thought the matter beneath notice. All the same, it will be as well if the next similar publication is not marked by a childish spite and petulance quite worthy of Miggs and Fanny Squeers.

#### BOLINGBROKE AND VOLTAIRE.\*

WHEN the obliging persons who communicate paragraphs of literary gossip to certain newspapers informed the world that Mr. Churton Collins was going to turn his *Quarterly* articles on the subject of Lord Bolingbroke into a volume, the announcement was for two reasons not unsatisfactory to those who are acquainted with and interested in the subject. A good book on Bolingbroke was much wanted; Mr. Harrop's pretentious and verbose volume which appeared about the same time was certainly not such a book; and it was clear that Mr. Collins knew his subject well and had taken not a little trouble about it. Secondly, it was to be hoped that, in revising his articles for appearance in book shape, he would remove some of the blemishes of form which made them less agreeable to read than they might have been. The little affectations of omniscience and of originality which have become a sort of etiquette with many contributors to the two older quarterlies might be expected to invite deletion when the author saw them in the sheets of a book; and in that form (which always convinces a writer of judgment of his sins) the extraordinary and ludicrous aping of Macaulay's mannerisms seemed also likely to make the mute appeal, "Tone me down, if you please," to Mr. Collins.

The book has appeared, and the first ground of satisfaction remains—at least in part; the second unluckily disappears. Mr. Collins has put most of the previously known facts and some not previously known, at least to the general, on record in a convenient form, which will save the reader of the future from one of the most troublesome of all kinds of literary drudgery, the hunting out and piecing together of separate articles in a great army of periodicals. He has not indeed, as he might have done with advantage, fully filled up his outlines; but what he gives is generally good, and sometimes new in matter. In style unluckily all the faults remain. We have never recently seen in a writer of much ability and of great reading such a marvellous *pastiche* as Mr. Collins's fashion of writing. For he imitates his master, not in the independent manner in which some writers of very great talent have imitated others, but as Hawkesworth imitated Johnson, or as the poetasters of the present day imitate Mr. Swinburne. He seems in some cases to have actually borrowed the moulds of Macaulay's sentences and paragraphs, substituting words to convey his own meaning. To justify this strong language we subjoin a string of extracts from the first dozen pages which might be indefinitely multiplied, and which will leave no doubt in any competent reader:—

We have little respect for the public conduct of Bolingbroke; we have no liking for his personal character; we regard his political writings with suspicion, and his metaphysical writings with contempt; but we cannot transcribe these titlepages without strong feelings of regret. . . .

But his style is slipshod, and his grasp is feeble. Of proportion and perspective in the disposition of his material he has no idea. He is continually expanding where he ought to retrench; he is continually retrenching where he ought to expand. . . .

Bolingbroke belongs to a class of men whose peculiarities both of intellect and temper are sufficiently unmistakable. The course of his public life, though often tortuous and perplexing, presents on the whole few ambiguities. The details of his private life may still be collected with singular fulness from innumerable sources. For nearly half a century he lived among shrewd and observant men of the world, and of these some of the shrewdest and most observant have recorded their impressions of him. His speeches have perished, but his writings and his correspondence remain; and both his writings and his correspondence are eminently characteristic.

His letters to Prior, to Swift, to Alari and to Pope, abound in the most extravagant professions of attachment. His letters to Lord Hardwicke are sometimes almost fulsome. But what was the sequel? He quarrelled with Alari for presuming to advise him. He dropped Swift when the letters of Swift ceased to entertain him. He dropped Hardwicke from mere caprice. His perfidy to Pope is, we believe, literally without example in social treachery. He bore the most execrating of human maladies with a placid fortitude which would have done honour to Stylites; but the slightest error on the part of his cook would send him into such paroxysms of rage that his friends were glad to be out of his house.

Unfortunately Mr. Collins's imitation of "Tom's snipsnap" is by no means limited to these tricks, which even in the master are sometimes wearisome, and which in any one else produce the inevitably absurd effect of all borrowed plumes which are unmistakably borrowed. With the vices of Macaulay's style he has borrowed the vices of his thought—the tendency to build sweeping generalizations on single instances, to translate simple unvarnished

\* *Bolingbroke and Voltaire*. By J. Churton Collins. London: Murray. 1886.

fact into something very like fiction by allusive and roundabout reference, to confuse instead of enlightening by his draggings in of Theramenes and Talleyrand, Regnier and Churchill, Nicodemus and Polyphemus, and to exaggerate almost without knowing that he is exaggerating. A most amusing instance of this latter fault may be found by any one who likes to compare Mr. Collins's description of St. John's verses on Dryden's *Virgil* with the verses themselves.

Putting, however, this grave and rather incomprehensible fault aside (for it must have given an intelligent person like Mr. Collins much more trouble to school himself in this vicious imitation than it would have given him to acquire a straightforward style of his own) the book is welcome. We should have preferred that the space occupied by the "Voltaire" articles had been devoted to an amplification of the "Bolingbroke." For the latter needs it and is important; while as to Voltaire, Mr. Collins, though with praiseworthy diligence, has done little more than add a straw to the almost intolerable burden incumbent on those who want to read Voltaire-literature. If somebody could be got to write a plain straightforward life of that oppressive person, and then the whole mass of documents about him (except, of course, his own work) could be gathered together and made into a huge bonfire, it would be a relief deserving much thanks. For there is always something new being found out about Voltaire, and it is always something utterly unimportant. Mr. Collins has corrected the common estimate about the exact time which Voltaire spent in England; he has incidentally argued, if not proved, that we owe Newton's apple to him. He urges that the English visit had very great influence on Voltaire's future; a point on which we had thought all biographers agreed. But for the most part he dwells on the infinitely little, and almost seduces his critic into following him. For instance, is it not odd to find him saying that it is not easy to determine the exact sum which Queen Caroline gave Voltaire, his difficulty arising apparently from the fact that Voltaire says "two thousand crowns," and Baculard d'Arnaud "six mille livres"? Surely Mr. Collins must know that the *écu de trois livres* is regularly meant by a Frenchman of Voltaire's times, and earlier, unless the contrary is stated? The two assertions are therefore identical. But of this criticism there is no end. These papers on Voltaire in England were agreeable enough magazine articles, but for book-form they wanted much curtailing.

With the Bolingbroke papers the case is exactly the opposite. Except the Macaulayese flourishes we wish nothing away, we are obliged to Mr. Collins for what he has given us, and we could have taken more with pleasure. The treatment (conditioned originally by the necessities of review division) divides itself into three heads:—first, Bolingbroke's political life up to the death of Anne; secondly, his life in exile; thirdly, his political life in opposition, and his literary production generally. It cannot be said that Mr. Collins is a hero-worshipping biographer, except in one instance, perhaps, of which more presently. He echoes, we think unfairly, the charge of abominable duplicity against Harley and St. John in their dealing with the Godolphin Ministry, and shows by this that he has imperfectly apprehended the fact that that Ministry was one of coalition, and that the coalition principle was broken by Godolphin and Marlborough, not by Harley and St. John. He is quite justly severe on St. John's profligacy, which combined the two specially disagreeable qualities of unamiableness and of ostentation. He empties vials of wrath on Bolingbroke for resenting (as we think justly resenting) Pope's treachery in the matter of *The Patriot King*. He accuses (again justly) his hero of attacking Christianity without the faintest acquaintance with the subject, and of displaying the grossest ignorance, credulity, and levity in his philosophical and theological writings generally. As for the Treaty of Utrecht, he seems to think Bolingbroke guilty of all but formal treason, and of a mass of duplicity and falsehood not easy to be paralleled. Only during Bolingbroke's short-lived employment under the Chevalier does Mr. Collins's estimate rise above that of most historians. He thinks that, if Bolingbroke in the council and Berwick in the field had been allowed their heads, the whole course of European history might have been changed. Here we have the influence of Macaulay again. "The maut is aboon the meal"; the rhetoric has got ahead of the logic in almost all such statements about the course of European history being changed by this or that. Generally speaking, the course of history is determined by an infinite number of slowly-maturing forces, the elimination of one or two of which would make very little difference. And in this case especially we think that the course of European history was settled by much larger causes than the imbecility of the Chevalier, the talkativeness or venality of Fanny Oglethorpe, the levity of Ormond, and the jealousy shown towards Bolingbroke and Berwick by other Jacobites. That intelligent management could have, if only for a time, restored the Stuarts at any date during the reign of William is nearly certain. That at the death of Anne, when all the wires and levers of State were ready to their hands, if not actually in them, statesmen of more influence than Bolingbroke, and of more whole-heartedness in the cause than Oxford, might have crowned James III. is very probable. But that opportunity missed, and the Hanover dynasty once in the saddle, the game was over—if only for the one single reason that the nation was tired of fighting, and that what might have been but for Shrewsbury a peaceful succession of the Stuart line had become impossible. The desire for peace seated the Tory Ministry, the desire for peace ruined Marlborough and carried the Treaty of Utrecht, the desire for peace left Forster and Derwentwater without a recruit when they had passed the Border counties.

And though a foreign invasion might have stirred the war feeling again, it would have been against, not for, the invaders.

However, this is no doubt matter of argument. Mr. Collins's exposition of the influence of Bolingbroke on the opposition to Walpole and on his position in reference to letters and thought in England and Europe, is interesting and sound, illustrated here and there with facts which, if not put for the first time, are for the first time brought to the general knowledge. The original limitations of review articles no doubt forbade, but the freer elbow-room of a book might have admitted a fuller treatment of the two interesting general questions why Bolingbroke's philosophy was so powerful despite its shallowness and incompetence, while in politics he was for the most part a failure, despite his singular political ability. But these are things on which the intelligent student can meditate, and perhaps had better meditate, for himself. Mr. Collins has supplied him with very valuable materials for the meditation, and though we have had to find some fault with the presentation of the materials, we can recommend the book. Mr. Collins may perhaps still at some future time profit by the advice to work it up into a real and substantive life of one of the most remarkable of English statesmen and of English writers. He certainly has the knowledge, and unless it has become impossible for him to avoid parodying Macaulay, he has the ability.

#### THE LATEST BOOK OF FENCE.\*

THE gentle Izaak Walton quaintly remarks "to the reader" that he who undertakes "to make a man—that was none—to be an angler by a book, shall undertake a harder task than Mr. Hale's, a most valiant and excellent fencer, who, in a printed book called the *Private School of Defence*, undertook to teach that art or science, and was laughed at for his labour." This is a truth too obvious to be disputed, but there is no doubt also that a systematic work can be of great use to even moderate proficient in the gentle craft or the noble science. In any case, the plentiful supply of books on those topics supposes a corresponding demand. We have unfortunately not been able to meet with Mr. Hale's treatise, and cannot decide whether there was anything especially laughable about it—many similar productions of that period undoubtedly were seriously comic—but since Walton's days literary disquisitions on fencing have been at least as numerous as those touching the art piscatorial. Abroad, as might be expected, the subject of swordsmanship, a pursuit of greater interest to every-day life, has been the occasion of much more reckless shedding of ink at all times. During the last two years especially, treatises on the noble science of defence have been remarkably plentiful. One only, and that merely a history of European swordsmanship, was published in England; but three works of pretentious dimensions—one of which, brought out by the accredited head of the modern academic school, Masaniello Parise, we noticed some time since—appeared in Italy; four, on the conventional use of the duelling sabre and of the student's rapier, were issued from the *Fechtboden* of Heidelberg, Leipzig, and Strasburg, and many more, three of which bear the names of famed *maîtres d'armes*, have seen the light in France.

The *Théorie pratique de l'Escrime*, by Camille Prévost, is the latest and undoubtedly the most important, not only of these, but even of all similar works since Cordelois. Even were it not one of rare excellence and displaying some originality in treatment—a difficult achievement, considering the mass of tolerable literature on the subject—it would be interesting to every swordsman as embodying the code of theoretical and practical rules upheld by one of the three best masters of Paris, which is tantamount to saying the best in the world, as far, that is, as small-sword fencing is concerned. But to English readers M. Prévost's work offers special interest, for this fashionable teacher of a most refined exercise, in a city where it is now, more than ever, considered a necessary accomplishment to a man of the world, may be said to be nearly half English by education. The elder Prévost some thirty years ago enjoyed in England, where he was first known as master to the London Fencing Club, a well-merited popularity due to his graceful and solid talent and his position as teacher to the exiled Princes of Orleans. The patronage of the Prince Consort, who wished to see the art of fence more assiduously cultivated in the army, and who confided this branch of the young Prince of Wales's education to the favourite master of the Duc d'Aumale, added not a little to his renown. The younger Prévost was born and bred in England, and those few English amateurs who have the privilege of playing bouts in the delightful fencing-room of the "Cercle des Mirlitons," Place Vendôme, are pleasantly surprised in hearing themselves addressed by the master thereof in perfectly fluent, even refined, English.

Son and grandson of fencing-masters, as he is proud to style himself in his preface, and a pupil up to his sixteenth year of his father, he revealed himself on his coming of age as a swordsman *hors-ligne* in a public trial of skill with Mérignac and Vigeant. All who are acquainted with the manners and customs of Parisian schools are aware that such a performance is now considered a crucial test of excellence, even as were in sixteenth-century days the public trials of aspirants to the glorious position of *Freifechter*, by the Hauptmann and Lieutenant of the Marxbrüder.

\* *Théorie Pratique de l'Escrime*. Par Camille Prévost. Avec préface et notice par Ernest Legouvé, de l'Académie Française, et la Biographie de Prévost père par Adolphe Tavernier. Paris: Brunhof. 1886.



From that day the younger Prévost was recognized as belonging to the inner circle of proficient. Six years have now elapsed since he succeeded Vigeant himself as head-master to the Cercle de l'Union Artistique—alias Mirlitons—one of the most fashionable clubs, and certainly the one which can boast of the most renowned escrimeurs in Paris. To occupy such a position and preside over the practice of men like M. Saucède, M. Alfonso de Aldama, the Comte Emery, M. Carolus Duran, and the Comte de Lindemann—to select only a few names among a long list of well-known *hommes d'épée*—a master must certainly possess singular qualities and represent a faultless school. On this score M. Prévost boasts of reproducing the method of the great Bertrand, who has left no *magnum opus*, but whose principles of style and severity were handed down to the elder Prévost, and now appear in print through his son's book.

It may be said that we in England have a very incomplete notion of what fencing should be, and that it would be difficult to find many British swordsmen who do not consider that a successful hit justifies any method, good, bad, or indifferent, by which it was achieved. This comes, no doubt, of our having far too long lost the habit of looking upon the foil as a substitute for the sword. Now the small-sword is too deadly an instrument to warrant our forgetting that fencing, as Molière's master hath it, is the art of "giving without receiving," and that any attack, not calculated to eliminate as far as possible the danger of a simultaneous hit, however successful as an attack, is faulty fencing. Such a principle, albeit apparently immaterial with blunts, would very soon be found all paramount with sharps, and is undoubtedly the origin of the narrowly conventional rules of so-called "classical" fencing. Hence the insistence of all good teachers on correctness and deliberation in the placing of hits, their endeavour to eradicate all tendency to seek a possibly lucky but dangerous stroke, and their anathemas against that description of loose play which invariably leads to mere scrimmage.

With a weapon as light as the small-sword the possible multiplicity and variety of movements is so great that the principal aim of the adept is to reduce them to definite bounds, and to as small a number as can be consistent with the covering of all lines. Most masters have limited the number of positions in which the sword can warrantably be held to eight, whilst they even caution the beginner against too lavish a use of certain of these. M. Prévost, following in his father's footsteps, strongly urges the still further restriction to four, and condemns almost uncompromisingly *prime* and *quinte* as slow and unsafe, *sixte* and *octave* as weak. It might at first sight be imagined that a play thus shorn of half its variety of position must of necessity be slightly monotonous in character. But this well-understood restriction is unmistakably the key to the wonderful mastery attached to his method, and the immense variety still obtainable, after this excommunication is well realized, on turning over the pages of his analytical work. Every action which is legitimate in academical fencing is here examined and criticized from different points of view, under upwards of fifty definite heads. As they are all treated in a perfectly lucid manner, it would be difficult to notice any one above the others, although the chapter on *ripostes composées* and the different manners of meeting them, and that treating of the assault in general, seem to us written with unusually felicitous exhaustiveness.

No one can learn fencing from the book, a remark which M. Prévost makes like most of his predecessors; but a good book is a great help to a keen pupil towards a true understanding of the apparently dogmatical rules of the art, and may strengthen his efforts to eschew in practice all actions that will not bear critical investigation. For this commentative purpose, and as a work of reference on points of consideration, the *Théorie pratique de l'Escrime* is quite equal to its purpose. As a typographical production it is worthy of a place on the bibliophile's shelves, although the vignettes of swords, ancient and modern, profusely interspersed between paragraphs, cannot be said to be studiously accurate or unusually artistic in design. So also the plates, drawn from instantaneous photographic proofs, do not render justice to the graceful bearing under arms of the master and of his opponent, in whom we faintly recognize that brilliant "virtuose du fleuret," M. Conrad, to recall a favourite encomiastic expression of Parisian "salles d'armes."

The interest of the work extends even beyond mere technical grounds. A charmingly written preface and biographical notice of Bertrand, both due to the witty pen of M. Ernest Legouvé—a literary veteran who is never more delighted than when he can talk of good fencing—recall the glories of the old classical days and lament the barbarous touch-any-how practices of so many moderns; whilst M. Tavernier, the late éditeur of the now defunct journal *L'Escrime*, contributes a panegyric of the elder Prévost, which the son's modesty might have prevented from presenting himself to the public.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE should certainly not have given admission, had it rested with us, to *Germinie Lacerteux* (1) among the exquisitely produced "Chefs-d'œuvre du Roman contemporain" which M. Quantin is now issuing. No doubt the modern school of French men of letters is besotted with "les deux Goncourt"; no doubt *Germinie Lacerteux* is the original of dozens of books which are published every month; and no doubt also it is much better

(1) *Germinie Lacerteux*. Par E. et J. de Goncourt. Paris: Quantin.

written (having been written before Jules de Goncourt's death) than the books which his brother has produced since. But either we have read no inconsiderable part of the literary literatures of the world to no profit, or posterity will be not a little astounded at seeing this dull chronicle of ignoble passions and manners, this panorama of general ugliness, thought worthy to follow *Madame Bovary*, *M. de Camors*, *Le père Goriot*, and *Mauprat*. However, we have nothing to do with the choice, and can only applaud the execution. Print, paper, and all such matters are simply perfect; and as for the etchings, which M. Muller has executed after M. Jeannot, they are only open to the charge of representing sheer ugliness for the most part, which neither artist nor engraver could help.

Of very different worth intrinsically, and of scarcely less beauty as a matter of mechanical execution, is M. Jouaust's charming reprint in two volumes of Montesquieu's *Lettres persanes* (2) in the "Petite Bibliothèque artistique." Few more curious contrasts, indeed, could be found than the two books; certainly none which shows this nineteenth century at greater disadvantage with respect to its predecessor. The etchings, here by M. Boilvin, after designs by M. de Beaumont, are very graceful and suitable in conception, but sometimes a little too sketchy in style.

Whether when a Frenchman calls Morocco "un empire qui croule" (3) the wish is not father to the thought may be perhaps doubted. And really when we find the author observing that Morocco knows that "la France c'est la justice," certain indistinct and floating reminiscences of energetic and very just remarks on "le cant britannique," &c., occur to our mind. But M. de Campou indulges very little in this sort of thing, and his book, which is not long, is for the most part a very exact, perspicuous, and complete account of Morocco, of its actual ports, routes, cities, districts, productions, and so forth. The personal element in it is very small; but, on the other hand, hardly any book more valuable to those who really want to know can exist on the subject.

Two additions (4, 5) to M. Lemerre's collection are before us, one containing certain prose tales of M. André Lemoyne's, the other the always welcome *Poèmes tragiques* of M. Leconte de Lisle, a poet still far too little known in England.

If the complex personage called Count Paul Vasil has seen his accounts of the society of different European capitals received with ever-diminishing warmth since the succès de scandale of *La société de Berlin* (6) he has only himself to blame for it. Even the Berlin book would hardly have obtained its vogue but for French jealousy and the singularly silly conduct of the Germans in regard to it, and the volumes which followed have lacked both these assistances. We open the present book at hazard, and hit upon a passage which is itself enough to discourage readers. Speaking of the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna, this is the liberal, rational, gentlemanlike fashion in which Count Vasil expresses himself:—"Née Princesse de Mecklenbourg-Schwérin, elle possède tous les traits des races royales allemandes: orgueil, ambition effrénée, vanité narquoise et instinct de rapines sur le bien d'autrui." That is a hopeful attitude for a critic of society.

The third of M. Viti's 1,001 *nuits du théâtre* (7) contains the chronicle of the greater part of the years 1874-5.

We shall hope to return at greater length to M. Paul Sébillot's *Sea-legends* (8), a collection in the same style as an American one which we reviewed not long ago, but made by a hand more practised at folklore.

M. Carton (9) has taken too little space for his subject (a reproach which we do not often make). An account of French literary women from Marie de France to Mme. Henry Gréville in little more than two hundred pages can but be a scrappy thing; and M. Carton's account is very scrappy. On the other hand, it could hardly be without interest, and M. Carton's is far from uninteresting.

We are not quite certain, but we think that the book translated under the title of *Un Bulgare* (10) completes the set of the famous Russian novelist's work, and thus makes it accessible, as a whole, to Western readers.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

TO the English public, who know little of the mysteries of "pooling," or freight "discriminations," and other astute practices of American railway corporations, few books could appear more unseductive than Mr. James F. Hudson's *The Railways and the Republic* (Sampson Low & Co.). In this country the development of railways has not been unattended by many abuses; but these, when all is fairly considered, sink into insignificance when compared with the gigantic combinations and mono-

- (2) *Lettres persanes*. Paris: Jouaust.
- (3) *Un empire qui croule*. Par L. de Campou. Paris: Plon.
- (4) *Œuvres d'André Lemoyne*. Paris: Lemerre.
- (5) *Œuvres de Leconte de Lisle*. Paris: Lemerre.
- (6) *La société de St. Pétersbourg*. Par le Comte Paul Vasil. Paris: Nouvelle Revue.
- (7) *Les mille et une nuits du théâtre*. Par A. Viti. Paris: Ollendorff.
- (8) *Légendes, croyances et superstitions de la mer*. Par Paul Sébillot. Paris: Charpentier.
- (9) *Histoires de femmes écrivains de la France*. Par H. Carton. Paris: Dupret.
- (10) *Un Bulgare (à la veille)*. Par I. Tourguéneff. Traduction par E. Halperine.

polies created by enterprising railway management in the United States. To what extent such schemes have stifled healthy competition and injuriously affected public interests may be studied in Mr. Hudson's curious and suggestive story of the great Standard Oil monopoly of Cleveland, Ohio, which was "called into existence and sustained in its most odious tyranny by the persistent and deliberate discriminations of the railways in its favour." Mr. Hudson uses very strong language in alluding to the operations of the Standard Company, though it does not appear in what particulars the business policy of this Company differed from commercial principles held by traders in all parts of the world. The "iniquity" and "infamy" of which the writer speaks are mainly due to the abuse of the powers granted to railway corporations. The question is one for the Legislature, and abounds in problems of the most delicate kind. Of the various legislative reforms that have been proposed Mr. Hudson gives some searching criticism. He recognizes that it is not enough to frame enactments, however skilful and comprehensive; honest administration of the law is what is fully as desirable as its reform, and apparently even more difficult to attain. The discussion of remedial measures is the most valuable portion of Mr. Hudson's able contribution to the literature of the subject.

*What does History Teach?* (Macmillan & Co.) is the title of two lectures delivered last winter at the Philosophical Institute, Edinburgh, by Professor J. S. Blackie. However we may dissent from the writer's historical deductions, there is no withstanding the contagious fervour and buoyancy of his style. Good reading is in this case easy reading. It is the uncommon merit of these vivacious lectures that they do not confuse the lessons of history with the lessons of historians; plain truths are presented without the distortion of party politics, and the teachings of history are soberly applied to the political conditions of to-day. Such characteristic utterances as "The most narrow-minded people are always the most consistent," and "There is nothing more dangerous than logical consistency," occur frequently enough to recall the strong personality of the author. In the eloquent peroration on the dangers of democratic government, and in the timely warning "not rashly to tinker our own mixed constitution" which Professor Blackie deduces from the example of "the sins of American democracy," there was not a little prophetic insight that should be now appreciated in Midlothian.

*The Ethics of Aristotle*, by the Rev. I. Gregory Smith (S.P.C.K.), is a little handbook, chiefly expository and of somewhat novel arrangement, which aims at giving the essence of the Aristotelian philosophy so as to present a "scientific basis of morality." The author's commentary is agreeably distinguished by its non-digressive style and its absolute loyalty to the work it interprets. The analogical citations from the works of modern writers show considerable research, and are thoroughly relevant. *Kant's Ethics*, by Mr. Noah Porter, President of Yale College (Chicago: Griggs), is a critical examination of the Kantian theory, with a brief introduction on the nature and extent of Kant's influence as exhibited in English and American writers. The treatise combines exposition and criticism so as to form a useful student's commentary. Schopenhauer's *The World as Will and Idea* (Tribner & Co.) is naturally included in the "English and Foreign Philosophical Library." Judging from contemporary literature, the influence of Schopenhauer should prove sufficient to attract many to whom the original is a closed book to the translation of Messrs. R. B. Haldane and John Kemp, the two concluding volumes of which are before us.

*Among the Têchâs of Central Asia* (Southern Publishing Co.) is neither a very deft nor a very delicate excursion in satirical romance. The narrative lacks plausibility, the humour is somewhat flat, and the satire decidedly rough. In the land of the Têchâs the supremacy of women is complete. They hold all official appointments, possess a House of Oratory—in which the Silencer is a chief dignity—a College of Eloquence, temples of law, medicine, and so forth, and are ruled by an old lady known as the Grand Lam. There is, of course, a university, though without a professor of logic, which curious circumstance leads to a remark of the author that is a fair sample of his wit. "Our girls," says his guide, the head of the institution, 'could not master the premises of a syllogism—they never went beyond the major.' 'They seldom get beyond a captain in England,' I replied.

In her preface to *The Heather on Fire* (Walter Scott) Miss Blind ingeniously observes:—"I seem to hear many a reader ask whether such atrocities as are described in *The Heather on Fire* have indeed been committed within the memory of this generation." There is something touching in this anticipation of a sympathetic audience. Miss Blind's poem is suggested by a story told to her by an old Scotchwoman, the sole representative of a community of crofters who, in 1832, were evicted by the Duke of Hamilton. The poem is grandiloquent in diction and strained in sentiment.

*The Story of Margaret Kent*, by Henry Hayes (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is not very pleasant reading, by reason of the morbid portrait of the heroine, though the characters are well drawn, and are tangible human persons. A sickly atmosphere clings, however, even to the minor figures in the story, and leaves the reader depressed and chilled.

Among our new editions are the second volume of Mr. John Morley's *Miscellanies* (Macmillan & Co.); *The Coming Race*, the new volume of "Routledge's Pocket Library"; Mr. Henry James's *Roderick Hudson* (Macmillan & Co.); the second edition of *The Colloquial Faculty for Languages*, by Dr. Walshe (Churchill); *The*

*Greeks of To-day*, by Charles K. Tuckerman (G. P. Putnam's Sons); and Mr. Herbert A. Giles's *Glossary of Reference on Subjects connected with the Far East* (Quaritch).

The new issues of *Dickens's Dictionary of London* and its companion *Dictionary of the Thames* (Macmillan & Co.) are as excellent as ever.

We have received the third volume of the Syllabus in English of Rymer's *Fœdera*, edited by Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy (Longmans & Co.); the fifth edition of Mr. Dixon Kemp's *Manual of Yacht and Boat Sailing* ("Field" Office); the *General Index to Notes and Queries*, the Sixth Series, Vols. I. to XII.; the *Richmond Athenæum Papers* (Richmond: King); and the *Official Guide to the Edinburgh Exhibition* (Edinburgh: Constable).

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The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.

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